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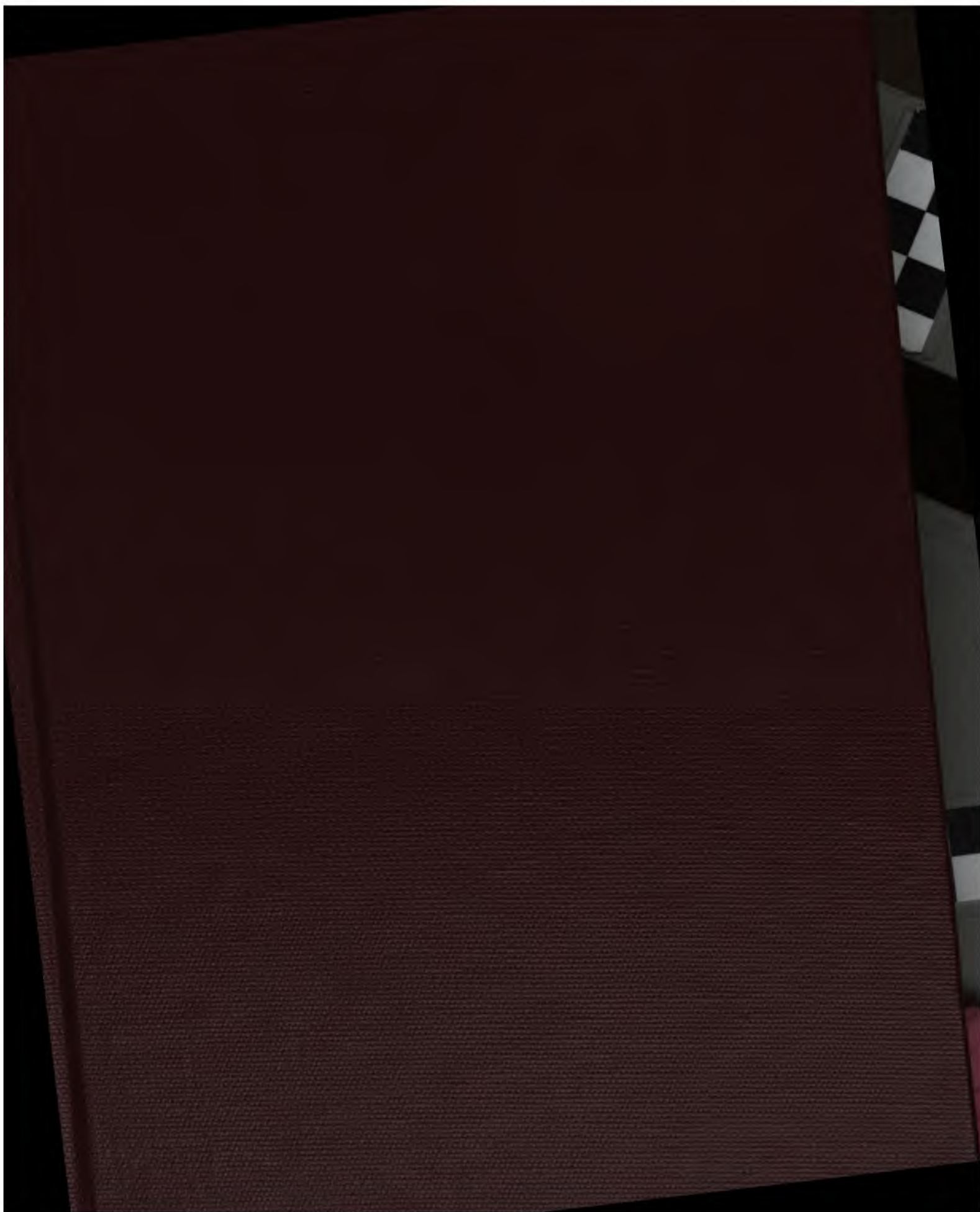
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THE work of arranging the contents of this volume has been made pleasant, through association with the generous affection preserved by the pupils of the Round Hill School for their teacher, and with the lifelong friendship between my father and Mr. Cogswell, constantly apparent in these pages. The kindness with which letters have been supplied, and the interest expressed by all who have been concerned in the plan for printing them, have proved the fidelity of the feeling cherished for their writer, and lightened the task of preparing them for the press.

ANNA ELIOT TICKNOR.

PARK STREET, BOSTON.

April, 1874.

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JOSEPH GREEN COGSWELL.

CHAPTER I.

Birth and Parentage. — School and College Days. — Voyage to India.
— Law Studies. — Voyage to the Mediterranean. — 1786-1811.

THE legacy of affection and the recognized ties of intellectual association left behind by Mr. Cogswell, have caused a wish to arise among his friends, that the incidents of his pure and faithful life should be recorded more permanently than they have yet been. The question has been how such a sketch could be made most attractive as well as accurate ; and as the best means to this end, the story is given in the following pages almost entirely in his own words. Although he was not a man to persevere in keeping a diary, yet his wandering life, and his steady affections together, made him a letter-writer. From a great number of his letters, preserved by affectionate friends, it has been easy to make extracts, consecutive enough to form a narrative, and ample to suggest his characteristic qualities, with the growth of those tastes and habits which controlled the choice of his occupations, through all his varied career.

A slight outline of his boyhood and youth will suffice

as introduction to the more interesting materials taken from his correspondence.

Joseph Green Cogswell was born in Ipswich, Essex County, Massachusetts, on the 27th of September, 1786.¹ His father, Francis Cogswell, and his mother, Anstis Manning, had one other son and five daughters; but all of these, except one, died in early life, and, at the beginning of this century, Mrs. Cogswell, with her daughter Elizabeth and her son Joseph, alone remained of the family.

At three years of age the boy, with whose later experiences we are concerned, was sent with the other children of the town, to the public school; and he continued to pursue his daily tasks there, and at a grammar-school for classical instruction,—founded in Ipswich about 1650, with trustees called to this day Feoffees,—during the greater part of every year, until he was fourteen. In October, 1800, he was sent to Atkinson, a town in New Hampshire, but not far from his home, where he remained at school for about three months, and from there was transferred to Phillips Academy, at Exeter, in January, 1801.

¹ His ancestors are traced back to Legh, in the parish of Westbury, Wiltshire, England. John Cogswell, the son of a well-to-do clothier of that place, came in 1635, on board the *Angel Gabriel*, from Bristol, England; was wrecked at Pemaquid (now Bristol, Maine), on August 15 of that year, and in October of the same year, is recorded as possessing three hundred acres of land in Ipswich, New England; and it is stated that he erected the third house in that place. He brought with him, besides wife and children, a man-servant, and he had inherited considerable property from his father twenty years before. This John Cogswell died in 1669, and from him the father of Joseph Green Cogswell was descended. Francis, the husband of Anstis Manning and father of Joseph Green, left a will, which was entered for probate November 5, 1793; and on the 2d December of the same year, an inventory of his property was entered. This mentions real estate to the value of £897, and personal property, including furniture and clothing, to the amount of £428.

In his old age he wrote down, to please a friend, some anecdotes of what he called the hairbreadth escapes of his life; and among these are a few incidents of his boyhood, which show the nature of the boy and of his amusements. According to the first of these little narratives, on a certain day, when he was not quite four years old, the frame of a new house having been raised for his father, and the workmen having gone to make merry at the "raising," he climbed up a ladder, which rested against the eaves, and thence, along the rafters, to the ridge pole, on which he stood up, and cried out, "See me." The shout gave an alarm, and brought some, who heard it, to the rescue.

The spring and summer of his ninth year were, he says, memorable in his history. When the ice was breaking up, at the end of the winter, he took his skates and his bat one day, uncertain which he should use, and going with both in his hands, to the river side, he leaned over from a wharf, to try the strength of the ice with his bat. The ice gave way, and he plunged head foremost into the river. The current was strong, and swept him twice under the ice, which was too rotten to bear up; until his head broke through a third time, when he was taken out by some bystanders, apparently lifeless, and carried home to be revived.

A few weeks later, when the time came for bathing in the river, a party of boys, who supposed themselves to be expert swimmers, undertook to swim across a cove half a mile wide. "On their way back," to quote his own words, "one of the number was seized with cramp, and had to be supported on the shoulders of the

leader of the expedition." This leader was, no doubt, young Joe Cogswell, who had a narrow escape this time, for he adds, "although cautioned not to cling and confine the arms of his supporter, fear made him neglect the caution, and he clung so close that both must have sunk, had not a boat put out to save them."

Mr. Cogswell's early home inspired him with a life-long attachment, and his pride was great in the character of his native county. Ipswich is, indeed, a pleasant town, founded early among the pilgrim settlements on the New England shores, and fostering its inherited love of education and thrift. Of the natural attractions of its neighborhood, Mr. Cogswell wrote thus, from Edinburgh, to his sister, in 1819: "I have often thought since I was in Switzerland, and in the Highlands amid the water scenery, that our own Wenham Pond, had it been in Europe and been called, as it certainly would, by some pretty and romantic name, would have been resorted to, as such spots are here, for there are many points upon it which are highly picturesque and charming. I call to mind, too, with equal satisfaction our Agawam River.¹ How very prettily fringed with wood are its banks above the dam. Had we but a relish for nature we should never look so indifferently upon the thousand beauties which surround our native village." In his advanced years he used to go over, with natural pride, the long list of names of the men of Essex County who have distinguished themselves in the political and professional life of our country and in its literature, and said that no

¹ Agawam was the Indian name of which flows through the town, commonly Ipswich, and he probably means the river called Ipswich River.

other county in our land had given birth to so many literary people.¹

At Phillips Academy, Exeter, he was fitted for college, and it is some proof that he had well used his opportunities of education, that he was ready to enter at the age of sixteen, after being at Exeter a year and a half. During those eighteen months his acquaintance with one of the best families in New Hampshire, that of Governor Gilman, ripened into a lasting intimacy, which led, a few years later, to the forming of the closest ties between them.

From 1802 to 1806 young Cogswell was a member of Harvard College, and, like other young men of studious habits and small means, he employed his vacations in keeping school.

His college life is not without its record of hairbreadth escapes, for, both in his Sophomore and Senior years, he had adventures of which he enjoyed the recollection. The first was in a fight, on the day of the Annual Election, between the Menotomites (West Cambridge folk) and the students,—the regular "Town and Gown" feud—which, on this occasion, proceeded to great violence. Cogswell was the greatest sufferer of his party, for he was knocked down by a Menotomite butcher, and fell under the heels of a frightened horse, but he was quickly drawn out by his fellow students.

When a Senior he returned, during the winter vacation, to Cambridge, to fetch a book from his study in the fourth story of Hollis. He found his own door locked,

¹ This statement, as made by Mr. Cogswell, is mentioned in a notice of him, written by Mr. James Grant Wilson for *Appleton's Magazine*, Jan. 6, 1872.

but that of his chum was open, and he undertook to accomplish his object by getting out through his chum's study window, and reaching his own by the outside of the building. This he did by keeping his toes on a band which projects about an inch, and marks the division between the stories, and holding on by the gutters or drops below the architrave. Just before he reached his own window one of the drops came off, and he must have fallen, had not the hand which lost its hold been able to seize the window frame. He used to add that "Goody Morse," who was passing through the college yard and witnessed this performance, fainted at the sight.

His after life bore testimony to the good use he made of such advantages as Harvard could then offer to her students, and he loved his Alma Mater, and was glad to serve her with the acquisitions and the developed powers of his riper years. At first, however, other desires — the wish to see the world, and the wish to lay some foundation for at least a modest fortune, and a home to be shared with one who already filled his thoughts, — these turned him for a time to quite a different pursuit.

His eager longing to go to Europe could not be gratified; but, immediately after leaving college, he made a voyage to India, going as supercargo in a merchant vessel. Of this expedition scarcely a mention is to be found in any of Mr. Cogswell's letters. Allowing for the tediousness of an East India voyage as it was then, his stay in Calcutta could not have been long; since he sailed for India in June, 1806, and in July, 1807, was not only again at home, but a student of law under the instruction of Hon. Fisher Ames at Dedham.

Having returned to professional studies, more in harmony with his previous life at school and college, he continued them for two years; but from November, 1808, to June, 1809, after the death of the famous Fisher Ames, he studied in Boston, with the scarcely less distinguished Judge Prescott, father of the historian.

Professional studies were slow and the prospect of success was distant. The impatience of youth required to be quieted by another effort in some more lucrative direction; therefore in 1809, the young law-student again cast himself for awhile into the excitements of a mercantile voyage. He went to the Mediterranean, and as this was the period of the naval wars of Napoleon and the English, he found himself involved in strange perplexities. His first port was Algiers,¹ and from there he wrote, in August, a letter to the youngest Miss Gilman, having already, as it may seem from some expressions in it, written from Gibraltar to her eldest sister Mary.

ALGIERS, *August 1, 1809.** I dare not write quite so often to you, my beloved E., as to another certain friend of ours, lest it should create a little jealousy, and therefore you had no letter in the packet I despatched from Gibraltar. . . . If novelty of itself could confer pleasure, it would not be wanting to a stranger in this place; but mere diversity of incident or variety of scenes are hardly sufficient even to stifle the sigh, which every man of feel-

* To Miss E. T. Gilman.

¹ In consequence of this voyage to Algiers, he received, from Mrs. Prescott, the nickname of "the Dey."

ing must heave, at beholding human nature in so degraded and debased a state as is here everywhere presented. A finer country, or richer soil, can scarce be found in the world than most parts of the Regency of Algiers, but like its inhabitants, it is without cultivation or improvement; the fruitful valleys yield what nature spontaneously produces, — on its hills and mountains lions and tigers prowl for their prey. Though you did not ask or permit me to write you, when I parted from you on Sabbath evening, the 23d of April, I believe you will pardon my forwardness in doing it, as you undoubtedly know the sincerity of my affection is the motive which prompted me. . . . During the whole of the winter I fear it will be necessary for me to be in France or Italy. . . .

His untoward experiences are set forth in the following extract from a letter, written by one of his young friends to another, evidently after a period of some anxiety as to his safety.

G. TICKNOR TO CHARLES S. DAVEIS.

BOSTON, *October 19, 1809.*

. . . . Jo. Cogswell has been heard from. He was at Marseilles. After going to Algiers he sold his vessel and cargo; and as she was sent by the purchaser for Marseilles, and as he was compelled to go there to negotiate his bills, he took passage in her, but was captured¹ and

¹ This experience was, probably, the cause of his procuring a safe-conduct from the British government, which was found among his papers, giving protection to the brig *Radius*, burden 210½ tons, Benjamin Lander, master, cleared from Gallipoli, August 19, 1810.

carried to Gibraltar, where the ship was condemned; and he returned to Algiers, and finally succeeded in getting from there to Marseilles. During all this variety of calamity, C.'s person was not held in durance nor his property distrained.

We next hear of him by a letter dated, —

NAPLES, *November 11*, 1809.* You have been constantly in my thoughts since I parted from you; and particularly in my tour from France to Italy, I often wished you to have been with me, when I saw a painting remarkably fine, that you might have pointed out to me its peculiar excellences; or a landscape uncommonly beautiful, that you might have sketched it with your pencil. . . . If the people of modern Italy are really descendants of the ancient inhabitants of the country, they have suffered a wonderful degeneracy. . . . There is not an Italian artist either in painting or sculpture that deserves to be named. Their statues have no more life than the unhewn marble, and their paintings neither taste, nor elegance, nor nature.

Adventures were more in the order of the day then than now; and a short time only had passed after his capture by sea, before he was captured on land in a still more lawless manner. On his way from Florence to Rome with the Malle-courier, he was attacked by a gang of four brigands, compelled to leave his carriage, marched backward into a wood, ordered to lie down

* To Miss E. T. Gilman.

upon the ground, and spared being shot only on convincing the brigands he was an American, and not a Frenchman as they supposed. After robbing him of everything except the clothes he wore, the brigands left with their plunder. At San Quirico, the next municipality, a proces verbal was made before a magistrate, which led to the capture and execution of the brigands.

Another moment of anxiety came for his friends at home, and another friend, young Haven, of Portsmouth, wrote as follows to Mary Gilman, inclosing a letter which had, apparently, been opened and examined.

N. A. HAVEN TO MISS MARY F. GILMAN.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., *July 31, 1810.*

MY DEAR MARY, — The brig *Caroline*, the vessel which brought the inclosed, was captured on her passage, and all her letters were opened. Yours, though deserving a better fate, did not escape the general search. It came to my hands this evening, in the same dishonorable state as it is now presented to you. I received a letter myself which I shall send you by the first safe conveyance. . . . I send you an extract, lest your letter should not contain the information you wish: "I had completed my business in France, and came to Naples with an expectation of taking passage for America, when the measure adopted by the government here entirely frustrated my plans: this measure was no less than a general confiscation of all the vessels and cargoes in this port. Mr. Gray¹ has two vessels here which have shared

¹ Mr. William Gray, a merchant of made, and with whom and his family Mr. Boston, in whose service this voyage was Cogswell was much connected later.

the fate of all the others, and one which came in ballast for the purpose of taking a return cargo, upon which no decision has been made. In this last I had calculated upon returning, and still hope she will be liberated." . . .

On the 19th of November, 1810, Cogswell writes to Elizabeth Gilman, being then "At Sea, near Malaga." :—
"I go now to England after stopping a short time at Gibraltar. In the smoke and noise of London I must worry away this winter. For several months longer I can enjoy only in imagination the pleasures of a fireside scene in Exeter."

In January, 1811, he returned to America and resumed the study of the law in Boston.

CHAPTER II.

Marriage. — Life in Belfast. — Death of his Wife. — 1811-1813.

WE enter now on the period of Mr. Cogswell's life, for the description of which his correspondence furnishes ample materials, and extracts from a large collection of his letters and notes,¹ will tell the story of his career, and will show, in characteristic proportions, the qualities and peculiarities that formed both his strength and his weakness. Earnest and enduring, but sensitive affections; a love of intellectual acquisition, too omnivorous, perhaps, yet which, aided by an excellent memory, made his happiness and gave value to his life; very active physical habits, degenerating often into restlessness; a lack of practical foresight, especially in business matters; playfulness, without originality of wit or humor; entire purity and uprightness, great amiability and simplicity of nature, with warm religious feelings; — these elements of character will all be found expressed in his familiar words to his intimate friends, and they will, surely, produce a more convincing impression thus, than by any arguments or statements of a biographer.

These letters do not, however, represent the joyousness of Mr. Cogswell's nature; the power he had, when among friends and under happy influences of health

¹ More than eleven hundred.

and weather, of enjoying and expressing enjoyment. At times his gayety was abundant; but no man, sitting down to write a letter, can utter this transient frolicsome mood. He frequently alludes to moments of boyish spirits, and to great enjoyment of life, but this is, of course, not the prevailing tone.

Again, except in the proofs which occur, casually, in his correspondence, of the pleasure he gave as a traveling companion, and of the degree to which he was sought in society wherever he went, there can be no indication of his agreeable powers of conversation; but this inference must be drawn from incidental facts.

IPSWICH, 23d *July*, 1811.* . . . I do not pretend to call the present a letter, but merely send to ask a very great favor of you. Mrs. and Mr. Prescott,¹ Mrs. and Mr. I. Thorndike, senior and junior, etc., take their accustomed eastern tour next week, and I am to make one of the party. Now I wish, with all my heart and soul, you will take a seat in my chaise and go with me. . . . We shall be in Portland, probably, on Wednesday of the next week, to dine, when I hope to find you prepared to accompany me. I have very special reasons why I wish you to go that way with me. I shall be in Exeter on Monday morning, and shall expect to receive an answer from you.

* To C. S. Daveis, Portland.

¹ The parents of the historian. Mr. dike was a rich merchant. With both Cogswell was, probably, still studying these families Mr. Cogswell preserved a law in Mr. Prescott's office. Mr. Thorn- life-long connection.

BOSTON, *September 23, 1811.** When Foster returned from Portland he brought me letters from two very dear friends, the one of which you know who wrote, the other I suppose you can *guess*. However, I candidly confess to you it was from one I love even more than I do you,¹ and that I read the letter that was not from you, not once only, but twice, before I broke the seal of yours. At the same time I assure you I have no other friend to whose letters I would have given more than a single reading, while yours remained unread. . . . To preserve the true spirit of friendly correspondence, I conceive, requires more exercise of the affections of the heart than of the powers of the mind, and it is for this reason that ladies commonly excel us in epistolary writing. I know of no reading more dry and uninteresting than the letters of great men, I mean particularly among the moderns, for those of Cicero and Pliny I never read, and of course pretend not to judge of their merit. I am not so gallant as to acknowledge that females possess a superiority of intellect, nor so illiberal as to deny them an equality, but in all the requisites necessary to the attainment of a pleasing and interesting style of letter-writing, they are eminently above us. . . . We have nothing new either in the fashionable, political, or literary world, except that Scott's "Vision of Don Roderic" is coming out to-morrow. I have heard nothing of the merit of this poem, for I believe no one has read it, as but one copy has been imported. I cannot think that

* To C. S. Daveis, Portland.

¹ No doubt from Mary Gilman.

Scott will add to his reputation by publishing more. It appears to me that he owes much of his celebrity to the novel style of his performances, and that this charm will soon cease to operate; he certainly possesses imagination and invention in a high degree, united with a talent for beautiful description, but still he does not write for posterity. My prediction is that his fame in the succeeding age will not equal his present, and that the place he now occupies will be again filled by those who have a higher claim to it. . . . Tell M. I shall write to her soon; we are at present very much engaged or I should not send you this unaccompanied. All day I have been diligently at work in draughting deeds and leases; you know the pleasantness of such jobs, and can sympathize with me.

Having qualified himself to practice his profession, and to rely upon it for a modest income, Mr. Cogswell was married on the 17th of April, 1812, to the object of his early devotion, Mary F. Gilman, third daughter of the Governor of New Hampshire, Hon. John Taylor Gilman. They went to live in Belfast, Maine, on the outskirts of civilization, where the young lawyer opened an office. Elizabeth Gilman, the youngest sister and inseparable companion of Mrs. Cogswell, went with them, and shared their home.¹

For a few months they led a life of simple, but concentrated happiness, enjoying the isolation of their re-

¹ A small scrap of paper, worn and discolored, contains notes in Elizabeth Gilman's writing, of their journey to Belfast, and shows that they arrived there on Thursday, July 16. On the next return of that day Mary Cogswell died in Exeter.

mote corner of the earth, and drawing intense pleasure from their sympathy in refined and intellectual pursuits. But it was not long before Mrs. Cogswell's health, which had already been delicate, became seriously affected, symptoms of pulmonary troubles developed more and more, and, as the winter set in, her husband was forced to escort her and her sister back to Exeter, and to leave them there under their father's care. Hoping that the less severe climate, and the greater comforts of her early home would promote her recovery, he parted from her and returned to work in solitude, with an anxious heart.

At this time he writes, —

BELFAST, *January 17, 1813.** It will not, I trust, be presuming too much on your affection to suppose you will feel interested in some little account of myself. At present I am the sole occupant of a large house, in one of the front rooms of which is my office, and, back of it, my lodging and keeping room. Having so long been used to society which made every leisure moment delightful, I feel most sensibly my present solitary situation, as you may easily imagine. I am now obliged to make books my companions, and business my diversion. Were it not that my mind is continually dwelling on the feeble state of M[ary]'s health, my time, even away from the dearest of all friends, would pass somewhat pleasantly, as I know it is for the most part usefully employed. Conceive how a person of any love for reading would spend his time, in a situation where dwelt no living

* To G. Ticknor, Boston.

being for whom he felt any interest, and surrounded by a multitude of books; conceive of such a person in such a place, and you may at once judge of my occupations and employments.

BELFAST, *Friday Eve., January 15, 1813.** I am quietly seated in the little room back of my office, by the side of a fine fire; as I hear the wind whistle, and the snow beat violently against my windows, I think of the thousand houseless wretches who will have to pass a miserable night, and earnestly wish that the many unoccupied apartments of my habitation might serve them for a shelter. I neither make nor receive visits; scarce an individual, clients excepted, has entered my door since I returned from Exeter; my books, I believe, are my best friends, and I am sure they are the pleasantest companions I can find, in this savage land. . . . I usually sit up till midnight, and if it be very cold I keep a good fire till morning. I rise at the first dawn of day, and get through with all my domestic duties, such as making my bed, sweeping my room, kindling a fire in my office, etc., etc., by Cunningham's hour for breakfast, which is half past eight; at nine I am ready for the business of my office, to which I devote the day. . . . I have no hopes of making my hours happy ones, but I intend they shall be usefully and diligently devoted to improving my mind and mending my heart.

The more I become acquainted with mankind in this part of the country, the more degraded I find the human character here; as the distresses of the people¹ increase,

* To C. S. Daveis, Portland.

¹Owing to the war with England.

their vices appear to multiply, and those who have heretofore been used to resort to industry for their support, now procure it by the basest and most unprincipled acts. When I hear our first lawyers, and even our judges, avow that no man can succeed here by uprightness and honorable dealing, I blush for the character of the profession ; but so it is.

BELFAST, *January* 30, 1813.* . . . The account which they give me of Mary's improved health, rejoices my heart, and relieves me of much of that anxiety which my absence from her has occasioned. Her letters have always indicated a good degree of cheerfulness of mind, and I believe no one who loved a husband as she does me, could bear a separation from him with more resignation than she has done. I am very glad for her sake, that she is not in this dreadful cold country, at this inclement season ; my thermometer scarce ever rises above 0. This morning at six it stood at 16 below. The house in which I live is so miserably built, that it is hardly possible to make it comfortably warm. . . . In going from the fire to the back side of my room you must pass through every temperature, from that of the equator to that of the poles, and, if your progress be not very rapid, you would become as immovable before you reached there, as the mountains of ice which eternally surround those regions.

BELFAST, *February* 20, 1813.* . . . I shudder when I think of our condition in this part of the country, as moral beings. The first principles of religion are absolutely unknown to a great portion here ; and the laws of

* To C. S. Daveis, Portland.

morality are wholly disregarded. I never knew, till my present residence in Belfast, that there was such a total neglect of the Sabbath here. Last summer when Mary and Elizabeth were here, we spent the day in such devotional exercises as we thought proper at home, and as I rarely went out, I had no opportunity of knowing how it was profaned; now, as I am obliged to pass through the street several times in the day, to my boarding-house, I see the manner in which it is spent, and it really shocks me to perceive so little regard paid to an institution of divine origin, observance of which is required by the laws of the country, and respect to public decency of manners.

BELFAST, *Friday Eve., March 5* [1813].* A letter from our dearly beloved Mary, had filled my whole soul with anguish unmingled. It was written during the absence of her papa and Elizabeth, and immediately after she learnt my murderous intention of remaining here till the close of the month; her disappointments had been repeated till they had driven her to despair. In such an agonized state of mind she wrote to me her heart refused all consolation. The most cruel torments ever devised by the Inquisition were ecstasy compared with the torture I suffered that night. To have been enabled to have flown to her relief, and put an immediate end to her unhappiness, I would have renounced all that the world can give, I would have done more, I would have renounced my hopes of heaven. Were I to quote to you some passages of M.'s letter, you would wonder that madness had not taken her seat in

* To C. S. Daveis, Portland.

my brain, from the moment I read them; the following will, alone, be sufficient to convince you of what I say. In speaking of the reasons why I ought to be with her, she concludes with this: "You have probably many *years* to attend to business, and probably as few *weeks* to devote to me." It was scored as you see. . . . You have never been in the dreadful situation in which I now am, where absolute duties were calling you different ways; had it been possible I would have left here the moment I received M.'s letter, but unhappily I had engagements which compelled me to remain; I have no doubt she grew more composed when her papa and E. returned, had I not every reason to suppose so, I would neglect everything and go immediately to Exeter. . . . I shall never be able to justify myself to my own heart, for deserting the most affectionate of wives, in the present feeble state of her health; but when I left Exeter, I thought she was gaining strength and growing better every day; had I supposed that my parting from her would have impeded her recovery, no consideration whatever would have induced me to have abandoned her for a single hour. I hope to make some reparation for my unkindness by devoting myself for the future entirely to her; business shall never again separate me from her whom I have solemnly promised to love and cherish; a mistaken idea of duty called me from her, but I now know better where that directs me, and as its path leads me to happiness, I should not only be wicked, but weak, were I to turn aside from it.

EXETER, *March 15, 1813.** *My dear Sister,* — I returned from Belfast on Friday last, and intend in a short time to make a visit to my beloved friends in Ipswich; our dear Mary is not willing to part with me at present. I was rejoiced to find her on my return so much better than when I left her; as soon as warm weather visits us again I have no doubt we shall see her making rapid progress toward confirmed health. I hope we shall be able to spend much of the approaching summer with you, my beloved sister. The continuance of the war and the delicacy of M.'s health have determined me not to return again to Belfast for a permanent residence, and we intend to give a portion of our time to our friends in Ipswich. I cannot say with certainty at what time I shall be with you, but as M. will not be able for several weeks to ride so far as Ipswich, I shall make you a short visit before we come together. Remember me with affection and respect to our dear mother, and to all friends, and believe me to be sincerely your brother. J.

[P. S. from Mrs. Cogswell]. . . . You know, not how grateful I feel for my husband's return, nor how much I regretted his long absence. He is such a blessing, such a comfort to me, that I am not willing now to have him absent a moment, and his friends here think me very selfish to keep him at home all the time. The severity of the weather prevents me from riding, or taking any kind of exercise, but I hope it will soon be warmer, as I cannot expect to gain much strength until I can take the air more freely. I am glad to hear that you, and our dear mother, have enjoyed good health this winter.

* To Miss E. Cogswell, Ipswich.

Our cousins, too, I wish you would tell them they must not forget me. How good you were to send me those oranges so nicely put up; they are very nice, and I thank you for them. It is late and I can only say how sincerely I am your affectionate sister,

MARY G. COGSWELL.

EXETER, *July* 2, 1813.* — It grieves me to the heart to be obliged to inform you that our dear M. is very much more feeble than when I last wrote. . . . We rode about eight miles to-day, which fatigued her more than twenty did a short time since. I am almost compelled to give up all hopes of her accompanying me to Ipswich, she is so much reduced in a few days. . . .

On the 16th of July the young wife breathed her last, and the parting, which to her unhappy husband seemed certain to be but for a short space, so sure was he that his own life would not be prolonged, proved to be a parting for many long years. Ten days after her death, he answered a letter of sympathy thus:—

EXETER, *July* 27, 1813.† Let me thank you, my dear friend, for the tender interest you have taken in my sorrows; although my heart is still bleeding, I cannot forbear to express my gratitude to you for your affectionate sympathy. The language of your letter was all I could have wished; from a friend like you none more soothing could have been offered; it was suited to my

* To Miss E. Cogswell, Ipswich.

† To G. Ticknor, Boston.

affliction — it was worthy of your feeling heart. God in his wisdom has seen fit to visit me with the severest chastening that could possibly be inflicted on me; but I hope He will enable me to submit without murmuring. He has removed from me all that brightened the horizon of my earthly prospects; the pain and anguish I now feel may be alleviated, but my eye is closed forever. The wound occasioned by its removal may possibly be healed, but I shall ever be surrounded with the darkness in which it left me. I understand from our good friend Daveis, that he gave you a sketch of the parting scene. Never, I assure you my dear George, never did any Christian discover more perfect serenity, more humble resignation, than marked the last hours of our dear departed, sainted Mary. The friends who stood around her, were her papa, her sisters, and myself. Was mortal ever called upon to separate from friends that were loved with tenderer and truer affection than that which M. felt for us? No, it were impossible; still the thought that she was soon to be received into the arms of one, dearer to her than us all, animated and supported her in that trying hour,¹ she smiled while the last fare-

¹ Mrs. Nicholas Emery — an elder daughter of Governor Gilman — writing to her husband, from Exeter, July 29, says in allusion to her sister's death: "She look'd like an angel several hours before her dissolution, said she was happy and hoped we were so, and considered herself blessed in having us around her — commended her husband to father, and said she sometimes feared that she loved him too much, in half an

hour smiled upon us all and expired without a groan.

"I hope always to remember the expression of her countenance, when her husband told her she would soon leave very dear friends, to *meet one more dear*. . . . Never was there a more devoted husband. He was all kindness and attention. He was physician, nurse, brother, sister, and friend united. It will never be forgotten by us, and his own reflections must be very soothing."

well was quivering upon her lips. It was not a cold philosophic fortitude that sustained her in the conflict, it was the hope and faith of a humble Christian. If I were not selfish, I should not mourn as I now do, at her departure; indeed I do not wish to call her back, I pray only to be permitted to follow her, — that prayer I trust will soon be granted me. I am wholly incapacitated for the active duties of life, and I cannot believe that Heaven will punish me by a very long confinement in this miserable prison, and continue to me that existence which has now become a burden. It is now a little more than thirteen years since our acquaintance and our attachment first commenced, and never, in that whole time, did I hear one word from the lips of my dear M., or observe in her a single act, which I could have wished to have been otherwise; she was uniformly and without exception, as affectionate, attentive, and studious of my happiness, as mortal being could have been. Could I lose such a friend and wish to live?

Convinced that I never could return to my profession, and sensible, too, that while I am continued in life I ought not to be idle, I turned my thoughts to Cambridge, as a place which would afford me a retreat from the bustle of the world, and at the same time call upon me for industry and the exercise of the powers I possess. I wrote to the President a day or two since, requesting him to name me to the Corporation as a candidate for any office in which there might be a vacancy. Should you see him, you would oblige me by assuring him that it is my serious intention to pass the rest of my life within the walls of Harvard, should it be permitted me;

at the same time, could you conscientiously add your recommendation, it would greatly increase the obligation if you would do it. On this subject I will reason with you when we meet. Before I can visit Boston, I must make a journey to Belfast to close my business there. This I shall probably commence next week, and return near the end of August. Our dear friend Daveis is still with us. He has done all in his power to console us, his kindness to me in my affliction has endeared him to me more than ever. He leaves us on Friday or Saturday. Adieu, my dear George, sincerely your friend,

JOSEPH G. COGSWELL.

The following extract from a letter dated August 30, 1813, shows the watchful interest of his friends, and gives a view of his character in youth, by a contemporary and intimate.

GEORGE TICKNOR TO CHARLES S. DAVEIS.

Poor Cogswell! I am very anxious to see him and discuss with him his plans and prospects, which, I must confess seem to me illjudged and unpromising. . . . He seems to believe that his whole character is changed and that it is time to change his objects. But the very circumstances and suddenness of his determination show that his original dispositions are still strong within him — that he has lost nothing of his decision and impetuosity, though they have changed their direction. If I thought that a spirit so impatient and restless as his would always remain satisfied with the even tenor and gradual progress of a college life — if I thought

the hand of death had not only removed the object of his affections and cares, and darkened the path and prospects of his life, but had also taken from him the radical principle of his character, and implanted in its stead another and an opposite principle, then I would not ask him to forbear from following the suggestions of his grief or despair. . . . I am not sure that I should not prefer to have a friend of mine an able professor rather than an able lawyer. Cogswell certainly has talents enough for either, but his talents are associated with an eagerness for the attainment of his object which often prevents him from devoting time enough to secure it. It is therefore difficult for him to find an employment to which he can promise his *life*. The profession he had chosen seemed, however, better adapted to his character than any other. Its principles, from their importance and immediate utility, would attract and fix his attention, while at the same time its practice would afford him that change and variety, of circumstances and intercourse, for which he has from constitution and habit so strong an appetite. He has studied it faithfully and can, I have no doubt, pursue it with success. . . . Every man when depressed with sorrow should look to employment for relief—and Cogswell, above all men, wants active practical employment to absorb, as far as possible, his attention and interest. . . . Shut him up under the exhausted receiver of a tutorship, and he will either break the glass in his struggle, or perish, for want of the very principle which you have excluded. . . . He is formed for the world and he *must* live in it. He must mingle with his fellow beings and enter into their projects, and

feel their hopes and their fears, he must be continually active and interested, or he cannot long be happy, or even contented. Nor is he one who can be satisfied with narrow limits or a short range. . . . to give the key to his character in a single word, — he is one of the few spirits to whom society is necessary and who are necessary to society.

CHAPTER III.

Latin Tutor at Harvard College, 1813-1815. — Botany.

BELFAST, *Sunday Eve., August 10, 1813.** . . . I reached here last evening about eight; the last fifty miles of the journey I came on horseback. I left Portland on Friday morning in the stage, and came on to Wiscasset, where I took a horse, and rode that evening as far as Bryant's. Yesterday I rode about forty miles. When I had approached within three of Belfast, it wanted a few minutes of seven. I found myself too much agitated to venture into town by the light of day. I got down from my horse, and waited by the side of a wood, for the shades of night to advance. In a short time the bay became covered with fog, the moon was dimly seen through the mist which filled the atmosphere, — I continued my way into the village, with a heart pained and pierced with sorrows, the emotions of which were too violent to be exposed to the observation of unfeeling beholders. When I arrived at Cunningham's, I found my way into an unoccupied apartment where I remained for some time undisturbed. I have not yet been out, nor have I seen any one out of Mr. Cunningham's house, but Mr. Anderson. He passed part of this forenoon with me; from him I learnt that another most trying scene

* To Miss E. T. Gilman, Exeter.

awaits me — the house remains exactly as when we left it, the furniture untouched — no occupant has offered, and he has let all be as in our happy days — how shall I enter the abode which was once so delightful to me — how shall I go over the deserted apartments, in which every object will speak to me in the loudest language, and tell me that my happiness is fled, forever fled from earth?

BELFAST, *August 16, 1813*.*. . . I heard from President Kirkland last week — he says I can have the office of Tutor in Cambridge, without doubt; Mr. Everett is to leave in October, or first part of November, which will be as soon as I wish to go. I feel some satisfaction in the view of going to Cambridge. It will give me a retreat from the world, and enable me to contribute as much to the comfort of my friends, as any situation I could be in. Were it possible for me to do anything in Ipswich, I should wish to be constantly with you and mother, but I know were I to remain there, it would deprive me of the means which I shall now have of repaying you for some of the infinite acts of kindness, which you have shown me.

PORTLAND, *Monday, November 8, 1813*.* I have just arrived here on my way homeward from Belfast.¹ My journey has been very fatiguing, and as the season was dreary and the roads very bad, I found it exceedingly tedious, but I knew my duty required that I should go

* To Miss E. Cogswell, Ipswich.

¹ From his second visit to Belfast since his wife's death.

and I could not suffer mere regard to my own comfort to prevent it. I concluded to go the whole way in my chaise, because the stage did not set out from Portland, at the time I expected, and I had reason to repent of it every mile I advanced, as I found the travelling so very rough and heavy, and the weather so cold and stormy.

CAMBRIDGE, *February 21, 1814.** I intended to have sent you a letter before; but in addition to our usual duties, we have had several examinations for admission into college, which made great demands upon my time, and not being familiar with the business of my situation in general, I have been obliged hitherto to devote every moment to it. I am perfectly satisfied with my choice of occupations. . . . There is nothing required here of an instructor, that is unpleasant to me to perform. I never had the great hatred to the occupation which many feel, and I hope I never shall have, while I find it necessary for me to be engaged in it.

CAMBRIDGE, *February 28, 1814.*† From long neglect of any critical attention to Latin, I was obliged to labor hard in preparing myself for the office of instructor; the task, however, becomes every day more pleasant and familiar. My experience has been too short to enable me to say how much to my mind I shall find the situation here, but as far as opportunity has been afforded me of judging, it is full as agreeable as I expected.

* To Miss E. Cogswell.

† To C. S. Daveis, Portland.

CAMBRIDGE, *Thursday Eve., March 24, 1814.*^{*}

I am very glad you have had an opportunity of hearing E. Everett. You must have been struck I think, with the proofs he exhibits of uncommon ripeness of mind, of sober thinking, of logical precision, and of pure, chastened, and correct taste. He either has not much imagination, or he studiously avoids the display of it. While you listen to him you do not find yourself compelled to admire, but to think; he does not charm your ears with fine language, or your fancy with rich imagery, but he fills your mind with ideas, with new and ingenious and forcible reflections. In my view, however, he is a minister fit only for a society of literati; he takes little or no hold of the heart. Mr. Nichols would excite more devotional feelings, he would make more religious beings by one sermon, than Mr. Everett will in all that he may ever preach. I should like to know both your¹ opinions on this subject. If mine is wrong I would change it most cheerfully. It would be a great joy to me to know that talents like his are most efficaciously employed in the only cause worthy of engaging them.

CAMBRIDGE, *Monday Morn., April 28, 1814.*[†]

My visit to dear Exeter afforded me great comfort. I had the mournful satisfaction, which I can never forego on that anniversary while I live, of visiting the consecrated spot; but I feel too feeble to dwell long on this subject,

^{*} To C. S. Daveis and Miss E. T. Gilman. [†] To Miss E. T. Gilman, Exeter.

¹ Mr. Daveis was now engaged to Miss Elizabeth Gilman.

I will not pain you by recalling these sad recollections. Ticknor and myself had a very comfortable ride to Boston, we passed Charlestown bridge just as the bell rang for one o'clock. I found myself nearly exhausted when I reached his house, but the kindly attentions of his mother, quite restored me.

I was in town on Saturday, dear E., and made enquiries for the articles you wished. I could not find but one whole piece of linen in Boston, and that very ordinary for the price, which was 9s. — it is said nothing is more scarce There is not such a piece of silk in Boston, as the one Mr. Kidder has, none but India, and a few pieces of Italian, which are very high.

Do not be uneasy on my account, my dear sister, remember that in this changeable season, every invalid is feeble, and that it is a time when colds very generally prevail. . . . Our thermometer fell between Saturday noon, and Sabbath morning, 50 degrees.

CAMBRIDGE, *July* 30th, 1814.* On Monday morn., you shall find yourself in my chaise, with your face toward the East; the evening by the permission of Heaven, shall land us at the hospitable mansion of our revered and beloved father, with whom and dear E. we will remain, as long as your avocations and the great works to be accomplished by me, in our short vacation, will permit. Here you are to change your *compagnon du voyage*; while I start in the morning on a *pedestrious* botanic excursion, making due progress towards Mrs. Hobbs', you and dear E. are to jog slowly on after

* To C. S. Davis.

dinner, and meet me there at night. Then I will delight your eyes, and regale your olfactories, with the collected beauties and perfumes of the meadows and woods; — the modest *Mitchella*, — the humble *Lycopodium*, — the rich *Verbascum*, — the stately *Arctium*, — the fragrant *Nepeta*, — the magnificent *Helianthus* shall be displayed before you in all their glory. Say not one word in objection to this plan of walking, I am resolved upon it, not for your gratification, but my own. All the country between Exeter and Jefferds is very productive in fine plants, and I must explore it. . . . As to the fatigue, I should think nothing of it; constant walking has enabled me to perform wonders in that way. . . . I do not slacken at all in my botanic zeal; within a few weeks, I have made excursions to nearly all the towns within twenty miles of Cambridge, and I believe I derive more health from the exercise than I should from the use of all the medicinal plants in the world.

CAMBRIDGE, *Aug.* 4, 1814. * . . . Mrs. Prescott hearing that you would attend our commencement, requested me to send you the enclosed invitation.¹ Do not think I asked for it, because it is in my handwriting, half of all she sent are the same, besides she gave me cartes blanches to fill up as I might wish.

[1815.] *Feb.* 20. † It is Sunday, dear George, and you know I have ever loved to pass this day with you.

* To C. S. Daveis, Portland.

† To G. Ticknor, Philadelphia.

¹ Invitations to the *Me* at the graduation of William H. Prescott, the future historian.

I am an idolater, for, beside the great God above, I worship many of those on earth, whom he has created in his own image. This day He has set apart for Himself, but how often on this day have my heart and thoughts been with you and not with Him. Was I wrong, dear George, in the choice of my idol?

I must begin in my usual style of lamentation. My spirits are completely down; your absence makes me more than sad. . . . You had not been gone from me a month before I found that my happiness had accompanied you. I sat out and rode with all possible rapidity in quest of my friend and my peace, determined not to stop till I found the object of my pursuit. I felt sure that I should overtake you at Washington, until I reached Philadelphia, and there I learnt that you would certainly be on your way to Richmond before I could arrive at the Capitol. To continue my journey beyond Washington, and return in season to my duties was impossible, I could do nothing, therefore, but sit down and sigh at my disappointment, and seek to alleviate it by mixing in the scenes of gayety and fashion at Philadelphia. In that way I got rid of eleven days here, which would have been pleasant, had not my heart so strongly felt the void. When I went to Mr. Meredith's I was almost happy, his sweetness and sincerity, Mrs. M.'s affectionate and interesting manners, and Miss Gertrude's beauty and elegance quite charmed me; there, too, I talked of you with friends that spoke as if they loved you; that made me love them; it is indeed a delightful family, one above all others in the city to compensate a Boston man for absence from his home.

After eleven days of dissipation in Philadelphia, I sat out, with Mr. Perkins, to return to New York. There we remained together four days, when he left me and continued his journey homeward. I remained one day longer, to dine with Dr. Mason and to visit the young ladies at Mrs. Brenton's I visited DeWitt Clinton, and was awed by his lofty carriage, his noble person, his strong marked, deep lined, solemn, penetrating, designing countenance.

BOSTON, *April 4*, 1815.* Dear Charles, I write to you from Brooks's shop, where, upon a consultation between George, Brooks, and myself, we have concluded you must have a dark brown coat, light drab small-clothes, and white vest.¹ Silk smalls of any color you cannot nor shall not have. . . .

You shall not have a new surtout till fall, when new fashions will come over. GEO. TICKNOR. J. G. C.

CAMBRIDGE, *June 7*, 1815.† I have as yet said nothing of Charles's marriage. The ceremony was performed on the 1st of June, by Mr. Parker of Portsmouth. E. looked very charming, and C. very happy, and very like a gentleman in his brown and drab suit. When I heard the guests in different parts of the room exclaim "How handsome he is," I could not but add "Yes, but he owes it all to the coat that George and I bought for him." The evening was a joyful one to

* To C. S. Daveis, Portland.

† To G. Ticknor, London.

¹ Wedding suit for Mr. Daveis.

me, when I called off my thoughts from my own sorrows ; to do this required great effort, but what a miserable claim should I have to the character of a friend, if I could not take delight in witnessing the happiness of those I love, even when it reminded me of my own bereavements and afflictions.

CHAPTER IV.

Second trip to the Mediterranean. Life in Marseilles, 1815-16.

IPSWICH, *Aug.* 28, 1815.* . . . To-morrow morning I sail for the South of France; my enfeebled frame could hardly have borne the blasts of our winter and, in compliance with the repeated and urgent solicitations of all who were near me, and felt, or pretended to feel any interest in me, I consented again to exile myself from the land which holds all that I love. My unwillingness to go again to a foreign land was so great that I could hardly overcome it; but all were pressing me to go, some commanding and some entreating. At length, when so favorable an opportunity presented, I dared no longer refuse and call myself a reasonable man.

MARSEILLES, *Oct.* 6, 1815.† . . . I rejoice to be again on the same continent with you, my dear George. I hope that ere long we shall meet. You will probably wonder at my fickleness in leaving Cambridge so soon. I am sure, however, had you been near me to offer your advice, it would not have been for me to remain there. During the whole summer I have been too sick to be of any use. . . . All who took an interest in me imperiously demanded of me, that I should retire for a

* To C. S. Daveis, Portland.

† To G. Ticknor, Göttingen.

time from the duties of my office in C. A temporary resignation was something, in my opinion, so absurd that I would not ask for the favor. I therefore sent in an unqualified one. Being thus situated Mr. Prescott invited me to pass the winter in St. Michael's with William, and go over to England in the Spring. Mr. Thornlike proposed to me a voyage, as passenger, in a ship of his to South America and Canton, at the same time, offering to pay all the expenses I might incur; and some other gentlemen in Boston were kind enough to invite me to take passage in vessels of theirs bound to other parts of the world.

The proposal of Mr. Gray seemed to me, however, the most eligible, which was to go for him to the South of France and Italy, to remain until my health should be restored, and while there to superintend a suit of his, in the French court, of some magnitude; for which he agreed to pay me \$2,000, and defray all my expenses, and to allow me afterward the same annual compensation, as long as I should continue in Europe and take such care of his concerns, in general, as my health would permit. I have been thus minute in stating these circumstances that you might know, my dear George, that it was not that "sated of home" I am now here, but because all the world said I must and ought to come. . . .

My health has been much improved by the voyage, which was remarkably pleasant, until we reached the Mediterranean. . . . I am at present in quarantine in the Lazaret, where I must remain five or six days more.

MARSEILLES, *Nov.* 10, 1815.* I did not know until I came back to France, what a change a few years, and the deepest sorrow had made in me; when I was here before I liked to engage in the amusements of the place, every evening found me at the theatre, every day I dined in company, the follies and frivolities of this people had charms for me, but all is now reversed. I have been on shore near five weeks, during which I have seen the inside of the theatre but twice, and then I went to see the prince¹ and not the play. I have dined almost without exception, at my own solitary table, and spent all my evenings very quietly by myself.

MARSEILLES, *Nov.* 16, 1815.† The moment I determined upon a tour to Europe, it raised a hope in my mind that I should accompany you to Greece,² and when I wrote to you during my confinement in the Lazaret, I could hardly restrain myself from telling you how earnestly I desired it. . . . If then, dear G., my own eagerness has not misled me, and it would really be no interference with your plans to take me into your party and let me go with you to "Hail the bright clime

* To C. S. Davis, Portland.

† To G. Ticknor, Göttingen.

¹ From a letter of October 6, "Four days ago the Duc d'Angoulême arrived here, since which the streets have been crowded night and day, white flags suspended from every window, 'Vive le Roi' shouted at every corner, and everything done and said to show their attachment to the Bourbons. But a few moments since it was all the same for the counter cause. France has lost her national glory, and with it her character. Be assured the period of revolutions has not passed, nothing but foreign troops keeps the people quiet."

² This journey to Greece was never accomplished, but it was, for some months, a prominent theme of his correspondence.

of battle and song" I shall always be ready at any time, after that which you have named, to wander with you by "Delphi's sacred side." . . . I meet daily with Greeks from every part of the Levant, the Morea, Attica, and other places on the continent as well as the islands, and from them I get some particulars that may possibly be useful. I must let you know too, that I am not wholly given up to accounts of loss and gain. I go three times a week to the Lycée to say my lesson in *Romaic*, nor am I wholly unmindful of the masters of the ancient lay, Homer has breakfasted with me almost every morning since I came to France.

MARSEILLES, Dec. 17, 1815.* . . . Artisans and men of hands are necessary in all voyages of discovery, as well as savans and men of heads; in the former capacity alone do I hope to be serviceable to you; let the business part of our expedition be committed to me; the merchants of Italy are all personally known to me already, also a partner of a house in Smyrna, and another in Constantinople. . . . Beside, as I have before mentioned to you, every day gives me an opportunity of making inquiries of the Greeks, and others familiar with the country, relative to many things which we ought to know. . . . I am going on with my *Romaic*, as well as I can, my progress, however, is not very rapid. I find no one here who knows much about it, and I have been delayed several days for want of books to help me, which I am now expecting every moment from Paris. Italian and Spanish are regular objects of my

* To G. Ticknor, Göttingen.

attention, as far as I can be regular in anything, and in these I succeed better than in most others, as I devote the hours from 9 to 11 P. M. to them.

MARSEILLES, *December* 30, 1815.* The truth is, if I did not love you much better than my own reputation, I should not write at all, while I remain in this place of Bœotian dullness. I have not gained a new idea by a three months' residence in it. Let me state to you a few facts to show how entirely commerce has hold of the hearts of all its inhabitants. First, no books can be procured here, except such as are connected with, or current in trade. A Greek classic of any value is not to be found, nor any works of science, not even of their own philosophers in any branch but chemistry. Whenever a stray volume of Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, or any other outlandish tongue, falls into the hands of the hawkers of literature, it is brought to me, as invariably as if I were the only person in the city that thought it of any value. Secondly, in this place, a little removed from the foot of the Alps, on the border and near the centre of the Mediterranean, carrying on trade with all the islands of the Archipelago, with European and Asiatic Turkey, with Egypt and the whole coast of Barbary, and in every respect so advantageously situated for the prosecution of Natural History, Geology, and Mineralogy, — no society has ever been formed for the promotion of these objects, and not an individual directs his attention to them. These are not vague assertions which I make, my information has been ob-

* To C. S. Davis, Portland.

tained from persons who must know. There is, to be sure, an Academy of Arts and Sciences, but it exists only in name. I am very particularly acquainted with Dr. Lautard, who is the president of it. By him I was told they had done, and were doing just nothing; that learning and science were not in repute in Marseilles, and that it was dangerous to be thought a *savant* here. I know very well and often meet three or four of the first lawyers in the city, and I have found them ignorant of everything, but their *métier*. . . .

There happen to be at this time in Marseilles, a number of Spanish emigrants. Among them are several men of learning, members of the Academy of Madrid, men who have left their own country in consequence of the restraints which the inquisitions have put upon free inquiry. These gentlemen, rejoiced to find any one who is even interested in literary and scientific conversation, meet quite often in my room; during the present month they have spent at least two evenings in each week with me, and they all entertain the same opinion of the place as I do. Their conversation is full of interest, and, were it not tinged a little with the infidelity which marks all the philosophy of the day, I should think it very improving. . . . I hope I shall learn nothing bad from these illuminati; one advantage, which I am sure of deriving, is improvement in the Spanish language, two out of the four who are my regular visitors, being the superintendents of the last edition of the Dictionary and Grammar of the Academy.¹

¹ In a letter of the same date to Professor Farrar of Harvard College, Mr. Cogswell says: "Having had some conversations with you on the subject of

MARSEILLES, *February* 16, 1816.*. . . . I have only to cross my room to the window and I behold such *outré* figures and strange manners and varied costumes, that I doubt not I could keep you laughing to the bottom of my third page, were I to describe half the wonders which present themselves this very moment in the street which I overlook. You would see the petit maître of the ancient régime in his white smalls, sky blue silk hose with red clocks, embroidered vest and laced coat, with hat in hand making his morning parade; and the modern fop just out of a Paris band-box, equally ludicrous in appearance; my lady mayoress, decked out like Flora, abroad in her barouche; and numberless fair grisettes, with their matron-like caps, and fanciful shawls tied into their apron strings; at this corner a group of Greeks in their capotes, at that another of Asiatic Turks, with their turbans and alhacks; here Egyptian mamelukes, and there Barbary Jews; on this side poverty and rags, on that ribbons and stars; in a word all the characters that make up the rôles in the favorite comedy, now playing in Germany, of "the Fairy Amandalindasurvandagin-abilloditara," or the adventures of Harlequin before and after his death. A walk on the boulevards would help

* To Mrs. Prescott, Boston.

climate, I thought it might not be uninteresting to you to look over the meteorological tables of Marseilles for a month or two. Those enclosed are taken from the records of the Observatory, which is superintended by a gentleman of considerable science, with whom I have been acquainted while here, by the name of Blampain. The fame of Professor Far-

rar is not unknown to him. In one of my visits to the Observatory he turned me to his minutes, in which he had the thermometrical observations made at Cambridge by that gentleman." These letters show how eagerly Mr. Cogswell sought all kinds of knowledge, even when the circumstances of his life were most adverse to such pursuits.

ne still more. There I should not only find the same motley mixture of tribes and dresses, but as they command an extensive prospect, I could add to the scenery the dark waves of the Mediterranean, which would call up the shades of the mighty that once inhabited its borders. . . . What a train of associations, too, would be brought up by casting my eyes on the one side to the long chain of the Pyrenees, or on the other to the lofty Alps and broken Apennines. . . .

I hope soon to finish my law business in Marseilles, and be at liberty to follow my own inclinations. . . . My health is better, or rather it is not so bad, better implies good, and there is nothing good about it.

MARSEILLES, *February* 18, 1816.* . . . It is time for Cambridge to take a rank above a mere preparatory school, and to do this she must call to her aid all the talents she can command;¹ she has nothing to fear from the cry of heresy, if she can but attain a decided elevation above all the other literary institutions of the country. All our early colleges were founded for the express purpose of forming ministers, not scholars, and it is inaccountable that the system of education has been persevered in till this time, which never required, even of the instructors, any critical knowledge of the language they professed to teach. Such men as Correa,² no one

* To G. Ticknor, Göttingen.

¹ Written before Mr. Cogswell had been at any European University, or had had opportunities of observing European modes of education.

² Correa de Serra, a Portuguese of extraordinary talent and cultivation, already a member of the French Institute (in which he ultimately was made mem-

supposes would be of any service to boys in their forms, but no university can ever attain a reputation without them; the limits which a student fixes for his attainments, are not confined to what is taught him, but to what the most learned of his professors is supposed to know; so that Correa, if, as you say, he should do nothing, would be a more powerful excitement to ambition, and the means of producing a greater number of fine scholars, aye ten to one, than the most laborious drudge.

A strange notion prevails at Cambridge against lecturing. If the institution is intended to be a mere school, to teach the elements of language, and the first principles of science, the opinion is undoubtedly correct; but if, in addition, they have higher views, and would draw to them men who are making learning a business of life, or build up a name for themselves, they must have lecturers, and lecturers, too, who can keep an audience awake.

MARSEILLES, *March* 19, 1816.* What will you think of my stability of character, my dear C., when you find me one day preparing for a journey over the Pyrenees, and the next on the point of embarking for America? The morning after I last wrote you, I received a letter from George, communicating his intention of remaining another year at Göttingen; since then I have been occu-

* To C. S. Davis, Portland.

ber of three of its classes or academies, himself with scientific pursuits, but in the a very rare honor), and distinguished in course of 1816 was made Portuguese Europe for his acquirements. He was Minister to the United States, a post he at this time in Philadelphia, occupying held for some years.

pied in deciding whether I ought to continue in Europe, till the period now fixed for our tour to Greece, or make my friends at home a visit in the mean time, and have at length concluded on the latter.

MARSEILLES, *April 1*, 1816.* On or about the 8th of this month I expect to turn my face toward the western shores of the Atlantic. You shall have the reasons which influenced me, and you can better judge of the propriety of the step. A well established, and highly respectable commercial house, in this place, proposed to me a connection in business with them, on conditions very advantageous to myself, not requiring of me any investment of capital, and allowing me one third of the profits.¹ The benefit these gentlemen expect to derive from my name is the securing to themselves a portion of American business, and they did not hesitate a moment to put an article in our contract, allowing me to absent myself from Marseilles as soon as the house was known to be connected with me in the several commercial cities of the U. S. They have long been the correspondents of Mr. Thorndike, and it was upon his suggestion that they proposed to me to join them. With all the apparent advantages that this connection offered me, I did not think it safe to bind myself, definitively,

* To G. Ticknor, Göttingen.

¹ Several manuscript copies of a circular signed by Liguier et Dossue, and dated Marseilles, April 1816, were found among Mr. Cogswell's papers. In these it was stated that the firm had made commercial arrangements with Mr. Jos.

G. Cogswell of Boston, for the transaction of American business; and he was mentioned as being able to give information about the state of the market in Marseilles.

without consulting persons of cooler judgment and soberer reason than I have; if, therefore, on my arrival at home, I do not think it expedient to return to Marseilles, I am at liberty to notify them that I choose to dissolve the obligation here made. . . . I made no arrangements for so long an absence, and it is absolutely necessary that I should put my own affairs in a better condition than they now are. . . . I have also my business with Mr. Gray to settle, and some hopes of preventing a speculation, in which I engaged from this place, from being altogether ruinous. . . .

I need not tell you, my dear G., how many a pang it has cost me to leave the continent without seeing you; no consideration would have induced me to do it, did I not expect to return immediately, and had I thought of it two months since, all the barriers which are placed between us would have been forced, and the banks of the Elbe or the Rhine been my point of embarkation, instead of the Rhone.

MARSEILLES, *April* 13, 1816.* My dear G., I have but one moment allowed me to send you my adieux, — an order has just come to me to repair on board ship. . . . Be assured I shall be with you in Göttingen at the season of the vintage.

* To G. Ticknor, Göttingen.

CHAPTER V.

Third Voyage to Europe. — Tutor to Mr. A. Thorndike. — Winter in Göttingen. — Excursion to Weimar, Dresden, and Berlin. — Interview with Goethe. — 1816-17.

IPSWICH, *July* 14, 1816.* When I parted from you,¹ my dear sister, I promised myself the pleasure of soon meeting you again, and making another visit in the circle of my beloved friends in Portland, but herein my lot is disappointment, as in all my other hopes in life. On Friday last I agreed to devote myself anew to an exile from my native land, and expect, in the course of four weeks, again to bid adieu to all I love. . . . My destination is Göttingen, where I expect to remain, till a year from the coming October at least, and longer if George and Edward² do not undertake their Grecian tour. If they do, I shall accompany them. I go out in company with a son of Mr. Thorndike's, who is to be graduated at Cambridge this Commencement, and continue with him while he remains abroad, for which his father gives me \$1,500 per annum, and pays my expenses. This is connected with a plan which the Corporation of the College have in hand, to give me a permanent residence there on my return. . . .

* To Mrs. C. S. Davis, Portland.

¹ After a flying visit to Portland.

² George Ticknor and Edward Everett.

I am now going to N. York and Philadelphia to be absent 10 or 12 days. When I return I shall be in Exeter, and, if time will permit, continue my journey as far as Portland.

IPSWICH, *August 27, 1816.** Last night, my dear brother, I returned from Boston, weary and sorrowful, to take a last farewell of the tenderest of mothers. At the very moment when she is summoned to depart to another world, I am compelled to leave her dying bed. I have never known but one greater trial. On Thursday I embark for Europe. . . . The illness under which my mother is laboring arises from a tumor on the cheek. . . . A single hope remains that the removal of this excrescence may stay the rapid progress of decay, and this is a very feeble one.¹ . . .

The reproaches contained in dear Daveis' letter of August 22d would have grieved and wounded me, had I not perceived they were the use of love; had he known how incessantly I have been on the wing for the last six weeks, he would not have wondered at my silence. No mailcoach nor steamboat ever equalled the rapidity and constancy of my motions; not a single day, nor hour, nor minute, even, have I been at rest during that time. I can give you but little account of what I propose to myself during my absence, and no idea of its length. . . . My engagement is for two years only, with the right on my part of extending it as much longer as I choose. . . .

* To C. S. Daveis, Portland.

¹ She did, in fact, recover from this local affection.

After so many years of wandering I have never acquired the feelings of a citizen of the world; my country, my friends, and I would add my home, if I had one, are as dear to me as ever, and so they will always be, let my lot be cast where it may. . . .

On the passage out to Holland in a brig from Boston, September 1816, the vessel encountered a gale of wind in the English Channel, and was within a few minutes of being wrecked on the Goodwin Sands, the captain having mistaken the lights on the English coast. Coming on deck just at the moment, Mr. Cogswell saw the danger, and told the captain if he did not alter his course instantaneously he would be ashore. It was done, and the vessel saved. The gale continued all night, and more than a hundred sail were wrecked in the Channel.¹

GÖTTINGEN, *February* 16, 1817.* On the 1st day of October I landed in Holland. . . . The residue of October was spent on the banks of the Rhine, at Cologne, Coblenz, Mentz and Frankfort, and in making the journey from the last named place to this, where we arrived Nov. 1. George and E. were then in Saxony, and did not return until the 5th. . . . I need not

* To C. S. Daveis, Portland.

¹ This account is taken from the "Hairbreadth Escapes." In a letter to Mrs. Prescott, January 21, from Göttingen, he says: "Sunday the 29th of September, we passed the Cliffs of Dover, and had but a hair's-breadth escape of shipwreck upon the Goodwins, after which forty hours carried us in safety over the North Sea, and brought us to anchor within the Texel."

mention to you how my time was occupied after G. and E. returned; until the 11th, when we entered our regular lodgings and began the studies of the Semester, they were continually with me.

On the 11th I turned all my forces to German, attending at the same time a course of lectures on the Modern Arts in Italian, and one on European Statistics in French. When I saw myself, fitted out in the style of a German student, with a large portfolio under my arm, trudging off to my lesson, with the regularity and punctuality of a school boy who fears the birch, it seemed that I must have gone back several years in life. At first I knew not how to reconcile myself to the situation of another period of pupilage, but habit effects anything. I soon made my tasks, construed my German and submitted to correction, with as much docility as if I had never known what it was to be myself a teacher and a governor.

On the 14th of Dec. a violent ague attacked me which was rendered worse by the removal of a tooth. After a week of extreme suffering I obtained relief, but it was a relief to be followed¹ by severer pain.

During my illness G. had received a letter from his mother, informing him of the afflictive bereavement² which had befallen me, and, at the same time, one for me from Dr. M'Kean, communicating this sorrowful event. By the direction of my physician I was kept ignorant of it, until I had recovered some little strength to bear the shock. Thus you see sickness and sorrow have vis-

¹ He was ill, at this time, for six weeks. ² The death of his mother.

JOSEPH GREEN COGSWELL.

quick succession, during the last two months :
former I am now quite restored, the latter
eld so easily to the prescriptions of the physi-
. You never knew, my dear D. what were the
a man, who has no home in the world, who
elf cut off, as it were, from all connection with

.....
dike behaves with perfect propriety, is very
studies well, and gives me no more trouble than
r companion would do.

* The four belonging to our colony, or to use the
al word, our Landsmannschaft, assemble generally
vening, and I will venture to assert that there is
ndsmannschaft belonging to the University, not
ing the Dutch, composed of only two, in which
r harmony prevails. Now and then we get little
ien¹ in from the country, which we consider an im-
nt addition in every respect, for he is a most de-
ful boy.

GEORGE TICKNOR TO MRS. E. TICKNOR.

GÖTTINGEN, *February 2, 1817.*

In your last letter, Dear Mother, you told me of the
ath of Cogswell's mother, and the next day a letter
me to him, from Mr. McKean, containing the account
it. Cogswell was then ill, and I kept the intelligence
om him, at the request of his physicians, until a few

* To Mrs. E. Ticknor, Boston.

¹ Stephen Higginson Perkins (son of Mr. Samuel G. Perkins, of Boston), then
at school near Göttingen.

days ago. You who have seen the effects of affliction upon him, will know how terrible the blow was. It was entirely unexpected. When he came from America, his mother was ill, with a topical complaint in her face, but she soon recovered from it, and his letters had told him only of her health, and spirits, and as her final illness was only of three days, he had not the slightest warning. I found it impossible to prepare him. At several different times, I endeavored to talk in a tone of unusual sadness about home, — the changes that must undoubtedly happen there before our return, etc., etc. — but his kind temper considered all this, as only a proof that I was melancholy myself, and therefore, instead of catching the hue of my remarks, he immediately became more gay than usual, that he might cheer me. The blow thus fell upon him with terrible suddenness and severity, and during a part of the following night, I was much alarmed at the effect it had upon his nerves, already weakened by illness. But the time that has passed since, has enabled him to collect his thoughts, and higher hopes, and principles, which in a heart like his, cannot fail after the first shock is over, to exercise their full influence, and they have so restored him, that a stranger would seldom see the expression of sorrow.

GÖTTINGEN, *March 9, 1817.** I have been led to believe that nothing remains for me in life, but to prepare for a traveller in some parts hitherto little explored, where Science will be more use to me than Philology,

* To Prof. Farrar, Cambridge, U. S.

History or Politics, and therefore I lay the groundwork for more thorough geological, mineralogical and botanical knowledge. I have lived long enough upon my heart, I must begin to live upon my mind. A man who is bound to a particular spot, by a family and a circle of friends, cannot be expected to prosecute researches into wildernesses and deserts, where dangers threaten him every hour; but a man like myself, who is left in the prime of his life, almost alone in the world, who breaks no ties and gives pain to no heart if he wanders as wild as the lion of the forest, such a man, I say, is bound to sacrifice ease and comfort, to bear fatigue and privation, to deaden his affections and roam in solitudes, to sacrifice health and life, for the good of his fellow-beings. I think I hear the call and I shall prepare to obey it. . . .

GÖTTINGEN, *March 16, 1817.** Sunday Eve. . . .
I have been out this evening to make what we should call at home, a sociable visit, where I staid till ten, and then brought G. to my room with me, and kept him till past eleven. . . . The social visit was made to Mad. Sartorius, who has been sick for three or four weeks, and still receives her company in her chamber. Herself, her husband a Prof. in the philosophical faculty, Prof. Welcker, also of the same faculty, George and myself were seated round a little tea table, and the evening was passed in a more rational, friendly and home like manner than any one I have spent in German society. . . . They amused us with some very pleasant anecdotes of their own literary men, particularly of

* To C. S. Davis, Portland.

Goethe, with whom they are intimate. One of these anecdotes shows so exactly the character of this great, but insufferably vain and affected man, that I give it to you. . . . Some fifteen or twenty years since, Constant, so well known in the literary world, went to Weimar, the Ferrara and the Florence of Germany, to see the brilliant geniuses which then gave such splendor to the court of the Grand Duchess. Being introduced to Goethe, he began in the style of a true Frenchman to load him with flattery, saying that the world was wondering at the stupendous productions of his genius, that he had secured to himself immortal fame, etc., etc. Goethe turned his large, fiery eyes upon Constant, and replied, "I know it, I know all that, I know too that the world regards me as a carpenter, who has built a ship of war, of the first rate, upon a mountain, thousands of miles from the ocean — but the water will rise, my ship will float, and bear her builder in triumph where human genius never reached before." This is vanity which can have no parallel. Next week I shall be at Weimar and probably see this strange beast, and then perhaps I may tell you something more of him.

On my way here from Frankfort I turned aside from the route to pass by Wezlar, and pluck a sprig or two from the lime trees, which shade the grave of the young Jerusalem, and, by a strange accident, I could have presented them to Charlotte¹ two days afterward, as I was

¹ The young Jerusalem and Charlotte of Charlotte Buff, — Mad. Kestner, — were real personages whose names had been publicly associated with Goethe's romance *Die Leiden des jungen Werther*, a book which created great enthusiasm at that time. Incidents in the life of Charlotte Buff, — Mad. Kestner, — and qualities in her character and person were described by Goethe in the first part of the story, and he wove into the second part, the history of the youth named Jerusalem, who committed sui-

introduced to her in the library, the first day of my arrival here. She is now arrived at that period when all the fire of youth and of love is faded from the eye, and still she has an eye that is not dumb, I can conceive that it must have been eloquent in other days. . . .

BERLIN, *April 17, 1817.** . . . I went to Weimar almost for the sole purpose of seeing Goethe, but he was absent on a visit to Jena, where I pursued him and obtained an audience. From all that I had heard of him, I was prepared to meet with the most repulsive reception, but, as I actually experienced the directly opposite, you will naturally infer that I felt not a little flattered, and therefore will not be surprised if I should give you a more favorable picture of him than you find in the "Edinburgh Review." I sent him my letters of introduction, with a note, asking when he would allow me to wait upon him. In one of the letters it was observed that I had some fondness for mineralogy, and was desirous of seeing the great cabinet, belonging to the society of which he is President, at Jena. In a few moments he returned me an answer, that he would meet me in the rooms of the Society at noon, and there show me all that was to be seen. I liked this, as it evinced

* To Mrs. C. S. Daveis, Portland.

cide, with pistols borrowed from Mr. Kestner, for love of another woman. This association, and the freedom Goethe used in bringing their private interests before the world, annoyed the Kestners extremely, and cooled their friendship for Goethe himself. Their correspondence with him, before and after the publication of *Werther*, has been published. *Goethe und Werther*, etc. Stuttgart, 1854. The whole story is given by Lewes, in the *Life of Goethe* and by Mrs. F. Kemble in her *Year of Consolation*.

some degree of modesty in him, inasmuch as it implied that there was something, beside himself, worthy of my notice, and as it was very polite, too, in offering to take upon himself the trouble of going through the explanation of a collection, filling numerous and large apartments. At noon, then, I went to meet this great giant of German literature, the creator and sole governor of their taste. His exterior was in every respect different from the conceptions I had formed. A grand and graceful form, worthy of a knight of the days of chivalry, with a dignity of manners that marked the court rather than the closet, such as belong to Goethe, are not often the external characteristics of a man of letters. Soon after being introduced to him, with the politeness of a real gentleman, he turned the conversation to America, and spoke of its hopes and promises, in a manner that showed it had been the subject of his inquiries, and made juster and more rational observations, upon its literary pretensions and character, than I ever heard from any man in Europe. We talked, also, of English and German literature. I told him of the interest we were now taking in the latter, and found a very convenient opportunity to introduce a few words of compliment to himself, which was the least return I could make for his civility.

That you may not think I have made too great progress in German, I just observe that this conversation, which lasted an hour, was carried on in French. I suppose I might have managed the former; but I was afraid of going wrong, sometimes, with the titles of the Herr Minister von Goethe, and therefore proposed to

him to adopt French, where I had only "Votre Excellence" to handle.

After we finished our literary discussions he carried me through the whole cabinet, and explained to me all its remarkables, with a facility that could not have been exceeded by a Professor of Mineralogy. When we parted he invited me to call on him, whenever I should be in Weimar, and so managed the whole interview I had with him, that I left him inclined to enter the lists in his defense, if I should ever have occasion. . . .

* In Jena,¹ I had a fine chance at Goethe. . . . We caught him at Jena in consequence of his having quarrelled with Duke K. at Weimar, about the admission of a player and his dog upon the stage. G. was disaffected and vexed that it was done in spite of his opinion, and so took himself off to Jena to cool himself down, and perhaps we owe to this the very favorable reception we obtained.² At Weimar we spent two days very agreeably with Froriep, Bertuch, Priemar, etc.

BERLIN, *April 21*, 1817.* . . . In Berlin we have seen first Wolf, who has been with us a great deal, and employed most of the time in abusing everybody,

* To G. Ticknor, Paris.

¹ Same date as previous letter.

² The account in his diary runs thus: "Went with him (Eichstaedt) to the mineral cabinet, to meet Goethe there — introduced to him — person large and good, — about six ft. — countenance expressive, his eye large, gray, — manners

very gracious — talked of America and its hopes and its prospects, discovered a minute knowledge of its physical and moral character. Spoke of Boston and its local situation, — observed that the productions of Am. had a character different from those of other continents,

and us, for wanting to see any one beside himself; second Buttmann, and Lichtenstein, and Weiss, and Lenk and Becker, beside many others in a club where we dined on Saturday invited by Dr. Meyer.¹ Yesterday forenoon I passed an hour with De Savigny, much to my edification, he let me into a secret or two that I did not understand before. We dined with Solly,² he introduced us to the English Minister³ who has been uncommonly attentive to us. We dined with him on Friday and he does not permit us to go from Berlin until after six, this evening, as he insists upon our dining with him again. . . . I would prefer passing a few months here before any other place I have seen in Germany, because I am convinced it would be politically more instructive; man is a little more of an active being here than in most other parts of this country, and has some other instruments of operation beside books.⁴

—crystallizations different, larger, on a greater scale, etc. — showed us the whole cabinet of the mineralogical society of wh. he is the head — explained all with great care and apparent knowledge, and was in every respect agreeable and polite."

Some correspondence followed this first meeting, as we find July 26, 1818, "Yesterday I had a letter from Goethe, in which he speaks in the highest terms of 'Cleaveland's Mineralogy.'"

The story of the quarrel with the Grand Duke is given by Lewes in the *Life of Goethe*.

¹ Extract from diary. "April 19, 1817. Saturday At 3, dined at Buttmannische Gesellschaft. Mostly savans — some military officers — General Gneisenau, — as much noise and crying out as in our

drinking clubs at home. Buttmann made a short speech about the Gen. who was present, which excited much laughter."

² No doubt the English merchant Edward Solly, whose very valuable collection of paintings was purchased in 1821, for the Berlin Gallery.

³ Mr. Rose, who had been previously, for a few months, English Minister to the United States.

⁴ A week later, writing from Göttingen he says, "Compared with Berlin, Dresden had no interest for me. I like pictures and statues, but they are dumb, — there, nothing is to be seen of the chemical process which is now going on, out of which some strange combinations will be formed, I think."

CHAPTER VI.

Göttingen, Summer of 1817. — Trip to Hamburg. — Excursion to Harz Mountains. — Mineralogy. — Studies in the Library of the University.

GÖTTINGEN, *Friday Morn.*, 23d *May* [1817.]*
I go on very regularly, rising at four, study till six, then hear Hausmann on Geognosy, who is prime, as well in the understanding as the explaining of his subject. At 7 Schrader who teaches me very little; at 8 Welcker, who is exactly what you foretold he would be, abstract and obscure, always seeking to go where no one can follow him. . . . I really like him as a man and respect him as a scholar — indeed I almost love him, since a visit I made him one morning when he talked to me wholly of you, and talked as if he had a heart and had found out also in some degree the worth of yours. . . . From 9 to 11 I am at liberty to study — 11 hear Hausmann privatissime in Mineralogy; this is accidental. A young man from Odessa whom I know, had begun the course and invited me to hear it with him. I could not refuse such an opportunity of prosecuting a favorite science. From 12 to 1 free, — 1 to 2 in Botanic Garden or Library; 2 Heeren who lectures well; 3 with Reck; 4 Saalfeld in Northern History; 5 Blumenbach; 6

* To G. Ticknor, Paris.

Benecke. . . . At 7 comes my drill sergeant and so ends the day as to the lectures I hear. At 8 I give Augustus one in Italian, and study as much afterwards, before 12, as accident and circumstances allow. With all this I do not want for exercise. I must needs walk 10,000 steps, at least 4 miles, every day. Saturday I make excursions with Schrader, and Sunday with Hausmann,¹ who makes nothing of carrying us a round of 15 or 20 miles. . . . Thorndike will surely win his book, he is always up before five.

GÖTTINGEN, *June 4*, [1817].* A former letter my dear G. informed you that I was about to play truant a little. — Mr. E., Augustus and myself sat out at the time therein mentioned² and reached Hamburg Sunday — staid there four days, saw a great deal of Eberling and of his American library, of Brodie, Parish, Tom Searle, etc., etc., — on the whole the visit was rather a pleasant one. Thursday night at eleven we started from Parish's country house, six miles below Hamburg, where we had dined, crossed the river and made the best of our way toward Bremen, where we arrived at sunset. . . . We arrived safely at Göttingen Monday at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 5 P. M.

* To G. Ticknor, Paris.

¹ In a letter of three days previous, he says to Mr. Dudley Atkins, — "You would take great delight in an excursion with him [Hausmann]. We make them every week, 10, 15, to 20 English miles. Our company consists of 50 or 60, all dressed in the uniform of mineralogists, — a large hammer attached to a belt, like a sword, on one side; a small axe and chisels on the other; a leather knapsack on the back to hold the treasures we collect; a short jacket and a jockey cap. Thus equipped we scour the country around Göttingen." ² The morning of Friday, May 23, — 9 A. M.

GÖTTINGEN, *June 13, 1817.** . . . I confess to you what I have not done yet to anybody, that I find the business I took in hand the present term rather too much for me, ten hours a day in the lecture room and seven or eight more for study is rather beyond my powers, but I am too proud to give up, and so, as my physician, Professor Stromeyer says, it is well for me that I am to be sent away in the fall — I should not have been so greedy had more time been allowed me.

CASSEL, 14th.* I was prevented from finishing yesterday by a very pleasant interruption, a letter from G. . . . soon after my physician came in and ordered me out of town, and so, toward evening, I took up my march for this place, for the purpose of getting a little recreation and recruit. To-morrow I return to my duties again. Cassel is about 25 English miles from Göttingen, the country between the two is very beautiful. I walked more than half the way with a large herbarium in one hand, and a mineralogical hammer in the other, and amusing myself with culling flowers and beating stones.

GÖTTINGEN, *June 27, 1817.*† . . . Hausmann has told me so much of the Harz, of its importance and wonders in a mineralogical and geological view, and Schrader of its botanical curiosities and beauties, that I could not rest while I thought I might leave Germany without seeing it. Accordingly as there is now a sort of half vacation, many of the professors being about to make the summer visit to Pyrmont, I resolved upon taking

* To Mrs. E. Ticknor, Boston.

† To G. Ticknor, Paris.

the Harz. As it was to be a foot expedition Augustus did not incline to join us. . . . At noon we reached the foot of the mountains, discharged our carriage, treated ourselves to a rich repast of strawberries and cream, took staves in our hands and began to ascend. . . . We had a most interesting week in this wild country; it was like being among another people, for they spoke another language, or rather languages, from that which we had been used to hear, and their customs and manners carried us back almost to the ages of primitive simplicity. . . . In fact the life we led there seemed to belong rather to fiction than reality. I became enamored of it and could gladly have spent months in the same way. However a violent rain drove us from the mountains the next Saturday, in the afternoon of which we took carriage and returned home, after having walked during the week at least 120 miles, all of which were climbing up and down mountains. The expedition quite built me up anew. I came back almost as rugged as the people I had been among.

GÖTTINGEN, *July* 13, 1817.* Last spring, when I was in Weimar, I saw a fine portrait of Goethe in the library of the Grand Duke, painted by Jagermann, portrait painter to his Highness; it pleased me so much that I applied to Jagermann to take one for me also, this he did.¹ I have sent it to you by Mr. Searle, who soon returns to America; all the professors and others in

* To Mrs. Prescott, Boston.

¹ This replica of the portrait of Goethe is now, we believe, in the possession of Francis Schroeder, Esq.

Göttingen who know Goethe, pronounce the likeness to be uncommonly well hit; the painting itself is good, but not like Stuart's. I prize it highly, not because I like every part of Goethe's character or writing, but he is unquestionably the greatest poet and genius that Germany has ever produced, and has one or two features that one would like to study. Who ever saw another such an eye as his? You have it to perfection in the picture, its wildness and all.

GÖTTINGEN, *July* 20, 1817.* The article to which I referred above is an extract from a letter of Mr. Soldner at Munich to the Baron von Lindenau, giving an account of the new Observatory there, which appears, to have qualities worthy of your attention, if similar ones have not already been considered by you. I translate such parts of the letter as I judge will be most important. But perhaps you have had all this a thousand times over. You must not laugh at me if you have. Building Observatories has not been my business, and I am not ashamed of my ignorance in regard to them. . . . I want to have you get into the way of forming correspondences in Europe, because it will do much for the *éclat* of the University. Your Observatory is not only to make you more nearly acquainted with the celestial luminaries, it will also show to the astronomers of Europe that there is at least one brilliant star in the American hemisphere. I shall not forget you whenever I go within a day's ride of an Observatory, particularly at Munich and at Ofen. It is some

* To Prof. J. Farrar, Cambridge, U. S.

satisfaction to me, always, to feel that no source of knowledge has been neglected, even if nothing is learnt by the investigation,¹ and I have no doubt the same is the case with yourself. . . .

Everybody knows that from my youth upward, I have had a great lurch for exploring unknown regions, particularly the African deserts. The ill success of the late attempts, with better means than I could possibly command, compelled me to renounce this as impracticable, and hence my views turned to another quarter, but to a similar object, and after a great deal of conversation and advice with men of science in Europe, I have resolved upon gratifying this love of roaming by turning myself loose into the American wilds.² This I do because I am convinced, from all that is now known of them, they must be very rich in respect to two of my chief subjects of inquiry, botany and mineralogy. Thus you see I have come to the very plan you marked out for me. I must confess, however, that I fairly exposed myself to your raillery. . . . You hit me also in another tender place, my dear sir, in the enumeration you make of the whole circle of the sciences, and the suggestion that I may find something among them to engage my attention. And here I must owe you one. I have nothing to retort upon you for instability, and not a word to say in my own justification. Having lived half

¹ This continued to be a moving principle with him to his latest years. When he was eighty years old he took great pains to understand the processes and intricacies of the game of Base Ball, and said, "I am never ashamed of not knowing anything, but I am very much

ashamed to remain ignorant of a thing I have the power of learning."

² From this time for five or six years he kept more or less in view, some expedition into the then unopened regions of the United States, Arkansas, West Louisiana, the head-waters of the Missouri, etc.

of an ordinary life to no one purpose, it behooves me to make a better use of what may remain. The end of it must decide if it will be as though I had not been. . . . Professor Gauss showed me a few days since his tables for barometrical observations. They appear to make the work much shorter than any others I have seen, and so I copy them for you out of Bode's Astronomical Annals. . . .

GÖTTINGEN, *Sunday, 27th [July, 1817.]* 3 P.M.* . . . I have made two experiments with Benecke in the library, and rejoice that I now get an hour of very valuable instruction, for one which was worth nothing at all. He takes the library first according to the arrangement on the shelves, and goes through the whole with me in that way, giving minute accounts of all the divisions and subdivisions, and of the practical application of the principles of classification and distribution. Afterwards he will do the same with the catalogues. If you think of any questions I shall not be likely to ask, tell me of them. This will be another acquisition which I shall owe to you, for I hardly think I should ever have thought of the study, had you not suggested it to me. As you put me in the way of acquiring this knowledge, I shall call upon you to tell me what use I can make of it,¹ for I certainly see none myself.

* To G. Ticknor, Paris.

¹ That this rather unusual form of tion to the public libraries wherever he study really bore fruit in his after-life the went, and pursued bibliographical studies Astor Library is a proof. From this in every way. time Mr. Cogswell devoted special atten-

CHAPTER VII.

Italy, 1817-1818.

ROME, *November 27, 1817.** The journey from Göttingen to the "Eternal City" was very interesting.¹ The great charm of Germany to me is that it contains so much of the antiquities of the middle or dark ages, as they are commonly called, a period of history very obscure, because considered unworthy of investigation, but one of which the knowledge is indispensable, for the right understanding of the difference between the character of the nations of the present day and that of the ancient Greeks and Romans, a difference very evident upon comparison of the two ages, and totally unaccountable to one who does not examine the intermediate state through which they passed. Germany is also a delightful country in respect to mere beauties of nature, more particularly the south part of it.

ROME, *25th December, 1817.*† I never was more satisfied and gratified with a week's visit in any place than I was in Munich. Everything there seems to be vigorous and improving every member of the

* To Mrs. J. Nichols, Portland.

† To Prof. J. Farrar, Cambridge.

¹ September 6 to November 15.

Academy is active and ambitious . . . genius, however it discovers itself, is rewarded and honored. I will give you one example, from which you may infer exactly the zeal with which the savans of Munich are laboring, in their several vocations. While there I used to pass at least an hour every evening with Dr. Sömmering, known by his anatomical discoveries. In the course of the week he had shown me all his preparations, his collection of pre-adamite petrifications, his galvanic clock, in a word all that he had of the curious, and I took leave of him Friday evening, telling him that I should start for Salzburg in the morning early. At the very dawn of day he came running to my lodgings and begged me to afford him a few minutes, to look at something he had before forgotten to show me. I went to his house, and found his table covered with a row of tumblers and bottles of wine. The discovery to be communicated was this. He had found out a year or two before, that the bladder of oxen, when dried, would allow the free evaporation of water, and at the same time guard spirit from such a volatilization, as completely as if it were hermetically sealed. . . . Equal quantities of water and of alcohol are set, by the side of each other, in two vessels in every respect alike, the water wholly evaporates, and the alcohol remains undiminished. In the case of wine a most wonderful improvement and mellowing, strange as this may seem, is caused by thus depriving it of its aqueous parts; one year gives it the ripeness of forty, to judge from the specimens he showed me. This was the discovery of Dr. Sömmering, a man whose name was already known in every quarter of the

world by his curious investigation of the structure of the eye, and yet, so greedy was he of fame, that he could not let an unknown, obscure American depart from Munich, until he had given him this last proof of his ingenuity. . . .

ROME, *December 8, 1817.** . . . It appears to me that the time has arrived when a systematic care of this class of the community [the unprotected children of the poor] is requisite in New England, (I speak of this portion of our country only, not because I feel an exclusive interest in it, but because I know most about it.) It is true we have no overgrown cities, and no crowded population, and the means of subsistence are within the reach of every industrious healthy individual; but another evil is beginning to show itself, which will infallibly produce an immoral populace if it is permitted to take its usual course; this is the introduction of large manufacturing establishments. Grant that they must exist, and that they must employ children, they need not exclusively employ them, — if they do, they make them just as completely machines as the spindles they manage. . . . Your plan for the agricultural establishment¹ is an admirable one, and, as far as I can see, presents no difficulty in the way of its execution except the universal one, which attends every effort of the kind in America, and this is, that proud spirit of independence that leads every man, woman, and

* To Mr. E. Ticknor, Boston.

¹ A scheme which was carried out, fifteen years later, in the Farm School for Boys, near Boston.

child in the country, to believe that they can take care of themselves, and manage their own concerns vastly better, than anybody else can do it for them.

I cannot express to you the satisfaction my visit to Munich gave me. It afforded me perfect demonstration of my favorite theory, that a single individual may produce almost infinite good, if he sets himself seriously about it. When Rumford went there he had neither fortune nor influence, but seeing the miserable condition of the city, he was induced to offer his services for the alleviation of it; and he owed his success completely to his own resources, his zeal in the cause he had undertaken, and his confidence in his own powers. Unaided by the government, for it was then too poor to afford aid, and too corrupt to regard the condition of the people, but permitted by them to do just what he pleased, in the course of a few months he contrived to find bread for the poor and stop their murmurings; to employ the military, and quell their insurrections; to bring the deranged finances into order; to call back industry among the mechanics; to drain the unhealthy morass which joins upon the city, and convert it into one of the most beautiful and spacious public walks in Europe; in a word, to change the whole tone and character of the citizens of Munich, from the Elector down to the lowest porter. He had, however, the reward at last of most benefactors. Envy and jealousy removed him from the favor of the court, but most of the reforms he had made were too obviously useful to be laid aside, and it is with no small pride that an American now sees that the present flourishing condition of the city is owing to one of his countrymen.

ROME, *December* 24, 1817.* What a pity it is that with such a delightful country on every side, an hundred thousand human beings, generation upon generation, should be condemned to wear out life, in that gloomy prison called Venice. What notions can these miserable inhabitants have of the beauties of nature; the returning verdure of the spring and the putting forth of the flowers are pictures they never see, the song of the birds is music they never hear, life must be dull where all creation is dead but man. Indeed I do think, without any aid of imagination, that there is no cheerfulness in their mirth. It is afflicting to see so many fine specimens of beautiful taste and noble architecture, both in churches and palaces, resting upon no better foundation than those wooden piles which hardly keep them out of the Lagunes.

Why it is that Lord Byron has fixed his residence, for two or three years, at Venice I cannot conceive. . . . Unluckily for me he was at Mira when I was at Venice, and so I lost the pleasure of seeing him. You remember the almost uninterrupted row of villas from Fusina to Padua. He occupied one, for a few months in the summer, at Mira upon the Brenta. I passed it on my way to Padua and should have called upon him, but it was only nine o'clock in the morning, and as I knew he did not rise till noon, I thought best not to disturb his slumbers.

Do you remember that divine Christ of Correggio in the Palace Marescalchi:¹ it is the only head of the

* To W. H. Prescott, Boston.

¹ At Bologna. The gallery of the reggios, but they have been sold and Marescalchi contained several fine Cor- scattered.

Saviour I have ever seen which gives him the proper attributes of his character. In all the crucifixions there is too much of the Laocoön, and in the suppers and such scenes the ideal head which the Greeks gave to the benignant Jupiter is always copied; in this head of Correggio's the divinity has nothing pagan about it, it seems as if he had breathed out upon the canvas an image of the Son of God which had been communicated to him in a heavenly vision. . . .

I hope you were lucky enough to take the route from Bologna to Rome which leads along the Adriatic, if you were you will congratulate me upon the delight I enjoyed in following the margin of those peerless waters for so many miles. There are one or two points which offer a view as beautiful as this fair world can boast, particularly the summit by Macerata, after having passed Loretto. How smooth are the outlines of the eastern horizon, formed by the Dalmatian hills rising upon the farther border of the Adriatic and how pretty is the nearer scenery. . . .

G. TICKNOR TO MRS. PRESCOTT.

ROME, *November 15, 1817.*

. . . . This morning the pleasures of Rome have been doubled to me by the arrival of Cogswell and Thorndike. Cogswell is thin — perhaps more so than when he left Boston, but I think his health is not bad. Since either you or myself saw him last, he has acquired a new passion, which is now eating up all his

faculties. Botany was the one that preceded it, but this new attachment to mineralogy is much more violent, and to me really alarming, since he seems now disposed to make it the business of his life, and pursue it in a manner that will necessarily separate him from his friends and defeat the usefulness they have so long expected from him. It is a perfect fanaticism in him, but it shall be no fault of mine if he is carried away by it, though, as I have never seen any passion in him so decided as this, I confess I do not begin with too sanguine hopes. . . .

Mr. Cogswell continues:—

ROME, *December* 12, [1817.] * I was invited last evening, my dear D., to listen to the exhibition of an improvvisatrice, and as she is said to be one of the best that has appeared in Italy for many years, I will try to give you some account of her. . . . She is a young Neapolitan girl of about eighteen . . . she has now been at school about four or five months, during which time she has made no display of herself, except occasionally at the houses of her patrons, as last evening at that of the Princess Borghese. The company assembled there was between forty and fifty, composed of half a dozen cardinals and the literati of the city. The first appearance of the performer disappointed me exceedingly. I was looking for a Corinna in the attire of the Domenichino sybil, instead of which a bashful look-

* To C. S. Daveis, Portland.

ing little girl, in a simple white robe, stepped forth into the midst of the circle. The subject was given, and the notes of the piano sounded to the measure of the verse to be recited. After walking several times across the room, as it were in a style of invocation, she broke out into a fine rhapsody, in the character of Venus invoking the favor of Jupiter for her beloved Trojans. The improviso lasted about twenty minutes and in my opinion it displayed prodigious talent, not so much in the facility with which so many impromptu rhymes were made, for that is owing for the most part to the peculiar character of the language, and with the aid of music too, which admits so many repetitions and gives so much time to think, this is easily done, but the whole of it was full of imagination and poetic thought. After a short interim a new subject was given, and the governing rhyme for every stanza called out by the auditors promiscuously; for example some one gave "quanto," another "Xanto," etc., all of the same termination, for as many verses as were to be made, — precisely as Goldsmith used to make his poetry. Thus trammelled she began anew and produced twenty glowing stanzas, as Regulus, taking leave of his countrymen to return to Carthage. In a similar way, with different variations and more embarrassing fetters she gave us six exhibitions of her talent, with every one of which my astonishment and admiration was increased. Her manner throughout was graceful, but full of action; as soon as she began each recitative her face glowed, her eyes sparkled and the working of her mind was seen in every muscle. The most convincing proofs of her

talent were that she could extricate herself from every embarrassment; occasionally she stopped, the music kept on, she quickened her step about the room, repeated a verse she had already sung, a deeper glow came upon her face and a stronger working of the mind swelled out every muscle; but these efforts were never without success, in every case her finest flights were those she made after being apparently completely upon the ground. . . . I went at ten to join the Duchess of Bracciano's rout, where there was nothing but noise and crowding and card-playing.

I begin to feel happier in Rome than I have been anywhere in Europe. I was contented at Göttingen, but all the society I had there afforded me no food for my affections, it was my mind only that feasted. Here I have found one family in which my heart takes comfort, they are so kind to me that I am not reminded of being a stranger among them. . . . They are all regularly at home every evening and have a small additional society to pass it with them, and I have never found anything, out of my own country, half so rational or half so pleasant as these evenings are, so that you may well suppose I do not often neglect to improve the privilege they allow me, of going there whenever I choose. Do not start when you find this enchanting family to be Lucien Bonaparte's.¹

¹ The eldest daughter of Lucien Bonaparte, already married to Prince Prossedi (afterwards Prince Gabrielli), and a younger one, Christine, who was married in 1819, to Count Possé, a Swede, are often mentioned in the later letters, and Mr. Cogswell corresponded with Princess Prossedi for several years.

ROME, *December* 23, 1817.* I am longing to get back to Germany, for except in a few spots, Italy is very uninteresting to a mineralogist. Her mountains are almost one uniform mass of limestone or sandstone, which present more beauties to the eye of the poet than curiosities to the enquirer into nature, and in every respect, but that of the arts, Italy is a tame country, to one who has known the delights of Germany: yes, life to me in this supposed paradise, in which the sun is so bright and the heaven so clear, and the moon so beautiful, and the wave so blue, is weariness compared with the vigor I felt and the spirits I had when leaping from cliff to cliff amid German clouds. Then I lived,

“Through that which had been death to many men,
And made me friends of mountains;”

and there I learnt to admire nature and be enchanted with the “magic of her mysteries,” and this is the difficulty, when one has once enjoyed a life so poetical, everything else becomes dull and prosaic.

You caution me to beware of the allurements of geology and intimate, in the true spirit of a disciple of Haüy,¹ that mineralogy alone is the only science worth studying, but as I have been bred in another school I may be allowed to dissent from this opinion of the atomists. I am well aware that geology is to be learnt only through mineralogy, and of course dependent upon it, but in my view it is a science as much above the other,

• To Dudley Atkins, Boston.

¹ Abbé Haüy, a distinguished mineralogist, who discovered the geometrical law of crystallization.

as the art which modelled the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus is superior to the one which taught how to hew the stone of which it was formed.

ROME, *January 17, 1818.** It would be folly for me to pretend that I am different from human nature in general, and that years of observation of new manners and of new people have and will produce no effect upon my own sentiments; on the contrary I candidly confess I could never be so perfectly contented with our own state of society as I was before I had seen so much of foreign; so far I am sophisticated, I should wish to introduce some of the European refinements into the simplicity of American life, and I believe every honest countryman whose travelling has made him acquainted with men as well as things, would make a similar acknowledgment. This is a change which affects the mind and not the heart, friends and country remain as dear as ever.

* To Mrs. Prescott, Boston.

CHAPTER VIII.

Summer of 1818. — Switzerland. — Fellenberg's School at Hofwyl.

GENEVA, *April 26, 1818.** On my way here from the Simplon I walked from St. Gingoulph to Dovaine, a distance of thirty miles in eight hours; you see I am not wanting in the essential requisites for a Swiss traveller. . . . These are scenes which make me love life again. I forget myself and am happy as I gaze upon them. An elevation of a few thousand feet, above the level of the ocean, gives me a sense of independence produces as it were a new consciousness, and new sympathies, and new affections. . . . I do not remember to have heard you say much about Geneva. . . . Did it not occur to you that there was a great resemblance between them [the people here] and our good sober folks in Boston, the same gregarious disposition, the same love of talk and tea drinking, of political and religious conversation, in a word the same general habits and customs, except the villainous one of universal card playing, which is peculiar to the Genevans. I could not stand the siege much longer, it is quite as bad as at Rome. I have not had a single evening to myself since I have been here, any more than we did there, and the society is certainly not so interesting as it was there, or rather it is not so alluring.

* To G. Ticknor, Madrid.

GENEVA, *June* 6, 1818.* Your kind letter of Dec. 15th has remained thus long unanswered that I might give you the information you wish about the Hofwyl institution, from my own personal knowledge and observation. Being at Berne, in the month of May, I went there and spent a day in examining this establishment.¹ Its object originally was agricultural, or rather, under the avowed object of improving the agriculture of his country, Mr. de Fellenberg had really in view the improvement of the system of general education. Like all philanthropists he was an enthusiast, and believed in the possible perfectibility of man. This he thought was to be effected through the medium of education. . . . Out of his school of theoretical agriculture grew a school for general and higher education, which has the character of being one of the best in Europe. Many of its characteristics are peculiar to itself, such as the dispensing altogether with rewards and punishments, the liberty allowed the pupil to defend himself when censured, and others which it would be interesting to examine as to their operation and influence; but the particular object of your enquiry is the establishment for the education of the children of the poor, and that is entirely distinct from the two already named.

His system embraced the two extremes of society; in his school the children of beggars and of sovereigns were to be taught to understand in what their duty and

* To Mr. Elisha Ticknor, Boston.

¹ This and a subsequent letter about later developed system for the school at Fellenberg's school at Hofwyl, are interesting as connected with Mr. Cogswell's Round Hill.

their happiness consists. . . . It was a noble effort and has already produced great good; when a little longer experiment shall have cleared it of some of its theoretic excellences, but practical defects, it will produce still greater, and very probably be one means of operating a real reformation in society. . . . I am sorry that I cannot give you some account of Pestalozzi's academy at Yverdon, which I have in like manner visited.¹

GENEVA, *June* 12, 1818.* . . . You can always have this comfort, if it be one, to assure yourselves that when you do not get any accounts from me, nobody else does. My neglect of duty is commonly general, not particular; a fit of torpor comes over me, or a passion for some particular pursuit gets entire and exclusive possession of me for a time, and then I do not write to any one. I change my place a few hundred miles, or some other accident puts me into the right mood again, and brings all my affections into life — I sit down and impart them to my friends as they flow from my heart. This feverish kind of life is in some degree common to every traveller, there can be no steady composure, no habitual tranquillity, where there is no regular employment, no interchange of friendship and love, and no domestic happiness; the whole world is a sea, and the only refuge from its waves is in the little isle called home. . . . I spent the

* To C. S. Daveis, Portland.

¹ He says in a diary: "May 28th. . . . ining his institutions and minerals — Over the Jura to Yverdon — called on Hatred and envy of Fellenberg — bad Pestalozzi and spent the day in exam- order — no obedience in scholars."

month of May in a solitary but happy ramble over this charming country. . . . I sat out from Geneva the 1st day of the month, and strolled along the Swiss side of the Lake to Lausanne. . . . Leaving the lake I turned northward, towards the cantons of Fribourg and Berne, and, as the high mountains were as yet inaccessible on account of the glaciers and snow which still covered them, I amused myself for a time with observing the curiosities and manners of the cities.

Berne is a dreadful aristocracy, in which the mass of the people have hardly a civil existence, but it is so administered as, in this case, to prove the truth of Pope's sophism "That which is best administered is best." . . . From Berne I passed by Soleure, the baths of Schintznach, and the ruined walls of the ancient castle of the house of Hapsburg, to Zurich. Here also exists an aristocracy . . . but what discomfited me more than their aristocracy, there exists a custom of dividing the ladies and gentlemen into two distinct societies, which scarcely ever join. I was quite vexed to be there three days, and to pass most of my time in company, and not to see a single female. I soon got tired of botanists and mineralogists, and set out for the mountains. . . . I was very glad to change the scene, which I did most completely before night, in entering the narrow valley which forms the canton of Glarus, shut up between parallel chains of the loftiest and wildest Alps.

Fortunately the next day there was to be the annual general assembly of the people. I was curious to see how a pure democracy would exercise the functions of authority, and remained there for that purpose. It was

Sunday, the day on which these meetings are generally held; in the morning religious service began at six, the sermon was something like an election one with us, an exhortation to the people to love and preserve their liberty, and to obey the governors of their choice. I was charmed with the spirit of toleration which reigns here, Catholics and Protestants worship in the same church. The former retired to give place to the latter, the curtain was not even drawn before the altar, nor the lamps extinguished during the whole time of our service. Having a letter to the Landammann, I was invited by him to enter the procession of the great council, and march with them to join the people. Four old veterans composed our escort, we proceeded through the town to a large grass plot upon one side of it, where we found nearly three thousand citizens assembled to form their own laws and choose their own rulers. I entered this circle with impressions of higher respect than I should have had in the presence of the assembled sovereigns of Europe. . . . I never felt such an effect as was produced upon me, when the whole assembly rose, lifted their hands and pronounced the oath of allegiance—to liberty and the laws which protect it. Involuntarily I raised my own hand too, for an instant I forgot I was not a citizen of Glarus. In a few hours the whole business of the year was dispatched, Landammann and other officers chosen, accounts settled, new laws discussed, and all with the greatest order and propriety. Many of the peasants spoke, some with great natural eloquence. At four in the afternoon the whole was finished, although an hour had been allowed

to adjourn for dinner. I have seen no wonder in Europe which has given me half the satisfaction. . . .

I must boast a little of my feats of walking, because you have so often joked me about the chairs at Dough-ty's. One day I walked five and forty miles, and several forty, and contented myself with a single chair in the evening, what do you think of that for a man whom all the world is expecting to see in his grave from one month to another?

GENEVA, *July* 16, 1818.* I am so impatient to scold you, my dear Mrs. P., that I cannot wait to have time to write you a long letter—how could you have found it in your heart to reproach me with having made “new friends” whom I preferred to my early and long proved ones, and with having acquired such a taste for foreign customs and manners as to view “my own with a jaundiced eye?” You do me wrong, cruel wrong, my dear friend, and, as you appear to have been serious in your apprehensions, I must be serious in my defense. I would not willingly have given you the pain, which I am sure it will do, to know that I am constantly unhappy and often wretched, from the dominion of that feeling the want of which you suppose. The separation from everything I love in the world preys upon my health, and devours my substance more than all the physical maladies which have attacked me; it is to counteract its influence and still its gnawing that I give myself so ardently to the pursuit of a chosen branch of science, and seize every opportunity of attaching

* To Mrs. Prescott, Boston.

myself to some person or thing on this side the water, in the hope of finding a present object to charm away, or at least deaden the devouring regrets I feel for absent ones.

The day before yesterday I returned from a four weeks' journey in Switzerland, during which I had walked nine hundred, and rode one hundred and eighty miles.¹ My last night's resting place was Lausanne, forty good English miles from here. I will not tell you what forced marches I had made for a week previous, because you would hardly believe me if I did, but I must tell you what I did on this day, for I have clouds of witnesses to prove it, and it touches closely on the question now under discussion. The coaches which ply regularly, between that place and this, leave there in the morning at five, and reach here at seven in the evening. This would have been too late for my object,—which was to arrive before six, the hour of shutting the counting-rooms of the bankers, in which I calculated to find my letters. I sat out, therefore, on foot, at 4 A.M. and kept on a steady pace, which brought me here at $\frac{1}{4}$ past 4 P.M. From midday till 3 the road was like the street from Naples to Portici, when Corinna went in quest of her lover, nothing that had life was to be seen in motion except myself, and never was it warmer, scarcely, upon the burning lava which paves the street above referred to. My sole motive for

¹ During his excursions this summer, Mr. Cogswell visited parts of Switzerland which, for long after, were almost unknown to the usual tourist, such as St. Moritz in the Engadine. At the suggestion of the distinguished engineer, M. Escher de la Linth, he also visited the glacier of the Bernina. The fashion of Alpine climbing and exploration had not yet begun to prevail.

making this exertion was to procure my expected letters from America, and thanks to you, my dear Mrs. P. and other friends there, I was not disappointed. Now I ask you, as the wife of a judge, and as one learned in the law, if this offers any evidence that the affections I once cherished, and the interest I once felt in home and home friends have in the least degree diminished. . . .

As to the second charge of diminished love of country, this, if possible, has less foundation than the first. In truth all I have seen abroad serves only to attach me still more strongly to the substantial parts of my own country, and though I might wish to change some of its institutions and customs, I never was so firmly convinced in my life as I now am, that it is the best and happiest in the world (reserve being made for England not yet seen). . . .

Yesterday morning I called upon a lady, one of my particular acquaintances here, and told her how sad some of my letters had made me, and the reason of it. She said she wished she could see the friend who had brought such charges against me, for she would tell her how unjust they were, and give her some of the proofs she had seen of the constancy of my home affections. . . .

I am remarkably well, better than at any time these ten years past, and what stronger proof could I give of it than an account of my pedestrian feats this summer. My walking in all, since May 1, amounts to about seventeen hundred miles. . . . No professed guide in the country has been able to follow me. I have grown fat and rosy notwithstanding all these labors. I have

walked from 3 in the morning till noon without having tasted a particle of any kind of food, over a mountain which separates Italy from Switzerland, the most difficult of ascent of all I have seen, exposed to the burning heat of the sun, sometimes deep as I could wade in the snow, and all this after a continuation of such labors for weeks together, ten days of which in a country which could not afford me one mouthful of meat, and I bore it beyond example. . . . Throughout Switzerland my name is up as the greatest pedestrian of the age, and sure it is that I have performed feats which would have made my fortune in England. I boast of these things to you merely to give you proof of my present good condition. . . .

PARIS, *September 1, 1818.** . . . I have paid a second visit to Mr. de Fellenberg, at Hofwyl, with even greater satisfaction than I made my first. It was the day preceding a short vacation they have, once a year, of three weeks. Upon this occasion Mr. de F. gives the boys a little festival. It consisted in a concert, in which three fourths of the whole school joined, for music he considers a very important part of education, — after which a simple repast was given them in the grove adjoining the house, and more heartfelt joy I never witnessed in my life, not, as it seemed to me, because they were about to relax from their labors, but because they had the happiness to be placed for their education in a school, the head of which was rather a father than a master to

* To Mr. E. Ticknor, Boston.

them. I saw a thousand proofs of the sentiments they entertain toward each other, and nothing could resemble more a tender and solicitous parent, surrounded by a family of obedient and affectionate children. There was the greatest equality and at the same time the greatest respect, a respect of the heart I mean, not of fear; instructors and pupils walked arm in arm together, played together, ate at the same table, and all without any danger to their reciprocal rights; how delightful it must be to govern, where love is the principle of obedience.

CHAPTER IX.

Edinburgh. — Winter of 1818-1819. — Southey. — Walter Scott. — Mrs. Grant of Laggan. — Jardine.

EDINBURGH, *November* 21, 1818.* I did not remain in Paris much above a week, after I wrote to you from there,¹ and that, though not over occupied, was as good as lost, for all things did not go to my mind, in consequence of which I had the longest and most stubborn fit of the blues that has ever preyed upon me in Europe. In London the exact reverse was the case. I was happy as a king, but as I did not stay there quite a month, I had my hands full of business.

The pleasant occurrence of the day [in the Lake District] was a visit I made to Southey at his house near Keswick. I found him, as you would suppose, from what you have seen of his various learning, exceedingly rich in conversation, ready upon whatever subject was started, talking well upon all and eloquently upon many, but discovering much less fancy than I had expected to find in a man who has created so many classes and hosts of imaginary beings. In fact he surprised me more, in the extent and minuteness of his knowledge

* To Mrs. Prescott, Boston.

¹ September 10.

than in the display of his own genius and power. He is now, evidently, too much of a party politician to be a great poet; he talked of a church establishment as indispensable to a nation's security and prosperity, of hereditary monarchy as the only government suited to the character of man, of the impracticability of English reform, and maintained all the high church, high ministerial doctrines, with an earnestness I have found in no other man in England. As to America, like everybody else in Europe, he is totally ignorant of the character and spirit of the people and the genius of its institutions, but profoundly and minutely learned in its history. I was delighted to hear him say that Cotton Mather was a genius of high order, because I always thought him so myself. . . .

He is engaged upon another poem, about America, of which he read some parts to me, vastly inferior to "Madoc." I do not believe he will ever finish it, and if he does, I fear it will neither do him nor us any credit.¹ He is also engaged in writing a life of Roger Williams, of which I might say just the reverse of what I did of the poem. What a shame it is that we suffer Europeans to steal away from us the honor of bringing before the world the persons remarkable in our own history. . . .

Before I reached Edinburgh I made a zigzag sort of track through the Arcadian land of Scotland, the Teviot- and Tweed-daies, in search of spots famed in border war and border song. . . . I had the pleasure

¹ The poem referred to, *Oliver Newman*, was in fact never finished, and was published after Southey's death in its incomplete state.

to go up the Missouri with the expedition. . . . I want only the protection of the armed force, and liberty to pursue my inquiries in my own way. . . .

EDINBURGH, *January 4, 1819.** . . . I had a great desire to spend my holidays in travelling over the country . . . but at this season the days are so very short one can make but little progress, and I had an invitation to make one of a festive party at a rich laird's in Fifeshire, which everybody advised me to accept, if I would know what Scotch hospitality upon a grand scale is. . . . We were in all between forty and fifty, and each accommodated with separate chambers, and consequently an equal number of beds and fires were to be made every day. Such an establishment necessarily requires a host of servants, and in this respect so complete was the whole arrangement, that each room had its appropriate valet de chambre. . . .

The mode of life during the ten days was pleasant as a novelty, but it would have soon tired me; the sports of the field furnished the regular amusement of the day, and cards and dancing of the night. . . . The call to arms was the first sound after breakfast every morning, and the field always taken by twelve, but the choice was left to each one to amuse himself in any other way he preferred; and, as there was a fine library and an excellent cabinet of minerals in the house, I sometimes chose to remain at home. . . . At four everybody was driven to the house by the coming on of night, and the two next hours filled up with read-

* To Mrs. C. S. Daveis, Portland.

ing the newspapers and dressing for dinner. We commonly sat at table till ten, and concluded this round of idle employments with dancing or card playing, and retired to bed between one and two. I was glad to see somewhat of this sort of life, but still more glad when it was over. . . . It is paying very dear for a knowledge of society to stand such a siege of festivities. A Scotch laird does not prove his hospitality as heretofore by getting all his guests drunk, but it is still displayed in too much wine and whiskey drinking for a man of sober habits like myself.

EDINBURGH, *February* 19, 1819.* . . . It is my privilege to be fickle, you know, or rather it is my misfortune to appear so. In July I wrote you from Geneva that I was going to Greece with Mr. Everett; in November, from this place, that I had given up that project and resolved to join the expedition bound to the West; and now I must tell you that this also is dropped, and that I am going back to Germany.

I got accounts, a few days since, that I was already too late for the expedition, the first of March being fixed upon as the time of its departure from St. Louis; and on the same day I received a letter from Mr. Thorndike, urging me to return to Germany with Augustus, to remain six months or a year. . . . I advised Mr. T. to the adoption of this plan with Augustus, and thereby was bound to accompany him if he wished it. . . . No man pays so dear for knowledge as he who gets it by travelling. It is impossible to be away from home

* To Dudley Atkins, Boston.

and be happy; if it be remembered and loved, there is no heart aching like that which absence from it causes; and if it be forgotten, you might as well talk of happiness in a block of marble, as in the heart of him who is dead to this feeling. My love of inanimate nature has grown out of my unchanging attachment to my native soil. I wanted to find something, wherever I went, which I had loved before at home.

EDINBURGH, *February* 19, 1819.* A few days before Playfair's illness I was dining at his house in company with Mr. Wallis the mathematician, Jardine,¹ and some others, when the subject of observatories came up, and brought on a curious discussion. Wallis said that a mercurial horizon would be sensibly affected, upon the pillars for their transit instrument (which are at least 600 feet from any road and 150 above), by the passage of a carriage in the street. Playfair offered him a bet to the contrary, and, by experiment since made, Wallis won; as he did another made with Jardine, that the same artificial horizon would be affected by tapping, even with a common silver pencil case, upon any part of the pillar. . . . Their observatory is placed upon Calton Hill, as I think, too high; its foundation is the solid whinstone of the hill. . . . I am quite intimate with Jardine, and will ask him if he has made any important improvements, and communicate whatever I get.

* To Prof. Farrar, Cambridge.

¹ Under whose direction the Observatory was building.

EDINBURGH, *February* 19, 1819.* Scott, as I have told you before, is to give us a treat of another series of "Tales of my Landlord" shortly. You would be charmed with this fellow. There never was anybody like him for simplicity of manners, good humor, spirit in conversation, variety of learning, anecdotes, and all that constitutes a pleasant companion.

Hogg's "Jacobite Songs" are in the press. A hundred of them are taken from Sophia Scott's (Walter's eldest daughter's) recitation, existing nowhere else but in her memory. You see how he has been made a poet.

EDINBURGH, *March* 21, 1819.† Dear George and I parted about a fortnight since. I accompanied him as far as Walter Scott's country house (about forty miles from Edinburgh) with whom we spent a few days, and then bade him adieu with as sorrowful a heart as I ever had to bear up under in all my life.

EDINBURGH, *March* 23, 1819.‡ Since you left me I have sunk into a lower deep, and have wholly refused to be comforted, although Mrs. Grant¹ has tried

* To C. S. Daveis, Portland.

† To Elisha Ticknor, Boston.

‡ To G. Ticknor, London.

¹ Mrs. Anne Grant of Laggan, a woman of strongly marked character and of uncommon culture, the friend of Scott, and of all who were worth knowing in Scotland at this time. Many little notes from her, and some letters, written in a playful and familiar tone, to Mr. Cogswell, remain among his papers. In a letter to his sister, he says, "Mrs. Grant, whom we all know so well in America by her interesting 'Letters from the Mountains,' has treated me with maternal kindness, and her house has been to me as a home." He is mentioned in a letter of hers, included in her Memoirs.

all in her power to do it. I arrived in town in season, the day I left you, to appear at her party in the evening. . . . I have not heard a word from Scott since we left. Skeen has not yet come to town, and for that reason I fear he continues ill. Mrs. Scott had half a dozen hysteric fits, when I gave her the letter from Sophia. I never was more distressed in my life. There was no one in the house but the servant boy and Charles, and I knew not what to do, and poor Charles was in perfect agony.

[EDINBURGH,] *Friday Evening, 9th April, [1819.]**
This is my last evening in Edinburgh, and I have spent it at Mrs. Grant's, as you did your last, my dearest G. . . . Had I gone from here three weeks since, I should have spared myself many of the regrets which the daily visits to Mrs. Grant's, and Mrs. Fletcher's,¹ during this period have prepared for me. . . . I saw Constable this morning, who returned on Tuesday from Abbotsford, where he left Scott quite well.

* To G. Ticknor, London.

¹ Mrs. Fletcher was one of the leaders in the intellectual society of Edinburgh at this time, and her charms of mind and manner were acknowledged, most fully, then and for long after. There are very cordial notes from her to Mr. Cogswell, among his papers.

In a letter, written three days before this, he says, "From a mere love of fun I have put five young men up to falling in love with the same lady, and once or twice, in a moment of great wickedness, I have thought of stepping in and attempting to supplant them all."

To this visit to Edinburgh belongs an

anecdote which he used to tell with great glee, of an occasion when two young ladies of his acquaintance were going to a party in a sedan chair, Mr. Cogswell and another young man serving as escort or foot-guard. The gentlemen, in the real spirit of mischief, displaced the bearers of the sedan chair, and taking the burden themselves, contrived, by the intentional irregularities of their gait, and the choice of rough ways, to bring their fair charges, in safety, but in a breathless state of indignation and discomfort to their destination.

CHAPTER X.

Dresden. — Summer of 1819. — Carlsbad. — Töplitz. — Second and Third Visits to Goethe. — Letter from Goethe. — Grand Duke of Weimar.

GÖTTINGEN, *May 3, 1819.** I have had a very refreshing visit here; the pleasure that most of our old friends discovered upon seeing me again was gratifying to my self-love, and comforting, as a proof that these recluses have a great deal more heart than I before supposed. Blumenbach, good soul, made the welkin ring when he heard my name announced; the Obermedicinal-räthin skipped round as if she had not been more than twenty; Adele spoke a warm and hearty welcome, and the Frau von Jasmund looked unutterable things. . . . The Hofrath and Hofrätin Sartorius were no less cordial in their greeting, and I might add the same of Eichhorn, Heeren, Fiorillo, Stromeyer, Benecke, and above all Hausmann.

DRESDEN, *May 18, 1819.** The next visit of any interest to you which I made was to Goethe; — he was not merely gracious, but affectionate and playful even, — but he is breaking, and will never do much more to increase his fame. I spent all my time in Weimar with him, which was one evening only: at supper he was

* To G. Ticknor, Boston.

unusually gay. His only remaining friend, Meyer, was present, a Baron "chose" whom I did not know, and a pretty little lively girl. . . . We sat till midnight, and of course you will conclude we must have been in glee, as such things are not often done in Germany. I made him talk of the literature of the day, and he confirmed all I wrote from Hamburg about the low state in which it is. He was enthusiastic in his praises of Byron, pronounced him the greatest and the only living poet, which was no small gratification to me, from its coincidence with my own opinion. . . . We reached Dresden the 13th, and, after making all possible inquiries, we find we cannot get up an establishment at Tharandt or the neighborhood, and accordingly I have got T. into the family of Prof. Hermann, where I trust he will do well.

DRESDEN, *May* 28, 1819.* . . . My maxim is to comply with all modes, and consequently I sit under the trees here as much as anybody. The good lady with whom I live has a pleasant garden a short distance from town, to which she goes regularly every day as soon as dinner is over, and is there joined by a number of her friends, who spend the afternoon in such employment as they find most agreeable, commonly in some kind of needlework, while one of the company reads for their edification. At six her husband and myself lay aside our labors, and go out to get our tea with them, and there we sit listening to gossiping stories till nearly dark. . . . I shall ever be indebted to my residence in Europe for a new sense of enjoyment, a taste for and

* To Mrs. Prescott, Boston.

sympathy with nature. It has already comforted me under the want of human sympathies, and renders me every day more and more independent of those sources of happiness which I can never hope to enjoy.¹

DRESDEN, *July* 10, 1819.* Tell your father that our friend Fellenberg, at Hofwyl, has lately been attacked, in an octavo of several hundred pages, by Sprengel, the great econome of Schillerschlage. The ground of attack is the system of agriculture adopted by Fellenberg. He spares the poor school, the part of the Institution which lies nearest the heart of your father and myself.

Böttiger asked me who wrote the articles in Blackwood upon America,² and I told him. Without saying one word more he sent them to Göschen, the publisher

* To G. Ticknor, Boston.

¹ Another passage of this letter deserves a place here. "Every letter I receive from you, my dear Mrs. P., affords me new cause to admire the unexampled fidelity of your friendship for me. Who but you would have borne with me, in all my waywardness, and childish 'uncertainty of feeling' as the President calls it; who but you would have taken the trouble to write me so many and such tender, and pathetic, and eloquent exhortations to stop in my supposed mistaken career, or cared at all for one so perverse and reckless of advice as I am. Be not discouraged, dear lady. If you do not effect exactly what you aim at, you excite the liveliest sense of gratitude in the heart of him for whose welfare you labor, which nothing external can weaken."

² The articles referred to are in fact one, divided, and published in *Blackwood's Magazine* for February and March, 1819. The title is "Means of Education and State of Learning in the United States of America," and the argument that the means of acquiring high education were at that moment lamentably defective, classical learning was undervalued, knowledge sought only for its utility, and that the demand for active talent drew it away from letters. Nevertheless he denies the justice of the opinion held in Europe of the inferiority of American intellect, and rests its defence on the talent shown at the Bar and in Congress, and on such names as Fisher Ames, Jonathan Edwards, Dr. Bowditch, and others in science.

of "Amerika dargestellt durch sich selbst," and I had the mortification to read the following in his paper a few days afterward: "Wir verdanken folgenden Aufsatz der Güte seine verfassers, des Herrn J. G. C. aus Boston, welcher sich jetzt in Dresden aufhält, und uns die Erlaubniss," etc.,¹ a most infamous and impudent lie on his part, and a most unjustifiable liberty on the part of Böttiger. "Good enough for you," you will say, no doubt. I pray you to say so, however, only to yourself.

[CARLSBAD], *Sunday, 18th [July, 1819].** On coming away from the spring this morning, after drinking half a dozen glasses of the water, I found myself just in the right mood for the enjoyment of nature, and as it was Sunday and no church here but a Catholic one, I strolled away to the mountains, to worship God in the midst of some of his sublimest works. Following the little stream which runs through Carlsbad, upward along its beautifully wooded banks, about a mile, I came to a very lovely, but lonely glen, in which was a single cottage, and there, under the shade of a fine old lime tree, which stands by its side, I refreshed myself with an admirable breakfast, listening to the rippling of the water and the murmuring of the trees. Very romantic this, you will say, but wait for something more so.

* To Mrs. Prescott, Boston.

¹ "We are indebted for the following in Dresden, and has given us permission," etc.
J. G. C. from Boston, who is at present

While I was sitting there, in this state of tranquil contemplation, thinking how happy I should be could I transport myself, with all that was about me, to the neighborhood of Boston, and change my solitude for the society of a few dear friends, the voices of ladies, approaching, roused me from my reverie, which I soon recognized to be those of the friends I named to you yesterday,¹ and thus my wish was as nearly answered as it could be on this side the water. The ladies partook of my breakfast, and then put themselves under my command for a forenoon ramble which filled up our time till dinner.

I need not tell you that my forenoon walk was very pleasant, but, as it was not exactly what I meant it should be, a geological excursion in the chasms and clefts of the rocks, I set out again in the afternoon to accomplish my project. It being Sunday the woods were absolutely alive, every path was filled with wanderers, and every hill resounded with music, which obliged me to stretch out wide from town, to get away from the crowd, and I did not wholly succeed after all. Toward evening I came to a thick forest, and entered it, secure, as I thought, of being alone, but I had not gone far when I met a gentleman, book in hand, like myself, and from the size and binding I concluded it was the same as mine. This impression seemed mutual and excited a mutual curiosity, which in the stranger was stronger than his pride, and accordingly he saluted me,

¹ Members of the Bonaparte family, chi and her husband, and Count and Jerome, Comte de Monfort, and his wife Countess Possé, being two brothers, a (a Princess of Wurtemberg), Louis, sister, and a niece of the Emperor Napoleon I. Comte de St. Leu, Princess Elise Bacioc-

and said "I am seeking such a spot," naming it. "And I too," said I. Of course we went on together. He was a Bohemian Baron, from Prag, whom I found to have some things in common with myself, particularly an insatiable curiosity. We continued our rambles in company till it was quite dark.¹

DRESDEN, *August 3, 1819.** I returned from Carlsbad and Töplitz night before last. . . . I doubt very much if the waters were of any service to me, but the exercise certainly was, and so it amounts to the same thing. I am vastly better than I was when I left Dresden. . . . My first business now is to make out my lists of books for him,² yourself, and others who have sent me orders, and go to Leipzig, and then I shall be ready for my departure, and I am very free to say that my second residence in Germany has quite weaned me from that strong attachment to it which my first one gave me. Dresden is not Göttingen. . . .

DRESDEN, *August 4, 1819.*† My companion on my return was a very sensible man, a Senator of Hamburg, and the Ambassador from that free Hanseatic city to the Court of Saxony, and yet I learnt nothing from him. He could not tell me of miracles and ghost stories like the pretty lady who went with me to Töplitz, nor talk with me about mining and minerals like my

* To G. Ticknor, Boston.

† To Mrs. Prescott, Boston.

¹ It is noticeable in all these letters were to be met on the Continent at this that very few English or Americans period.

² Mr. Augustus Thorndike.

fellow traveller from thence to Carlsbad, but then his carriage was very easy and I could sleep in it, and at dinner and supper he brought out the Bordeaux and Hock with which it was stored, so that he contributed to my pleasures if not to my edification. I stopped again at Töplitz, and attended a ball, at which his Majesty the King of Prussia¹ and many other great characters were present, and here, for once in my life, I was upon an equality with royalty and royal ministers, they all had to pay their 40 cts. entrance money, as well as myself. The King was dressed exactly like one of our country lawyers in court time, and forsooth at the end of the week, when the clean shirt and waistcoat begin to lose their whiteness. He had on a Berlin Bond St. blue coat, with gilt buttons, two of which were eminently conspicuous between the shoulders, it being somewhat short in the back, a quondam white waistcoat, as I said before, a pair of grays like those Mr. Ashman used to ride from Jackson to Belfast in, and Suwarrow boots, with tassels as long as the green ones which the Ipswich ladies made for the cushion of Dr. Dana's pulpit, a common round hat in one hand and a dandysticker in the other. It went against the grain to say "Your Majesty" to Royalty thus disguised, but as I was presented to him with the rest of the crowd, I could not dispense with it.

LEIPZIG, *August 28, 1819.** . . . I have just returned here from the journey of leave-taking which I wrote

* To Mrs. Prescott, Boston.

¹ Frederic William III.

you I was about to make. I went first to Weimar to see Goethe, and as he was absent at Jena I followed him there.¹ They say in Germany that he is proud and has no heart, but it has ever been my good fortune to see him when he showed none of his pride, and to be received by him as if he had a heart, and a feeling one too. I know not when I was more touched at parting from a person to whom I was bound by no particular tie, than from him. When I reached Jena he was from home. I waited several hours to see him, and, as he did not return till nearly night, I could remain but a few moments with him. "What brings you to Jena?" said he. "To take leave of you." "And how long will you stay with me?" "Half an hour." "I thank you from my heart for this mark of your regard. It delights me to find that you take such an interest in me in my old age, as to come so far to see me. Keep me, I beg you, in friendly remembrance." "Shall I write to you when I return to America?" "Yes, but you'll not wait till then I hope. Let me hear from you often while you remain in Europe." A little further conversation and I parted from him. He embraced and kissed me affectionately according to the German custom, and the tear in his eye convinced me that he felt, not feigned, what he expressed. Do not think I mean to make out of this a case to flatter my own vanity. Goethe's attention to me has been highly grateful, I confess, but it gives me no oc-

¹ It is odd that this should have occurred again, as, on his first visit to Goethe, Mr. Cogswell was obliged to follow him from Weimar to Jena. The reason is given in each case.

casion to be vain, because I saw clearly it was my heart and not my mind which interested him.

DRESDEN, *Sept.* 11, 1819.* I never thought to have found such a heart in him, and it almost broke my own to say adieu to him when I discovered it. "And will you remember me," said he, "when you are surrounded by your friends at home; and may I believe that there is a heart in the new world which cares for me?" I do not presume to call myself Goethe's friend, but he parted from me as if he were willing to allow me such a distinction, and I parted from him as if I felt the value of it. I looked back upon the house in which he lived till I was out of sight of it, as I should have done had it been the abode of the dearest of friends. This year he is just 70, his birthday was celebrated in Weimar, Aug. 28, and on that account he went away. "I am too old," said he, "to take delight in the anniversary."

Mr. Cogswell had before this time received letters from Goethe. One only was found, however, among his papers, of which the following is a translation. The date and signature alone are autograph.

GOETHE TO J. G. COGSWELL.

You will receive with this, my dear friend [mein Theuerster], through Messrs. Bassange & Co., a parcel containing my poetical and scientific writings, mentioned in the list. They are well packed, and I desire

* To C. S. Daveis, Portland.

they should not be taken out. Perhaps, on account of the long journey, you will have them inclosed in a box; but this I leave to you.

If you can, when forwarding to your dear fellow-countrymen these results of my studies and labors, represent me kindly to them, I shall acknowledge the favor gratefully.

I also, am preparing for a journey to Carlsbad, but still beg you will send to me here, the news of the safe arrival of the parcel. I could have wished very much to be able to study with you some remarkable points in that important mountain region. If you will let me know what numbers, in your collection of Carlsbad minerals, are wanting, I can perhaps send them to you.

In making a careful study of Mr. Warden's¹ very interesting works, I often find myself transported to your home, where I shall visit you diligently in thought and feeling, if you really leave us.

Be happy and content, and let us hear from you frequently, as well on this side as on that. I am eagerly expecting the promised periodicals.

Faithfully, [Traulichst] GOETHE.

WEIMAR, the 11th Aug., 1819.

Mr. Cogswell continues: —

LEIPZIG, August 28, 1819.* Another great satis-

* To Mrs. Prescott, Boston.

¹ The works by Mr. Warden alluded to in the letter are, no doubt, those of David Baillie Warden, whose "Statistical, Political, and Historical Account of the United States of North America," was published in Edinburgh in 1819. Mr. Cogswell wrote a review of this book, which was published in the *North American* for July, 1821.

faction I enjoyed in this part of my journey was the visit I made to the Grand Duke of Weimar, and that not because he is a Grand Duke, but because, being a Grand Duke, he is also highly estimable as a man. He is a great patron and friend of science, and, what is better as a prince, a great friend to his subjects, and if he were a little more moral in some respects, he would be a pattern of a sovereign. He was very curious to know what I thought of Europe. His idea was, that everything here must appear to me to be in ruins, having lived in a land where freshness and youth are the characteristics of every object. He was candid enough, too, to say he supposed we were free from moral and political corruptions, and I should have confirmed him in the belief if I could have done it with truth.

From Weimar I went to Gotha, and next to Göttingen.¹ It was hard getting away from the latter, and particularly from Blumenbach. He is a noble soul, and one of the very few Germans who has taken any hold of my affections. He said to me when I came away, "Adieu, but not for the last time. I never say for the last time to any one. You will come to see us again I am sure. Au revoir. Heaven bless and guide you." It was sad parting, too, from little Bancroft. He is a most interesting youth, and is to make one of our great men.

¹ During this visit in Göttingen, Mr. Cogswell received a degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the University. He alludes to it in a letter to Mr. Ticknor (Dec. 4, 1819). "Your mention of the Cambridge degrees reminds me to tell you that I was foolish enough to take a diploma of Ph. D. et C. M. when last in Göttingen." The parchment diploma was found among his papers. He had been made a member of the Helvetic Society of Natural History, the previous summer, 1818, and the diploma for this was also preserved.

PRAGUE, *October 1, 1819.** I do not remember that I have written to you since the Michaelis Messe Catalogue came out. It makes a very poor show indeed, I never saw it so meagre. If Germany's literary reputation is not on the wane, or rather, if the proportion of solid learning in the country is not diminishing, I am very much deceived in the opinion I have formed during my last residence there. Wherever I have been, in Dresden, in Leipzig, in Jena, and even in Göttingen, the great men have appeared to me small in comparison with their stature in former days, and in comparison, too, with the real measure of practicable literary greatness. I do not except from this remark any one of the present giants in Germany, not even Eichhorn or Blumenbach; in my view neither of them is half so learned as he ought to have been with the opportunities he has had. What then do I say of our own scholars? Comparatively they deserve a vast deal more credit than the Germans, for when a man loses the first twenty years of his life, it is no small praise that he advances beyond the A B C of any science. Do not say I am contradicting what I have before written and published. My doctrine always has been, it is the defects in our education which is the cause of all our literary inferiority. I am glad that I visited this city; I find many curious things in it, the library particularly.

* To G. Ticknor, Boston.

SWELL.

[1819.

ed me into the Zoo-
rious of all the ani-
zen¹ from Jena, the
al called the "Isis,"
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orning on the Rus-
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afterwards, in 1827, made
the University of Munich.

time at our own court, and twice at Boston, he tells me. . . . He is one of the best bred men I have ever seen. He talked with me almost exclusively about my country, which he loves and respects very highly, and says if the seat of Government were in any other place but that mud hole, Washington, he should go back there, as he can do, whenever he chooses. I never heard a foreigner so just to us, and never one who understood us so well. If a man of his fairness would write a book about us it might do some good to ourselves; but even this is doubtful, we have so much self-conceit that we cannot bear censure, whatever tenderness, and candor, and solicitude may be discovered in making it. I inquired of him about my friend Baron Schilling, and was surprised to learn that he was then in Munich. It was a curious coincidence. We left and returned to it within an hour of each other, he, in the meantime having been to the very limits of the Russian Empire, and I, Heaven only knows where. On my return to the house for dinner I found he had ordered a plate by my side, and was soon after delighted to see his jolly corporation seated there. This man is one of the most active and efficient of the many agents the Emperor Alexander now employs, to transplant into his dominions whatever is good and useful in all others. . . .

Saturday, 9th. . . . He [Schilling] and Schlichtegroll divide my time between them, and both never seem to be satisfied with showing me persons and things which it may be useful for me to see. A tribe

of Russians, consisting of Prince Soltikoff, and Counts Woronzow and Ouvalow, and train, arrived here last night, on their way to Italy to winter, all of whom I was carried before this morning, which visits, and a turn in the gallery of paintings, occupied me till dinner, and afterwards the meeting of the Academy, of which, by the influence of Schlichtegroll, I was made a member in March last,¹ till the hour for the opera. . . .

Tuesday, 12th. We have had merry times of it to-day, military parades, horse races and various other public demonstrations of joy, on account of the fête du roi. . . . The most memorable event of the day was the appearance of his Majesty² at the theatre in the evening. . . . The instant he entered every soul in the house was up, and such hearty and enthusiastic cheers I never before heard. These were continued and reiterated, until he signified a wish that they should cease, and certainly could have left no doubt in his mind about his popularity with his people, if he had till then been uncertain of it. . . . I shall certainly sleep better to-night after the proof I have just had that a sovereign may make himself beloved.

Wednesday, 13th. I received a note from the Minister of State on Monday, desiring me to pay my respects to the King³ at his palace in Nymphenburg, and appointing this morning at ten for me to present myself.

¹ The diploma of this Academy was found among Mr. Cogswell's papers, as well as a copy of the Latin letter in which he expressed his thanks for the honor done him.

² Maximilian I. (Joseph).

³ Interlined at this passage are these words: "I wish you not to say anything of my visit to the King. The motive of mentioning these things is always misunderstood."

. . . . As I was a simple republican his Majesty dispensed with the etiquette of a court dress, and therefore I made my appearance at the hour appointed, in a plain black, but rather dandy-like sort of a coat, which came from the hands of Stolz in Bond St., on occasion of the death of the Queen. The chamberlain received me and announced me to the King, who signified his pleasure that I should immediately be presented to him. I knew, beforehand, exactly what an honest, sans cérémonie sort of a dignity he was, and therefore felt perfectly at ease in approaching him; and if I had not, he would have put me so at once, as I had not been with him two minutes before he clapped me on the shoulder as familiarly as I should Ticknor. Our conversation lasted too long to report, though I know it would interest you.

He was frank and acute in his remarks, and very minute and curious in his inquiries, and left an impression upon me of as much liberality in politics, and religion as I want to see in any man, sovereign or subject. The huzza of the populace in the theatre last evening came into my mind, as I was talking with him, and I could not let slip the opportunity for a compliment. "I am a republican," said I, "and used to see the people applaud their favorites, but then they are favorites of their own choosing, and it is natural that they should be satisfied with them; but last night I had a new pleasure, it was that of seeing a Sovereign who had been placed over a people by the fundamental laws of the kingdom, received by his subjects with acclamations as loud as freemen ever raised." "It was a pleasure

to me also," replied his Majesty, "I try to make my people happy, and it gratifies me greatly to see that they are sensible of it." Before I took leave of him, he inquired of me what I thought of the state of Bavaria in general, and particularly how I found the establishments for the promotion of science in Munich; and then had the politeness to say to me, that, whenever I saw anything anywhere in his dominions, which I thought might be of use in my own country I had only to ask, and models should immediately be made for me, and the same as to plants in the botanical gardens, if there were any very rare and to be found nowhere else, I should have seeds of them or slips. . . . The rest of the morning I spent at Nymphenburg, in looking at the gardens, grounds, and menagerie, and returned to town at four, to dine with the French minister, Count de la Garde, where I found an exceeding pleasant party of ten, in whose company I finished the day and evening. . . .

Thursday 14th. . . . Took my cup of tea at night with a very intelligent man by the name of de Lerchenfeld, who is minister of finance, and (which is more important for the pleasure of my evening) has an exceeding pretty, amiable, sensible wife. . . . To round off the day they carried me to a ball about ten, from which I have just returned, feeling much more inclined to sleep than to sit to my writing table.

LAUSANNE *October 28.* We have done wonders to-day to come to this place, beside making a

long visit at Pestalozzi's at Yverdun. A painful visit it was to me, to see this good old man and real philanthropist going broken-hearted to his grave, for broken-hearted he must be, in contemplating the ruined state of the institution which he has been laboring his whole life to establish. . . . My regrets, however, are more for himself than for the public, for I do not believe his system carried to the extent he does, is the true method of storing the mind with knowledge. It would exclude memory altogether as a medium of instructing, and make use of reason alone, which is absurd. Reason must be furnished with ideas for the materials of its ratiocinations, and many of these must be laid up in and recalled by the memory. . . . This is the misery of all systems, that the makers of them are never satisfied with putting them in practice as far as they are true, merely, but have a foolish vanity of giving them universal applicability.

But, to come over from the lake of Neuchatel to that of Geneva. This loveliest of all waters has not lost a bit of its enchantment since I left it a year since, never did it wear a finer appearance than when we first discovered it to-day from the heights over which we have just passed. . . . The day loves to linger around all sweet spots I believe, but I never saw it linger anywhere as it does upon this lake. Often when I have thought it had taken its last parting look, I have caught it peeping down from Mont Blanc and the other mountain-tops of Savoy. One of these parting scenes was playing just as I got the first glimpse of the lake to-night, and that I suppose gave it its appearance of unusual beauty.

ROLLE, 29th. . . . I had a great many friends to call on [in Lausanne] beside having no small quantity of minerals to purchase; and, to accomplish all my objects, I was obliged to leave my dinner for another day. Everybody seems very anxious about the late progress of despotism in Germany in annihilating the liberty of the press, and no one more so than General La Harpe, the former Governor of the Emperor Alexander, and the director of his education. I dared not tell him that his imperial pupil is regarded as the father of the monster, because I know he considers him as the real friend of liberty, and I believe nothing in the world would distress him, La Harpe, so much, as even to suspect the Emperor of hypocrisy.

PONT D'AIN, *November* 5. . . . I have always observed the lovers of natural history never fail to show peculiar good-will toward each other. Making known my taste for it has got me out of difficulty more than once, and I now make use of it as a sort of free masonry. I remember well in Chiavenna, in the Valtelline, that I was in danger of being stopt, I know not how long, on account of some informality in my passport. Arraigned before the Commissary of Police I was in great straits what course to take, until I saw a few bits of stone upon his table, which I ventured to ask about, and this brought on a conversation that discovered our mineralogical sympathies, and thereby I got out of his hands in a very short time.

TOURS EN TOURAINE, *November* 24, 1819. . . . In passing Moulins the story of Maria came to mind, and

as a sentimental traveller I could not but consecrate a sigh to her memory. Moulins, alas! is now associated with a more mournful recollection than an imaginary tale of sorrow; it is the resting-place of poor Thacher,¹ and I could not press on past it as if it had been a common spot. There was nothing in the place to interest me, but that his grave was made there. That alone was enough to induce me to make a solemn and thoughtful pause in it. I am here for a short time, and then go to Paris for the winter, leaving Thorndike to his books and his masters at Tours.

¹ Rev. S. C. Thacher of Boston, pastor and friend of Mrs. Prescott, who died at Moulins, January 2, 1818. A volume of his sermons was published in 1824, with a memoir by Rev. F. W. P. Greenwood.

CHAPTER XII.

Paris. — Edinburgh. — Excursions in England and Scotland. — Returns to America, October, 1820.

TOURS, *November 21, 1819.** You appear to entertain expectations that I shall finally consent to fix myself in Cambridge, and this can never be. Here, by the side of a good fire, with a nice carpet on the floor and my portion of coffee by my side, at six in the morning, in the placidest state of mind possible, in the good little city of Tours, where Thorndike studies and does everything else to my perfect satisfaction, and where, in a word, I am happier than I have been for more than six years before, I declare to you, with all due solemnity, that I cannot wear a professor's gown at Cambridge. I hope to see one institution in our country in which no person shall bear that title who is not truly a scholar, a classical one, I mean, and, as I am not that myself, I will not be such a recreant as to aid in keeping up the hungering, starving condition of the minds of our youth, for the sake of my daily bread. I am more sensible than ever upon this point. The character I gave last winter of the state of education among us, is commendation compared with that I should now give, and it is by the instrumentality

* To G. Ticknor, Boston.

of Cambridge alone, that I hope for a reformation.¹ In fact my scruples would be much less strong about accepting the same place in any other of our seminaries, ... Now, the obstacles which oppose my being made professor do not apply with so much force to my being made librarian, and I do not say that I would not accept that office if I could have it. My deficiencies there would be somewhat counterbalanced, by the advantage of having one who knows so much, practically, of the book-selling trade in Europe, and who could so easily enter into correspondences abroad, and if I could see that I was useful I should be contented and happy. I cannot go to my grave in peace while I think I have lived in vain in the world, and when I get back to America, I am resolved to embrace that course of life which promises me the fairest opportunity of doing good. And here I must beg you to let the subject rest, and say nothing more of Cambridge till we meet. . . .

PARIS, *December* 10, [1819].* The, festivities you promise me on my arrival would be very gratifying to my vanity, but I assure you, I should be more induced to hasten my return if I could come like a thief in the night. My absence from home has been distinguished by no victories, and my return deserves no triumph. Let the laurels rest on the brows of those who have won them. Ah, my dear friend, you wonder

* To Mrs. Prescott, Boston.

¹ Mr. Ticknor had now entered on his duties as Professor of Modern Languages and Belles Lettres at Harvard College, and was devoting himself to those duties and to the literary labors which, among other results produced his *History of Spanish Literature*.

at the depression I sometimes feel, and how can you wonder when you consider that I have wasted ten years of my life in idleness, or in desultory and unprofitable labors, and that I am either obliged to go on in the same way for the future, or renounce the affections and friendships of my youth. But this is an ugly subject, and away with it.

PARIS, *December 19*, [1819].* I am continually in a hurry here and still bring very little to pass. As soon as I get my breakfast in the morning, I go to the Jardin des Plantes, which is a journey from where I live (Boulevard des Italiens), and I never get back till the hour to dress for dinner, and I need not tell you how useless it is to think of evening study.

PARIS, *December 31*, [1819].* How can I better pay you for the kind expressions of regard you collect for me from my friends at home, than by telling you of such as I hear from those you left in Europe. Yesterday morning I spent a very pleasant hour with Madame de Broglie¹ and had the pleasure to hear her speak of you in a manner that evinced a very strong and sincere affection for you. She was alone, and her conversation gave me a better opportunity of judging of her mind, than I had ever before had, which, I confess to you, I now find far above the estimate I at first formed of it. We had the whole *côté gauche* at Constant's

* To George Ticknor, Boston.

¹ The Duchesse de Broglie, only daughter of Mad. de Staël, an admirable and distinguished woman.

this evening. . . . Before going to Constant's I went to see Talma play Octave in "Cinna," in several scenes of which he was prodigiously great, especially in the dialogue with Cinna, after the conspiracy was discovered. I can conceive of nothing beyond him in this act. . . .

PARIS, *April* 29, 1820.* My dear Sister, — I am just now in the hurry of preparation for my departure from Paris, and, as it is probably to be my last farewell to the Continent of Europe, it requires no little time to be ready to pronounce it. I know not how others feel at such times, but I cannot deny that it makes me sad. During my residence and travels here, I have found too many friends, and received too many kind attentions to bid adieu and forget forever. I would not imply that a strange land has become a home to me, or that I would willingly remain longer in it, but I could wish to feel less attached to it, that I might turn my back upon it with less regrets. Our departure from Paris is fixed for May 2d, and our course is first to England. Should I find Mr. Thorndike's son, Oliver, who has been studying for several years in Scotland, ready to go home, we shall all embark in the same ship for New York; but if he is not, Augustus will go then, and I shall remain till August for Oliver. In any case, however, I shall keep my next birthday with you, my dear sister, should God please to spare my life till then. My health has been constantly improving since the return of warm weather, and particularly since the multipli-

* To Miss E. Cogswell, Ipswich.

city of my affairs has compelled me to take a great deal of exercise, and I now flatter myself that the sight of home will not only restore joy to my heart, but strength and vigor to my frame. . . . This great city is called the gayest in the world, but I am always sadder here than anywhere else, and why it is I know not. . . . I remember when I went to England before that the first glimpse I caught of its beautiful verdure made me carol like a bird at the opening of the buds in spring, and I promise myself the same restoring and cheering influence from it now. . . .

My kind remembrances as usual to all our friends in Ipswich. Do not forget me or forget how truly and tenderly you are loved by your ever affectionate brother
J.

LIVERPOOL, *May 30, 1820.** . . . I am daily more and more convinced, that we can effect just as much and just as little as we believe ourselves capable of. . . . This morning when I found Augustus would certainly sail the day after to-morrow, I saw the necessity of exerting my energies, and I have already done more since 7 A. M. than I have done for five months past. I know you will condemn me for not returning with Augustus, and, perhaps, judge me so hardly as to believe I have no wish to return, but if you do, it will be an unjust judgment. I stay behind only because
I am persuaded I ought to do it. . . .

EDINBURGH, *July 18, 1820.†* . . . After mine of June.

* To Mrs. Prescott, Boston.

† To G. Ticknor, Boston.

15th, etc., nothing material occurred while I remained in Edinburgh, but I thought to have written you previous to my departure by way of summary of my proceedings, and this I should have done, if I had not been prevented by a new sort of dissipation. Just at that time there happened to be a few strangers here, and it became fashionable to entertain them with a petit souper. Jeffrey, your friend Murray, Pillans, Brewster, etc., each in turn kept us up till past 2 in the morning, drinking all sorts of diabolical mixtures, pleasantly enough, I confess, but ruinous to my health, and completely subversive of all strength and spirit for labor the next day.

On Monday the 19th of June I set out for England, and out of regard to the Kelso coach, from having been in it with you, I took a place in that to Newcastle; the next day to Harrogate, thence to Leeds and Sheffield and next into Derbyshire, where I spent a week in exploring caverns, climbing up mountains, visiting castles and ruins, in company with a young lawyer from Derby, who finally carried me home with him to a country seat he has near Derby, and came well nigh being rewarded for his kindness to me, by seeing me in love with a sweet wife he had married about six months since. From Derby I turned north again, visited Newstead Abbey, which is in a fair way of being spoilt, by the repairs its present possessor, Maj. Wildman, is making in and around it and afterward to Boston from pure affection to it on account of its name. My next stop was made at Cambridge, and that a short one, for I found that Mr. Coke's great sheep shearing

was at hand and, as I was desirous of seeing him in his glory, I made haste to be there. As soon as I had seen enough of this feast and frolic, I took a fresh start for Norwich and thence to Ipswich, where I was led by the same motive which carried me to Boston, and where I stopt a night, and wrote a letter to my sister, and bought a ring, which I shall give to her on my return. The day following I went up to London but finding a letter from Dr. L. . . . I turned right about and started for Scotland after a rest of 30 hours, not however by the straight road, for I always observe the rule of Seneca to go "*quâ eundem est, non quâ itur.*" As I was thus brought upon the borders of Wales, I could not resist the temptation to deviate again as far as Llangollen, where I had the pleasure of seeing the divinities of the spot, Lady Eleanor Butler, and Miss Ponsonby, whose attachment, you know, quite outdoes any tale of romance ever imagined. They are delightful women, and it was no small grievance to me to have so little time to spend with them. . . . I have less to say for myself since my return here, not having even dissipation as an occupation, there being no one left in town to be dissipated with, so that I have been pretty much at home, except a few odd hours spent with Mary Grant, and a few more with Miss Edmond. It is a dangerous situation, you will say, to be left alone an hour or two every morning, with such an enchanting creature as Miss E., to sit by her and hear her play, and sing the most touching and tender airs, and, I confess, I feel very quick pulsations sometimes, but there is no danger, we under-

stand each other perfectly well, and are both perfectly safe.

• ABERDEEN, *August 5, 1820.** Well, dearest G., my work in Europe is done, and I have now no further *excuse* for remaining here. My protégé, Oliver, was examined for his medical degree yesterday, and declared fully entitled to the honor; on Monday he receives his diploma, and our first step, after that, will be a homeward one. . . . I will not say to what kindly influence it is owing, but sure it is, my heart is in every respect affectioned as you would wish it should be, toward home and the friends whom I am to meet there. I have had some strange revolutions of feeling since I came abroad, most of which I hope were produced wholly by external circumstances and consequently as fleeting as the causes in which they arose. Should you find any traces of them still remaining, when I return, depend on it they will soon be obliterated, by an intercourse with those friends who first gave my character whatever it has ever had of amiable and good. Till within the last two months I have always regretted that I came to Europe, because I felt that I had made but a poor exchange, by giving up my happiness for life for the acquisition of a little knowledge, and the gratification of a vain curiosity; but since I have found, that this sacrifice is not to be made, I have ceased to regret it, believing now that I have increased my means of being useful, without having lost the power of being happy.

* To G. Ticknor, Boston.

. . . . I could not help telling you that, in expecting me home, you may expect to find me a better and a happier man than when you parted from me, worthy I trust, of your friendship and desirous above all things of preserving it. . . . Once more, adieu, dearest G.

God preserve you.

Affectionately C.

PERTH, *August 9, 1820.**. . . . I am now on my way South from a journey in the Highlands. . . . When I lived at Belfast, and used occasionally to traverse the woods of that neighborhood, I thought there could not be a civilized country in which man had emerged less from a state of barbarism, than the inhabitants of those regions; but I find now, upon comparing their condition with that of the Highlanders, that they were quite advanced in civilization. The wretched log houses, without roofs or floors, so common there, are palaces, compared with the mud hovels, in many parts of this country, which have neither doors, windows nor chimneys, and, often, almost neither roofs nor walls, and as destitute of any conveniences inside, for cooking and sleeping, as the caverns in the mountains. Mrs. Hamilton's "Cottagers of Glenburnie" is a faithful picture of their modes of life, disgusting as it is. Macculloch, who has spent several summers in the islands, says there is no such thing as a bed in the island of North Rona, not even of straw,—the places in which they lie being niches in the mud walls filled with peat ashes. I have never seen the like of this, but I have,

* To C. S. Davis, Portland.

frequently a couch made of heather upon heaps of manure in a corner of the hovel; and a lower state of domestic comfort could not well be imagined. . . . It took a great deal from the pleasure which the fine, wild, picturesque scenery of the Highlands is calculated to afford, to see the miserable state of the human beings who dwell among them.

LONDON, *August* 29, 1820.* A short letter, dearest G. will tell you all I have to say, as I hope to see you very nearly as soon as you get it. I am to embark for New York in the "Cincinnati," which is to sail from Gravesend, September 4. . . I am in fine health and spirits, and when I once more reach the land, when I can look upon you and a few other precious ones, I shall have no earthly wish ungratified. Adieu, dearest G. for a short time. Ever yours, C.

October 29, 1820.† My dear Sister, I am safe in Boston, and hope to see you to-morrow or the next day morning. Yours affectionately, J.

* To G. Ticknor, Boston.

† To Miss E. Cogswell.

CHAPTER XIII.

Uncertain Plans. — Journey to Washington. — Becomes Librarian and Professor of Mineralogy and Chemistry at Harvard College. — Visit to Portland. — Journey to Niagara. — Project for a School.

IPSWICH, *November 5, 1820.** Various vocations, both in the way of friends and business, kept me in Boston all the week, after my return there from Ipswich on Tuesday morning, and I have now come here once more, to worship God where I first learned to lisp his praises ; and must return again early to-morrow. I pray you all not to entertain one hard thought of me, even should I move Southward before I do East, as it is most probable I shall be obliged to do, but certainly not unless I am obliged.

PHILADELPHIA, *December 28, 1820.*† I have had several interviews with Walsh,¹ and am much disposed to like him. His notions in regard to education and learning are very bad and perverse, tending completely to support and encourage the general prejudices of this country, against all kinds of knowledge, but such as may be turned to account in public life. . . . As to my

* To C. S. Daveis, Portland.

† To G. Ticknor, Boston.

¹ Robert Walsh, editor of the (Philadelphia) *National Gazette*, and other periodicals, and afterwards, for many years, United States Consul in Paris, where he died in 1859. He was a man of remarkable literary acquirements.

Rocky Mountain expedition, of which he had heard from Major Long, now here, there are no terms of abuse which he does not heap on me for thinking of it. The Major, by the way, informs me that a place has always been reserved for me, and that he is to start again in the spring, so that I may possibly return to Boston by way of the Columbia River and Cape Horn.

I have been somewhat more adventurous in Philadelphia than I was in Boston, having dined out almost every day since I came here, and joined some rout or tea party in the evening. . . . I am engaged, for to-day, at a dinner party at General Cadwallader's, and to a meeting of philosophers, at John Vaughan's, in the evening, and a windup with some ladies at Mrs. Harrison's; so, you see, it is with me the same as ever, starving or stark mad.

WASHINGTON, *January 24, 1821.** . . . Since mine from Philadelphia I have finished my visit there, and a pleasant one it was; made another of twelve days at Baltimore, where I almost got in love myself, but thought it safe to say nothing of it, as the lady was married, and have now been here a week and more. When I first entered this Columbian metropolis I thought it the most perfect abomination of desolation I ever saw; but my eyes are already accustomed to its beggarly, straggling appearance, and my capacity of enjoying its moral and intellectual pleasures no longer disturbed by its physical deformities. I do not find many men of great calibre here — those most to my taste are, Calhoun, Lowndes,

* To G. Ticknor, Boston.

and Clay. I do not intend to place those three on an equality. Calhoun is the greatest man, every point of greatness being taken into consideration, and Clay the richest in the mere gifts of nature. You will understand me now to be talking only of the *novi homines*, I say nothing of Mr. King and men of his times. I have had an audience of the President and am to dine with him on Friday, not very much to my liking though, for I hear his dinners are as ordinary as he is. . . . Pinckney of Baltimore I have not heard in the Senate, but I heard him in the Court there, and was greatly astonished by the richness of his declamation; he uses the best language, and is in every way more of an orator than any speaker of his cast I ever heard in America. . . . I dine out every day and mix as much as I can with the radicals; they are the men whose characters it is most important to study.

There is no exploring expedition to be sent out this year, as retrenchment is now the order of the day, consequently I shall not see the Rocky Mountains this year.

IPSWICH, *March 8, 1821.** . . . Since my return I have been beset in various ways, sometimes by Mr. Thorndike, and sometimes by the President of Harvard College, and as yet I am undecided what course to take. They offer me at Cambridge a combination of offices and honors, — for example, the charge of the Library at \$660, a new professorship of Mineralogy, with as much as I can get for my services, \$500 secured, and

* To C. S. Davis, Portland.

Gorham's chemical chair with \$800 or thereabouts.
Probably I shall accept these several appointments;
that of librarian I certainly shall for a time,—long
enough, I mean, to put the library into better order
than it now is in.¹

I had a very interesting journey to the South
and came back more satisfied than ever with our part
of the country. Boston is not everything I wish it to
be, but it is really the best place among the great places
in our land, and if they would but learn a little modesty
there, and not praise themselves quite so highly, I
would like them still better.

IPSWICH, *June* 2, 1821.* My sister and myself
had a very prosperous return² as far as Portsmouth to-
gether, where she left me, to pursue the remainder of
her way in the mail coach. I stopt to spend a few
hours with Haven,³ and went to Exeter toward evening
on Thursday. There I found all well, Mr. Gilman in
particular, who seems to me better than before I went
to Europe. My visit to them was but short, which I
told them to charge to your account in Portland, you
having kept me more than your share. I shall
be constantly contrasting the loneliness of my own cell

* To C. S. Daveis, Portland.

¹ He did accept the three appoint-
ments, and in the Harvard Catalogue
they all date from 1819.

² From a visit to Portland.

³ N. A. Haven of Portsmouth, a cul-

tivated and earnest man of great value
to the society and institutions of his
native place, who died in 1826, men-
tioned already p. 10.

at Cambridge, with the cheerfulness and happiness you spread around me in Portland.¹

STAMFORD, UPPER CANADA, *July* 23, [1821].* You will not think hard of me, I am sure, my dear sister, for omitting to write you, according to promise, that I was resolved on making the talked of journey to Niagara, when I tell you that I never settled the resolution until the night before my departure. At the time Mr. Thorndike and party left Boston I was too much occupied to go with them, and although I promised to join them, if possible, at Utica or near it, I hardly thought I should be ready to leave Cambridge in season to overtake them. However, by doubling my diligence, I accomplished all that was requisite to be done, got the library in order for examination, gave the requisite number of lectures to the Senior Class, and set out in pursuit of them, Friday the 13th. I did not come up with them before I reached Geneseo. They were stopping at this place to visit Mr. Wadsworth, a gentleman who has a fine estate in that country, and a charming family, with whom we spent a day most pleasantly. From thence we continued our journey to the falls. I have seen this sublime view from every possible point. It is one of the very few far famed wonders and curiosities of nature

* To Mrs. C. S. Daveis, Portland.

¹ Mr. Daveis was already a successful lawyer, in high standing at Portland. He was afterwards a member of the State Senate, and was sent, as confidential agent of the United States, to the Hague, to represent the interests of our Government on the question of the Northeastern Boundary of Maine, when that was submitted to the arbitration of the King of the Netherlands.

which has not disappointed me, and which I think fully deserving of the attention it has commanded. . . . As I look on it this moment it presents an appearance both beautiful and sublime, the clouds are moving low, and dark with the rain which is pouring from them, and they are so completely met by the clouds of spray from below, that they appear like one common mass.

CAMBRIDGE, *March 3, 1822.** . . . Since the vacation I have been obliged to labor pretty hard, as I was not able to effect much while the students were absent, and I am anxious to finish my work in the library, being resolved to give it up, as soon as I shall have completed the arrangement, unless something should happen to give me a situation of more value here in connection with it. The Professorship of Mineralogy is merely a nominal one, there being no fund for its support.

G. TICKNOR TO S. A. ELIOT.

April 1, 1822.

Cogswell is doing much good in the library, reforming it utterly, and will, I am persuaded, when he has finished its systematic catalogue, and shown its gross deficiencies, persuade people to do something serious towards filling it up.

October 29, 1822.

The library is now in fine order. It is arranged on the same plan with that at Göttingen, though, for want

* To Miss E. Cogswell, Ipswich.

of books, the subdivisions are much fewer at present, and the Catalogues are made out in the same way, so that all possible future additions will require no alteration in any part of the system. Cogswell, however, is in a state of mortal discontent. He is weary of the imperfect system of education at College, and bitterly vexed with the want of liberal views in the Corporation, as to the principles on which the Library shall be managed and increased. If he would but wait a while, I think all things would turn out right; but perhaps, he lacks patience and constancy for this. At least, he now protests, if things are not speedily reformed, he shall quit the College entirely.

Mr. Cogswell continues:—

CAMBRIDGE, *January 19, 1823.** I would not go through, in the way of incessant application and denial of intercourse with my friends, and social enjoyment in general, what I have gone through since I returned from Europe, not for the value of the College library. One of the most pleasing circumstances connected with the occupation upon which I shall enter next autumn,¹ is, that I shall be with you, and be able to contribute more to your happiness, and live more for your comfort, than I have ever yet been able to do.

* To Miss E. Cogswell, Ipswich.

¹ This is the first mention in Mr. Cogswell's letters of the plan for the Round Hill School.

G. TICKNOR TO S. A. ELIOT.

February 1, 1823.

Pancroft and Cogswell have a project for establishing a school in the country, to teach *more thoroughly* than has ever yet been taught among us. This purpose arises mainly from their discontent at their situation in Cambridge. Cogswell has put the library in perfect order, and is now finishing his catalogue of it, but the corporation neither comprehend what he has done, nor respect him enough for his great disinterested labor. Bancroft is making great exertions to teach Greek thoroughly, and succeeds; but is thwarted in every movement by the President. I am very desirous they should stay, and by patient continuance carry through all their projects, as they will in time; but they declare they will not, whether they establish their school or give it up.

Mr. Cogswell continues:—

CAMBRIDGE, *June 9, 1823.** My dear Sister,—My journey into the country extended rather farther than I expected when I left Ipswich. On looking around Worcester, for a place to fix our projected school, Mr. Bancroft and myself did not find one exactly to our minds, and concluded to go as far as Northampton, and examine the neighborhood there. Our views were much better answered here. About half a mile from the village of Northampton, on the brow of a beautiful hill, overlooking the Connecticut, and the rich plain through

* To Miss E. Cogswell, Ipswich.

which it flows, and the fine picturesque hills which form its banks, we found two houses to be let for a very small rent, and, as all the circumstances connected with the situation were exactly to our minds, we concluded, at once to begin our experiment there. Accordingly we have engaged the houses from September, and expect to enter upon our new duties the first of October. I depend upon your accompanying us, and assure you that if you should not find yourself contented and happy there, I will say not a word against your returning to Ipswich, after you have fairly tried the experiment. You will find it necessary, no doubt, to begin immediately to prepare for leaving Ipswich. . . . Let me hear from you soon, and say, I pray you, that you will accompany me. Northampton is a delightful place, and the country around more beautiful than any you have ever seen.¹

Ever and most sincerely,

Your affectionate brother, J.

G. TICKNOR TO S. A. ELIOT.

September 13, 1823.

Cogswell and Bancroft are about to begin their establishment at Northampton, and will begin under very

¹ Writing from Matlock Bath, June 25th, 1820, to Mrs. Prescott, he says: "My windows look out upon the very scenery I would always like to have before my eyes, a winding river skirted with trees and hemmed in by craggy rocks, overgrown with shrubs and wild flowers, a range of lofty hills in the background with here and there a solitary cottage or a little hamlet scattered over their sloping sides. The first thought which comes into my mind now, whenever I see anything of this kind is, have we the like at home? for I assure you I never lose sight of the project I formed a year or two since, of setting myself down for life in the first sequestered vale I find to my taste, as soon as I get back to America."

happy auspices. The people in that portion of the country are delighted with them; their local situation is uncommonly beautiful and favorable — their library will consist of about four thousand volumes — they will have Hentz with them as a French teacher, who is the best we have ever had, and beside this, is well skilled in Natural History, — and finally, they will have their full number of scholars to begin with, picked from a much larger number, so as to suit themselves as to age and other qualities, and taken from the best families of the country to give them a reputation, — such as Mr. Otis, W. Sullivan, George Lyman, Prime of New York, etc, etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

1823-24. — Mr. Bancroft and Mr. Cogswell establish a School at Round Hill, Northampton, Massachusetts. — Novelties in Plan and Discipline. — Physical Training. — Success of the First Year.

THE years passed at Round Hill, in the prime of his life and of all his powers, were the most influential years of Mr. Cogswell's career, and those which have left the most interesting impression of him in the minds and hearts of men at the present time. His later labors in the Astor Library, were of inestimable value to the scholars of the United States, and the fundamental fact, that he induced Mr. John Jacob Astor to give that special form to his public benefaction, should cause his name to be held in honor by students everywhere.

Still the impulse to thorough and scholarly education given by the Round Hill School, was more absolutely Mr. Cogswell's own, and the influence he exerted on the hearts and minds of many hundreds of youths, from all parts of the United States, was more personal and direct, than any that could be exercised by persons concerned in ever so great a library. Mr. Cogswell's power at Round Hill, and the extraordinary manner in which he won, and preserved the affection of his pupils, were due to his constant exhibition of the qualities and sympathies of a true Christian gentleman.¹ He trusted his

¹ Similar thoughts are expressed in a School, by Mr. T. G. Appleton, himself very genial article on the Round Hill a Round Hill pupil, in the *Old and New*

pupils, and treated them as gentlemen of truth and of right intentions, until they made it unmistakably manifest that they did not deserve such confidence, and then he sent them away. He entered into their interests, their amusements as well as their studies, and made it perfectly obvious that what he desired was to awaken and stimulate all that was best in their minds and characters. His love of Nature, greatly shown in his selection of the spot where he established the school, had an influence, imperceptible no doubt to most of the boys, but none the less true and valuable.¹

During a part of his life at Northampton, the pressure of occupation made him neglect his correspondence, and through the whole period there is, of course, less variety and less of general interest in his letters, than in those written during his travels. The following

for July, 1872. He says: "While it owed much to the proved scholarship and genius of Mr. Bancroft the historian, and to the large staff of officers under him, all 'Round-Hillers,' as they love to call themselves, agree in attributing to the singular combination of admirable qualities in the character of Mr. Cogswell its prosperity and success. He was a man who united, as is rarely met, the qualities of the man of study and of action. His head, filled as it was with the learning of America and Europe, could not overbalance his generous large-heartedness; so completely, without attempting it in any manner but by the direct display of his own character, did he win the respect and confidence of all his many scholars. . . . Not war, not distance, not time, could ever break the bond which bound them to each other;

and the clasp which held them all was their reverence and affection for Mr. Cogswell."

¹ On this point Mr. Appleton says: "But the side influences of Round Hill were, perhaps, the best part of it, and are certainly what the scholars love and remember longest. Many another school has come up to as good a mark of training in its curriculum; many, no doubt, have been superior, in the severities of classic study, to Round Hill. Though one of the most distinguished Greek scholars of Germany, one of the most distinguished Latin scholars of America, were at the head of the Greek and Latin departments, we can allow this. But let any one visit the lovely site of this school, and he can readily imagine how many converging influences from such scenery acted upon these boys."

extracts must, nevertheless, form an important and interesting passage in the narrative.

[NORTHAMPTON] *Sunday Evening, October 12, 1823.**
Thinking, my dear T. that you would like to know how the new machinery at Round Hill works, I have put off writing the letter, which my conscience and my heart have been constantly reminding me that I owed you. A full week has now been past in my new occupation, and the boys having gone to bed, all is quiet at home, so that an opportunity is afforded me of reporting to you thus much of the result of the experiment.

We began operations on the 1st day of October, as set forth in the Prospectus,¹ but, as many of the parents of the boys were still loitering about the house, and a part of the domestic establishment not fully organized, I gave my twig of the birch into Bancroft's hands, till the end of the week, and exercised my authority in other departments in the meanwhile.

Last Monday morning, however, I summoned before me my portion of the trembling urchins and began the delightful task. It came hard enough at first, I am free to confess. Every subject examined gave me the promise of one trial, at least, in the work before me, — it was either obtuseness to be sharpened, obstinacy to be subdued, roughness to be smoothed, rudeness to be snubbed, habits of idleness to be corrected, new notions of study to be infused, or, worse than all, mind to be

* To G. Ticknor, Boston.

¹ See Appendix A for extracts from the Prospectus.

created. I soon found that the only course to be followed was, to begin *de novo* with every one, and to consider them as opening a book for the first time.

This placed the whole mountain before me at once, and I have since had the satisfaction of perceiving that we are crawling upward toward its summit, a step or two every day. Our number is 25, of which 15 are with us altogether, and 10 day scholars from the village. We rise at six and meet soon after for prayers, study till eight, at which hour we breakfast, then play till nine, from nine till twelve Stunden,¹ dine at half past twelve, play till two, from two to five Stunden, sup at half past five, play till seven, and then assemble for the evening occupation, which thus far has been reading only, as there was scarce one among the number, who could read English decently. A little before nine they are dismissed and go to bed. Thus far all has gone on perfectly smooth, though a more patience-exhausting task was never taken in hand; but I feel very much encouraged, the effect of our labor is already seen in manners, habits of study and interest in what is to be learnt, and I do believe there must be some satisfaction in cultivating such a fine field, and seeing so early and ever increasing fruit from it.

I am more convinced than ever of the necessity of a reform in our system of instruction, for there is not a single boy of our number, collected, as they are, from the several extremes of our country, who bears the marks of even tolerable teaching or discipline. . . .

¹ The term for hours of lessons with which Mr. Cogswell had become familiar in Germany.

I intended to have suited a portion of this letter a little more to the taste of your dear wife, — she has a full portion of my love, I assure her, and that I am determined to send her in spite of her husband. Tell her that the law of a clean tablecloth every day has been carried into execution triumphantly, that the boys have clean napkins almost as often, and that each has his own labelled, which secures to him the advantage of a clean one at every meal, and that each, moreover, has a clean wiping towel every other morning. Determined to carry this through I have made a provision of above 400 napkins, and consequently hope never to hear that there are none clean in the house. If you are still at Watertown give my best love to Elizabeth and Frank,¹ also to Susan and William, when you see them. Very particular remembrances for Mr. and Mrs. Prescott, Mrs. Eliot, Mr. and Mrs. Norton, go also in the same parcel. Tell Mrs. E. that the plants all got up safely, and are now very thriving.

NORTHAMPTON, *October 26, 1823.** I am very happy in being able to say that every day gives us the satisfaction of perceiving that we are not laboring in vain. In regard to order, correctness of deportment, and docility of disposition we have made a progress with our pupils very far beyond my expectations, so much so that I really feel that the three last weeks of my life have been productive of more good to my kind

* To Mrs. Geo. Ticknor, Boston.

¹ Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Dexter (Miss Prescott), and Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Prescott.

than all the rest of it. On the other hand, in regard to improvement in knowledge, they have fallen as far below my standard.

My principle in instruction is to send a boy back to his place for a single error, which he might have avoided by care and diligence, and there is not yet one among the whole, whom I do not send back half a dozen times in every lesson. I do not form any classes, but allow every one to get as much of any book which he is studying, as he can do, in the time assigned for that exercise, telling him that he may recite as soon as he is ready, but cautioning him, at the same time, that the least failure sends him back, and obliges him to wait till the rest have been brought to trial. You see, in this way, we lose the common motive of emulation, but we substitute for a desire of relative superiority, that of absolute excellence; and, you know, we derive no aid from the fear of the lash.¹ These two circumstances increase our labor very much, for the present, but I am convinced the result will be worth the pains. Although we inflict no punishments, properly speaking, you must not think we allow a boy to suppose that there is no evil to result from disobedience, or idleness,

¹ *Charleston [S. C.] Courier*, 1823: they think that ingenuous youth, kindly and faithfully counselled and directed, "One entirely novel plan [for education] will be happy as they are informed, that has been formed by Messrs. Cogswell and Bancroft, both of whom have enjoyed European advantages, in addition to those of this country. . . . In exciting the efforts of their pupils they disclaim the vulgar impulse of fear nor do they rely on the mere amiable influence of emulation. . . . They think that learning may be loved for her own sake, they will find the ways of knowledge to be paths of pleasantness and will love to pursue them; that knowledge is its own best reward, that it is the race of happiness, and that he who is happier than his neighbor, ought not therefore to boast of it."

or misconduct. We endeavor to ascertain what every one can do, and then we secure the performance of the task, by cutting off all hopes of being allowed to play until it is performed. This bears sometimes very hard upon ourselves, but we have found it very effectual. As to disobedience, we have an equally certain way of preventing that, by seeing that every command is obeyed when given. Our only check upon general misconduct is the knowledge which they all have, that they will remain with us no longer than they show themselves fit subjects for our modes of discipline, and, thus far, this has been sufficient. . . .

For the last fortnight we have had a regular trial of skill in running round our wood, which is a measured distance of half a mile. Five minutes before 8 we let the boys out for their morning exercise, and head them in a race. The shortest time in which the heat has been run is $3\frac{1}{4}$ minutes. To-day (Sunday, but after sunset), I run twice round, making a mile, in $6\frac{1}{2}$ minutes, and next week we have ordered a double heat for all the boys. We are all in perfect health, and so contented on our little hill that we never go down, even to see the villagers. The boys have never asked to go off the hill on any occasion, although there have been military musters and cattle shows; and never have been away for a single moment without us, since they came here.

NORTHAMPTON, *November 28, 1823.** . . . You have probably heard from Ticknor that all goes on smoothly

* To C. S. Davis, Portland.

with us ; we have no refractory boys, none who may be called so much as difficult to govern ; in no case has any disregard or disobedience of our commands been shown, nor have we at any time seen an instance where more could have been effected, by the use of corporeal punishment, than we have done by verbal reproof. Still our task is a most arduous one, for although our children are docile, they are wild as young colts, and require to be constantly curbed, and guided by a very tight rein. In the school-room they draw upon me for my full stock of patience, and that, not because they are noisy and rebellious, but because they are most unreasonably dull. I am sure Job could not have stood out under such a trial.

You can have no conception of the sham which school-masters make of the work of instruction, without a chance for proving them, similar to that which we now have. It would not be seemly in me to boast, but I must say that boys never went through such a trial, as they do with us. The method of instruction which we adopt, furnishes as delicate a test for the presence of brains, as prussic acid does for that of iron.

As to our domestic organization and arrangement, about which you would doubtless like to know something — we are at present stowed in two of the Shepherd houses on Round Hill, Mr. B. in one and myself in the other. Our family consists of Mr. B., Mr. Hentz and myself, Miss Bancroft, sixteen boys and four servants. My sister could not get ready to join us until January. . . .

We take a great deal of exercise, running, jumping, leaping, climbing, etc. Every Saturday afternoon we

walk from twelve to sixteen miles. The day after Thanksgiving I took six of them with me to Hartford. We walked the first twenty-one miles before noon, and rode the remaining twenty-seven after dinner. The next day we visited the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, and other curiosities in Hartford, returned to Round Hill by seven in the evening, making in the whole about one hundred miles, and were absent but thirty-seven hours, and performed nearly half of the distance on foot. So that you may judge we are strong and well, which is the fact, and so we have all been, ever since our residence here. We live as simply as possible, and eat the best food we can get of this kind. . . . Commend me most particularly and affectionately to all to whom I belong, and tell them that I hope to shake off my chains, before many months, long enough to spend a week, at least, where the largest and best part of my affections will ever dwell. Adieu my dear D. From my chair of state in the rising Seminary on Round Hill.

Ever yours,

C.

NORTHAMPTON, *November* 30, [1823].* . . . We do not accustom them to make a great deal of little things. Neither cold, nor rain, nor snow keeps them in doors, at hours assigned for play, nor do they mind a long walk, or run, or such fatigues as children of their age generally find quite beyond their strength. I took a party of them with me to Springfield, the day after Thanksgiving, (twenty-one miles). On our way, one of them mentioned to me, that the pegs in the heel of his shoe

* To Geo. Ticknor, Boston.

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* To Geo. Ticknor, Boston.

troubled him a good deal. I stopped and examined his foot, and found that the ends of some nails had worn through his stocking, and had made his heels bleed a little, but, as there was no remedy, I told him that we had but seven miles farther to walk and that he must bear it; he said not a word more of the pain. To pay him for his fortitude I bought him a new pair of shoes at Hartford, and with them he came back as brisk as any of us. On the same excursion I had a chance of trying the courage of them all; as we were straitened for time, I was obliged to transport them from Springfield to Hartford in a wagon. It was late in the evening and very dark before we reached the latter, and the roads were very bad, and, moreover, I was a stranger upon them; but they did not discover the least fear while I was driving them there; and, in the same way on our return to Northampton, they trudged over the meadow with me, at the rate of four and a half miles per hour when it was so dark that we could not see where to place the next step. I have got a few of them up to a like degree of mental courage, or, rather, confidence in their own strength, by refusing to help them out of any but real difficulties in their lessons, and compelling them to feel their own way. . . .

NORTHAMPTON, *December 7, 1823.** . . . We are now so near the end of our quarter that we may venture to say we shall get through without a rebellion, and I flatter myself we shall be able to add that this has been done without any temporizing concessions. Our authority,

* To Mrs. G. Ticknor.

troubled him a good deal. I stopped and examined his foot, and found that the ends of some nails had worn through his stocking, and had made his heels bleed a little, but, as there was no remedy, I told him that we had but seven miles farther to walk and that he must bear it; he said not a word more of the pain. To pay him for his fortitude I bought him a new pair of shoes at Hartford, and with them he came back as brisk as any of us. On the same excursion I had a chance of trying the courage of them all; as we were straitened for time, I was obliged to transport them from Springfield to Hartford in a wagon. It was late in the evening and very dark before we reached the latter, and the roads were very bad, and, moreover, I was a stranger upon them; but they did not discover the least fear while I was driving them there; and, in the same way on our return to Northampton, they trudged over the meadows with me, at the rate of four and a half miles per hour, when it was so dark that we could not see where to place the next step. I have got a few of them up to a like degree of mental courage, or, rather, confidence in their own strength, by refusing to help them out of any but real difficulties in their lessons, and compelling them to feel their own way. . . .

NORTHAMPTON, *December 7, 1823.** . . . We are now so near the end of our quarter that we may venture to say we shall get through without a rebellion, and I flatter myself we shall be able to add that this has been done without any temporizing concessions. Our authority, it

* To Mrs. G. Ticknor.

is true, has not been much disputed, but when it has we have never beaten a parley to the enemy. We feel now that the discipline of our school is established upon the best basis, that of unqualified, implicit obedience, and we shall take care not to recede a hair.

Our boys were so young, so badly instructed, and for the most part so dull, that we have no great account to give of their progress in learning. Mr. Bancroft has carried five or six through Virgil, and got them along a little way in Greek. One of mine has gone through Kennett's Roman Antiquities, with care; two thirds of Nepos, Murray's English Grammar, and learned the principles of the structure of an English sentence, of which he knew not a word before, and will finish Watts on the Improvement of the Mind. He is also young, not yet eleven, and by no means among the most studious, but among the brightest. Although we have, as yet, but little to show as the proofs of our labor, we have the satisfaction of perceiving that it has not been lost, having completely established the principles, that the school-room is the place for study alone, which in no case, and for no purpose, is to be interrupted by a single whisper; that no lesson is ever to be heard until it is thoroughly known, and, that failing in one jot or one tittle, is to be guilty of the whole law. . . .

My mind begins to dwell a good deal upon my approaching visit to Boston, and sometimes when I think how happy you have made me in your house, and how happy I may hope to be there again, I discover something very like impatience to wear away the time. I know that I ought to place myself unconditionally at

the disposal of yourself and your husband, and so I will, with a single reserve, which is that I am to stay at home all the time, and slip down in the study, whenever there are visitors in the parlor. . . .

I will promise to be very agreeable, whenever you will let me have a place by your side, and are disposed to talk with me, and very silent whenever I perceive that you are weary. Moreover I engage not to touch upon the subject of College above once in a day, nor of Round Hill more than twice.

When you look in upon Mrs. Prescott and Elizabeth, remember to leave my love with them, not forgetting Susan. Beside these, and those who depend upon them, there are not many to whom I owe much affection. If it were not for you and a few, a very few like you, I should almost wish to be forgotten, but, while there are such, I will never give up an atom of my share in their affections. My best love to your husband and to yourself. C.

NORTHAMPTON, *March* 28, 1824.* . . . The Spring has been opening so delightfully, since the Equinox, that I could not resist its invitations to keep out of doors, and, as I now feel myself quite a farmer, I have taken an interest in its progress, even beyond that which a love of reviving nature excites. . . . I am quite impatient for the springing verdure and the bursting bud and the opening blossom, and, still more so, for the gay season of summer, when we shall be skipping round our woods with you and T. We have made

* To Mrs. George Ticknor, Boston.

several excursions of late with our boys, but none to any considerable distance, until yesterday, when we took nine of them a walk, or rather a wading through the mud, of five miles. The fine sun and genial breeze put them into such high life and spirits, that the strongest division of them returned the five miles with me in exactly an hour. It was not in consequence of my putting them on, for I could not stop them. The foremost so far outstripped me, that I never got up with him until we reached Round Hill. It is truly comforting to see what can be made of man by care, and to find how few of the species there are in whom there is so little susceptibility of improvement as to render them unworthy the name of man.

No person of the least philanthropy, can be unhappy, who is the daily and hourly witness of a regular advancement toward a higher moral and intellectual condition in a number of human beings, at an age which justifies the hope of a continued and still greater progress.¹ We cannot take any satisfaction in ourselves, when we perceive that the same point in every revolving

¹ Here another extract from Mr. Appleton's article seems appropriate. He says Mr. Cogswell's "was an educational and training establishment, which rendered the services of book-learning, and study, but accessories to the larger intention of making the man and the gentleman. He was in his school, as in one of his summer excursion walks, where he led off the procession, a boy of a larger growth and maturer experience, but nevertheless one of the party, and by no means a Jupiter Tonans, frowning from his arm-chair on a raised platform, aloof and apart from the rest. Indeed, his relation to the boys was scarcely even that of a teacher. He was the organizer, manager, and father of the community, while his partner, Mr. Bancroft, did a great deal more of the teaching; and a large staff of German, French, and Italians, as well as eminent young men fresh from our college training, all worked assiduously under his general supervision. His department especially was that of moral and affectionate influence, besides which he was head farmer, builder, gardener, and treasurer of the place."

year finds us just where we were. We must improve in something, or we must despise ourselves, and so it is with everything around us, whatever stands still soon ceases to interest. It is this principle in our nature which constitutes the charm of "rearing the tender thought," and so satisfied am I that the capacity for improvement is the characteristic of man, and consequently found in everything human, that I am willing to risk the opinion that when none is made, the fault must lie as much in the teacher as in the one to be taught. Good example and perseverance are next to omnipotent. Hence if you do but establish right habits in the flock, and take pains enough with those who require exciting, exhorting, reproving, checking, taming, the wicked spirit must leave it. You will infer from such positions as these that I think their truth has been exemplified in our own pupils, and so I do, as far as depends on ourselves, but we have influences from without to contend against.

CHAPTER XV.

1824-28. — Difficulties about Purchasing the Round Hill Estate. —
Passing Plan of going to the North River. — Continued Success. —
Enlargement of Buildings. — Increase of Numbers.

NORTHAMPTON, *April 1, 1824.** I intended to have saved you the postage on this letter, my dear Mrs. P., by being my own post-boy, but as circumstances have happened to delay my journey to the new city until next week, I have concluded to tax you the ninepence. You know what a whirl I have been in the last three months. After resolving and re-resolving we concluded at last to make Round Hill our resting place, and we are now satisfied that it is a wise decision, not only as it respects our happiness, but, also, as respects our interest¹. . . . You

* To Mrs. Prescott, Boston.

¹ Having taken an eight months' lease of Round Hill with a view to purchase if they were satisfied, they found in November that the owner added \$1,500 to the first price, and would not renew the lease on the original terms. They resolved to look elsewhere, and selected a place on the Hudson River. This brought the owner of Round Hill to terms, and on the 12th of March, Mr. Cogswell wrote, "We closed a bargain with Shepherd to-day, for the whole estate at \$12,000, and the day schooling of a young son of his for eight years."

The premises consisted of "three square houses, each of two stories, having four rooms and a large entry or hall between, beside a basement cellar and servants' rooms." The two outermost houses were appropriated to the boys, with Mr. Cogswell as guardian of one, and Mr. Bancroft of the other. In one was the schoolroom, occupying half the lower floor, with a portion of the hall taken off for recitation rooms. The middle house contained "kitchen, refectory, laundry, hospital, etc., with a spare room or two for a friend."

must have a great regard for the Northampton people, I am sure, or you would not have lashed your old friends so unmercifully in their cause; now if you will but come and see us, we will invite them all to meet you, and accompany you, moreover, to return all the calls they make upon you. . . . To be serious, however, you do us injustice in supposing that we have shown any disrespect to the people of this place. We did not formally return all visits which were made to us, it is true, because we meant that they should understand our duties would not allow us to exchange the common civilities of society, and that our lives must be those of retired scholars. At the same time we never omitted any opportunity of manifesting our respect, and reciprocating courtesies, which did not interfere with our regular and necessary vocations. If we have not been faithful to our charge we must expect to hear the language of complaint, but if we have given up our pleasures and gratifications for the sake of a more scrupulous fidelity, our motives, at least, ought to be a justification for omissions of other duties, which it would have been better not to have left undone. I am truly obliged to you for my part of the reprimand, as it gives me an opportunity to explain and I hope, in some measure, to exculpate myself. . . . I feel as if I should taste, with a keen relish, a few days of social pleasures, and am promising myself a great treat in my approaching visit to Boston. I wish I knew what everybody talks about now, that I might prepare myself to appear in the world and not seem like one fresh caught. . . . I want you to allow me to engage myself to dine with

you the second day of my being in Boston, whether sooner or later, and so, I shall say at a venture, I am

TUESDAY EVENING, *August 5*, [1824.]* I promised myself the pleasure of writing to you last Sunday, but it was my watch on deck, and since then all my odd minutes have been stolen from me by visitors. We are almost sorry you came to see us. We had become so accustomed to our cells, and to our solitude, that we had acquired something very near a calm resignation to the fate, which imprisons us. You revived in us a longing for the world, and if you should hear that we have grown discontented and uneasy, you must charge it all to the sweet vision which fills our fancies ever since you were with us. . . . We have been going on just as you saw us. The next Saturday I took the boys a walk of ten miles through the woods in search of berries, and had a good frolic with them. For four miles we could discover no track by which to direct our steps, and often could not see the sun, from the thickness of the shades through which we crawled and crept. Still no creature of them flinched, although the flock consisted of eighteen of the smallest, including Daniel and Sam. Dexter. We preserve our tranquillity and our industry, and the boys their mirth and gayety.

The clean smooth floor of the new hall was skipped over by our Vestris for the first time this morning, and the carpenters thereupon transferred the noise of

* To Mrs. George Ticknor, Boston.

their implements to the neighborhood of the new kitchen.¹

ROUND HILL, *January 9, 1825.** The sight of your good long letter set in motion a current, that carried more joy to my heart than it has been in the habit of feeling of late, and dear E.'s little affectionate postscript drew forth a warmer tear than has trickled down my cheek this many a day. It is a heartrending trial, I assure you, my dear D., to be obliged to fear that such ties as bind me to you all, are loosened, and, sometimes, when I imagined that you intended they should be, "the scene of human things" appeared dark enough before me. Now all I want, to restore the wonted light to my horizon, is to see you and be with you, as long as you would consent to keep me. Our winter session is a horrid long one, and, as things are at present, it would be *moral treason* to desert one's post, but we have now a plan in agitation, which will remove the necessity of such rigid confinement.

In the Spring we divide the school into two departments, much after the manner of the Academy at Exeter — the philological and the mathematical. The former includes all that relates to instruction in the ancient lan-

* To C. S. Daveis, Portland.

¹ In June Mr. Cogswell wrote, "We have five or six too many for Mr. B., Mr. Hentz, and myself to do full justice to, and not quite enough to cover the expenses of the necessary additional instruction. After October we shall have forty, and there we stop, so long as I am one of the number." The letters at this time refer to negotiations for teachers of writing, and drawing, and of dancing, an assistant in mathematics, and a Spaniard, probably as teacher of modern languages. In 1826, "Native teachers of the four most important continental languages, French, German, Italian, and Spanish" were connected with the school.

guages, of which Mr. B. is to have the special charge; the latter, mathematics proper, and whatever is connected with them, to be directed by myself; the modern languages, and studies not properly embraced in the above division, to be apportioned to each as may seem most fit. Each of us is to have a collaborator, of his own nomination, but concurrent appointment. We are to have separate school-rooms, but one of them is to be sufficiently large to contain the whole in case of emergency. You will conclude from this, that we do not doubt of continued success, nor have we any reason to do it, unless we doubt of our continued fidelity.

We are already too large to be in one family and enjoy much domestic comfort, or preserve that degree of order which is essential to our system, and therefore we propose to form two, an arrangement which will greatly facilitate an object I have much at heart, that of having a hand in the education of some of my nephews. Next May I mean to obtain the consent of fathers and mothers to such a cruel separation, and so I would have you make up your minds in season as to which you will part with.

There never was a more healthy place than Northampton, particularly the hill on which we live. Sixteen months' experience warrants me in saying this, during which we have never had a single case of illness, and scarcely lost an hour's study of any pupil by slight indisposition. We are also very merciful to our boys as to labor . . . as far as we can judge they are all contented and happy.¹ They never appear to want means

¹ Proof and illustration of this may readily be quoted. He speaks of horses be found in Mr. Appleton's article al- bought for the use of the boys, "and in

of amusement, even in this gloomy season of winter, for when it is neither skating nor coasting down hill, they can always cut and saw wood, which we oblige them to do for themselves, as well as to make their own fires in the rooms appropriated exclusively to them. I cannot omit mentioning one fact, to show you that they must be pretty well trained. We have no bell, nor any signal by which they are summoned, and yet they are punctual. In my house I call up the boy whose turn it is to make the fire, and he calls the rest, and this is the sum of all the trouble it costs me. You speak of the delightful tranquillity in which you are writing. I think I am even with you there. At this very moment there are six urchins about me, the sum of whose ages does not amount to fifty. Let this excuse any incoherencies which you may discover.

*July 20, 1825.** I am very good natured, everybody knows, but I shall really show that I have some

* To Mrs. C. S. Davis.

a cloud of cavalry we were accustomed to scour the plain as far as the distant banks of the Connecticut ;" of the garden, "a considerable bit of ground between the gymnasium and the farm-house, where many infant lessons in farming were gained," and adds, "a greater pleasure than the garden was the unexpected bliss, through the generosity of Mr. Cogswell, of being co-proprietors of a boy-village, not to be found on any map, which bore the happy name of 'Crony Village.' Its site was beyond the gymnasium, on a sloping hill, running downward to a brook. Mr. Cogswell furnished us with

bricks and mortar, beams and boards ; and, generally dividing into families of two, soon the little colony was constructed ; and the evening smoke ascended from many hearths, round which we were seated, reading, or playing friendly games, or devouring, with a relish which no after-meals could know, Carolina potatoes drawn from the ashes, each an ingot of pure gold, with added gold of butter ; game, such as squirrels, the spoil of our bows, or rabbits caught in our traps ; and pies and doughnuts, brought in mysterious raids from distant taverns and farm-houses."

spirit within me, if you fail in the promise made to me in Portland. But the fine season is already raising its wing for flight, and if you do not come soon, we shall have but half our beauties to show you. We have a merry parcel of boys here now. If Gilman were here he would complete our threescore and ten, — and what kind of a family is this to have charge of, do you think. We lodge and feed a hundred every day and still we live, although the thermometer is rarely below 90.

Pray send me a line at least, or, what would be infinitely better, obey this summons and present yourself before us. Ah, dear E. I am afraid the struggle is too great for that tender, maternal heart of yours. But, if Gilman must be made a man of and you must part from him, where do you think he could be sent, to find, in the substitute for you and his father, one who loves him more than I do? Only come and see for yourself. . . . I tell you we study to make our boys happy, as well as industrious, and I am sure you will say so, when you have been with us a week. My best love to all, and a little scolding to Daveis for not answering my letter. With unchanging affection,

Your devoted brother,

J. G. C.

ROUND HILL, *August 3, 1825*.*. . . I am going, with forty of the boys, to Wachusett, Pepperell, etc., to return via Nahant and Boston.¹ The train consists of one huge

* To C. S. Daveis, Portland.

¹ Mr. Appleton says: "The element Swiss schools, was the annual journey in the school which was the most dis- we took. What a buzz of preparation tinctive perhaps, and borrowed from the preceded it! How our muscles were

wagon, with twenty-five souls on board, and the residue on foot. Should you and dear E. be in Boston at that time, we could almost go home together, at least heave in sight, and hail each other often on the road. . . . The one thing essential is to come, and come, too, before the glooms of autumn have gathered over our verdant vales and beautiful mountains. We have still some loveliness left, but we are nothing to what we have been.¹

NORTHAMPTON, *September 10, 1826.** . . . When you and dear E. were with us, last summer, you thought we had a host, and our number then scarcely exceeded 80. Now we are within three of one hundred and thirty. A right arm is now stretched out, to the south of the house, in which we lived at that time, in all respects like the left, to the north, as you saw it. Numbers are not likely to fail us, and, if we only take care not to be wanting to our numbers, all will be well. I am not altogether satisfied with our success, because I do

* To C. S. Daveis, Portland.

brought into training! How our hopes flew before us, making such a foot journey, sometimes across States, a pilgrimage as to some Holy Land! . . . We went with horses and wagons, 'ride and tie,' with intention of not running down or fatiguing the weak; but all held sturdily on. Cities were visited, villas of friends admired and examined, rivers crossed, until at last at the end of the journey, we would find ourselves encamped, and look from the hill-side, while enjoying the comfortable meal which the neighboring village had fur-

nished. . . . To us, at Saybrook, in Connecticut, the ocean offered merely fishing, but such fishing! A comfortable fishing-smack was got for us, by our ever-thoughtful master; and many were the quaint and new specimens of marine life that flopped and fluttered on our deck. They seemed really a part of the fairyland we all believed in."

¹ Round Hill was visited at this time, 11th August, 1825, by Duke Bernard of Saxe Weimar, and an account of the school is given in the narrative of his travels, published at Weimar in 1828.

not think it rests on a perfect foundation, and yet, I know not but it is as nearly so as the nature of the case will admit. I flatter myself, however, that I could show a model of a perfect school for the education of fifty boys.

NORTHAMPTON, *March* 23, 1828.* In the various situations of life through which I have before passed, a due portion of enlivening, or improving occupations has been mixed, but I am now on my fifth year of an entire devotedness to one object, and one which affords little or no intellectual gratification, and still less comfort to the heart. There must be a change ere long or I die. I had just completed a pleasant arrangement for our approaching holidays, which was, to have my headquarters about six miles from Boston, during the whole three weeks, at the house of a good lady, who agreed to take care of me and twelve or fourteen boys. With six or eight of the best of these I intended to have taken a trip in the Steamboat to Portland, and refreshed my drooping spirits with a sight of the many dear friends there, and returned by land through Portsmouth and Exeter. But now all this cheering hope is swept away, by finding that thirty or more remain under my care in the vacation, with all of whom it would be impossible to move, and many of whom it would not do to leave at home alone. This is an evil of such magnitude that I am resolved to prevent its ever again recurring. I have been a slave to the school for five years in September, and it will then be time to

* To C. S. Daveis, Portland.

have my freedom. . . . The multiplication of schools in our vicinity has not as yet drawn off supplies from us. We could, this moment, increase our number by twenty or thirty, but I have resolutely opposed that course, and now got Mr. B.'s consent to reduce to a hundred, as soon as opportunity offers. That number can be easily managed, faithfully instructed and guarded from evil. . . . Do not, I beg you, come round to the new doctrine of exploding classical studies. If not checked it will bring destruction to the cause of sound learning in our land. I am persuaded that nothing can be substituted for this kind of early discipline for the mind, be the destination in life what it may. . . .

NORTHAMPTON, *March* 29, 1829.*. . . Were I among old friends, to-day, I should really revel in joy. My heart is as tender as it was at nineteen or twenty, and I am sure I could not trust myself, an half hour, alone with a fair lady who had a hand and heart to dispose of, not for the price of my independence. It is consoling, however, as age is stripping us of our verdure, now and then to discover that there is no sere of the heart. I know not when I have felt happier than since I sat down to write to you, and found, on inquiring of myself, that there is not a friend of my earlier days in whom I have lost my interest. Ere long I will prove how far this feeling is reciprocated, by coming within the sphere of their attraction and making one of their system. Just for the present, however, there is a fine prospect before me, a vacation which leaves forty-five boys on my

* To Mrs. G. Ticknor.

hands to look after. My delightful dreams of a week or two of real comfort, in quiet, among old friends, have vanished, so far as regards these holidays. If I can get a sight of Boston at all in April, it must be with as troublesome an appendage in my train as accompanies General Jackson. . . . I am going to New York on Wednesday, to see a troop safe on their way toward home, to return to Northampton on Saturday. As soon as the travelling is decent I expect to move Bostonward, but not for pleasure, I confess, nothing like the delectable visit I had with you at Christmas.

CHAPTER XVI.

1829. — Act of Incorporation for Round Hill. — Mr. Cogswell becomes Sole Head of the School. — Washington in 1830. — Savannah. — Death of Miss Elizabeth Cogswell.

NORTHAMPTON, *December 16, 1829.** Last winter we obtained an act of incorporation for the *Round Hill Institution*, uncertain what use we might make of it.¹ During the summer my mind has been much occupied on the subject, and the result of these deliberations is as follows: The place and all its appendages is too well adapted to a school, to think of diverting it from its present use. It is also too heavy a burden to be borne by two poor individuals. I am going, therefore, to make an effort to interest the public in the

* To G. Ticknor.

¹ In the Act of Incorporation, approved by the Governor of Massachusetts, Feb. 18, 1829, permission is given to hold real estate up to \$60,000, and personal to the same amount. In their proposals, the Directors of the School offer to take a lease for five years, continuing the school during that time with certain privileges to stockholders, and to repurchase the shares of such stockholders as may not wish to retain them at the end of the five years, at a certain rate of deduction.

In December, 1826, Mr. Cogswell had

written to Mr. Ticknor: "We have increased our capital investment here certainly not less than \$14,000 beside which I have invested \$3,000 in a farmhouse and land near Round Hill, which was absolutely necessary for the success of our operations." Now in 1829 he writes (Dec 15), "I have lost during the year by bad debts \$2,000."

December 21, 1829, he says, "I must wait here till after the 6th [Jan.] as our Round Hill Corporation organizes on that day."

property, and, at the same time give them a guaranty of my continued efforts for its prosperity and usefulness, and lay the foundation for giving it perpetuity. The cost of the whole Round Hill property is little if any, short of \$50,000; which we now value at \$34,000. We propose to retain \$16,000 of the stock to be created, and to dispose of \$18,000 in shares of \$100 each. In connection with the disposal of the property it will be proposed, either by Mr. Bancroft and myself jointly, or by myself alone, to take a lease of it from the company for five years, at six per cent. and to keep the buildings in repair and protect them by insurance. . . . Should the public impression be that this has thus far been a profitable undertaking I am prepared to undeceive them. . . .

You may judge what portion of this remains to me when I say that the estimated allowance for the Board, etc., of five twelfths of the proceeds, leaves me a loser of \$5,000 for the six years, to say nothing of the furniture, which is entirely mine, and which cost in all above \$7,000. I communicate these facts to you, but do not wish to have you speak of them at present. . . .

NORTHAMPTON, *March* 13, 1830.* My dear T.,—I should have written to you long since, and made my report on the state of the Round Hill nation, in which you have so kindly taken an interest, but for the uncertainty in which things were. Now all is settled, and you will find herein a most full explanation of affairs, and such an one, as, I hope, will meet your approbation. Henceforth the

* To G. Ticknor.

whole concern is transferred to me;¹ Mr. Bancroft relinquishes to me all the benefits of the sale to the Corporation, as far as it goes, and I on my part engage to pay him for his nine-twentieths of the property at the same rate, that is \$9,000, being \$5,000 in addition to the mortgage. This sum is to be paid in ten half yearly payments and he takes fifty shares of the stock as his security, this portion of the property, being one fourth, therefore, gradually reverts to me. The remaining three-fourths I shall dispose of, if I can, and the prospect of this is very fair, more than ninety being already taken. . . . This arrangement is the result of no difference between Mr. Bancroft and myself. It was brought about in the most perfectly harmonious manner, and, as I believe, with the kindest feelings on both sides. He does not wish to have the fact of his relinquishment of pecuniary interest in the school, made known at present; but that of his giving up a share in its general superintendence is necessarily communicated to those interested. You will have the goodness not to speak of the first point, which has not yet been made known to any one but Mr. J. Dwight, and from him, I believe, comes the desire of keeping it within ourselves. Mr. B. gives me until October to carry this arrangement into effect, and he retains his connection with me, as an instructor, dur-

¹ He writes to Mr. Ward on this subject: "Having become sole Potentate of the Empire of Round Hill, I cannot neglect to make the event known to a friend, who has ever taken such a warm interest in my welfare and done so much to advance it. It was my purpose, when the project of a Joint Stock Company was formed, to make a proposition to Mr. Bancroft, to this effect, in case a sufficient portion of the stock should be taken to justify such a responsibility on my part. This has been done, and an arrangement was at once entered into, in the most amicable manner possible."

ing the summer, for which, and for giving up his interest in the school, he receives \$1,000. Should no occupation be found for him, afterwards, he remains at \$1,600 per annum, liberty being given to me to terminate the connection when I please on a notice of six months.

NORTHAMPTON, *March 13*, 1830.* My dear Lady, — I have seen grand sights since I parted from you. I have been at Washington, you must know, and shaken hands with his Majesty, and basked in the smiles of court favor. General Duff's splendid equipage was seen waiting at my door more than once, the heir apparent never passed me without the most familiar nod. I had the right hand of the Vice-President at dinner, and almost the honor of giving my arm to Mrs. Eaton at the drawing room. . . . I had a most capital time there, and should surely have quite forgotten Round Hill had I remained a week or two longer. . . .

I find it is a dangerous thing to get the spirit of roving, one cannot feel easy without indulging it. As I had a delightful visit in Boston in January, and another in Washington in February, I have persuaded myself I must spend our spring holidays in Charleston and Savannah, — but it is my last chance. I have shipped on a new cruise of five years, and I shall be pretty certain of not getting to the south and west of Boston Light until it is over. In my letter to your husband you will find a full explanation of all things relative to my *official* concerns, and, should you be disposed to heave a sigh of commiseration, when you find what I have undertaken, you will

* To Mrs. G. Ticknor, Boston.

suppress it when I tell you, I have never felt younger, more zealous, higher hopes or greater confidence of success than I now do in the view of the prospect before me. I have had a burden upon me which weighed me down to earth. I am now free, and shall soar on my own wings.

SAVANNAH, *April* 18, 1830.¹* . . . My dear T., — I can hardly persuade myself that I am not in a strange land, — climate, nature, man, all are different here from our own rugged New England. It is, however, a delightful abode just now. We have the temperature of our finest June days; the whole vegetable kingdom is swelling, bursting, blooming, and, still, there is none of the debilitating influence of our springs. It astonishes me to see such luxuriant vegetation, in these arid sands which surround the city on every side. There must be, in the soil, something which the eye cannot detect, for as to that, it seems altogether barren. But the rich growth of cotton, corn, and other crops proves that it must be quite the reverse. Then too, the Myrtles, Lagustodermias, Cape Jessamines, Magnolias, and many other plants, which, with us, are but parlor or greenhouse ornaments, are here trees and, some of them, of no ordinary size. . . .

These are the *agréments* of this portion of our country, and it is undoubtedly the season in which they stand forth in boldest relief. On the other hand the moral deformities are no less striking, most of which

* To G. Ticknor, Boston.

¹ This trip was made, chiefly, to collect debts.

appear to me to result from the relation of master and slave. I see nothing of inhumanity, or despotism, no violence offered to life or limb, no insufficient clothing, shelter or food. Still the mere animal existence of the negro is all that is regarded, and the only consideration in which he is held, is that of a valuable, working beast. A spirit of the most deadly hostility to the North now prevails, throughout the whole southern country, which is evidently less owing to the Tariff and the American system, than to the apprehensions entertained of a project to deprive them of their slaves, and, I confess, that, if interest alone may be suffered to govern, I should almost justify them in their feelings. Notwithstanding the outcry against Northern men and Northern measures, the most cordial hospitality is shown to every visitor from our part of the country. They rejoice, they say, to see them here, because they think their prejudices are most effectually cured by an opportunity of seeing for themselves. I have been in this place eight days, and been engaged in one continued round of parties. Nowhere have I ever found a more hospitable reception.

NORTHAMPTON, *April* 26, 1831.* My dear Lady, — After repeated vexations and delays I have, at length, ordered the signal to be made, for sailing on Thursday morning, but, having a slant wind, I cannot direct my course straight for Boston. A youth is to be deposited in Yale College, New Haven, and, being one for whom I have great regard, I must see him safe in the hands

* To Mrs. Geo. Ticknor, Boston.

of his new guardians.¹ This will be a work of a few hours, and, as soon as it is dispatched, I shall face right about for Boston.

Sweet Spring is just coming forth in her loveliest attire. Round Hill and all our hills are as green as the Emerald Isle, the apricot and other early trees are in full bloom, the birds carol gayly, the air is soft, and all around is full of returning vigor and life. But it is just as I told you it would be. My Boston visit and peep at the world again, have either so depraved, or improved my taste, that I am not an hundredth part so happy amid this fair scene, as I was there. And yet I have not tasted enough of the intoxicating draught. I must try the tempter at least one week more, and then I know not with what heart, or if with any heart at all, I shall return to my exile. And do but think how I have suppressed every natural affection for almost seven years, and lived, as it were, in another planet, denying myself the pleasure of an hour's social intercourse with any one of my kind, and deeming it but little better than wicked to steal time enough, from the round of daily duties, to send a friend a few words of remembrance. It shall not be thus henceforth. I will no longer be thought to have a heart of stone.

NORTHAMPTON, *May* 15, 1831.* . . . I wonder if you have read "Passages from the Diary of a Physician." If you have, tell me if anything ever touched your heart more than the tale "Consumption." I read it

* To Mrs. Geo. Ticknor, Boston.

¹ See Appendix B. for a list of Round Hill pupils, published soon after this time.

late on Friday evening, and wept floods of tears over it. Not an incident is found in it which could not be furnished from many tales of real life, not one which shows any attempt on the part of the writer to heighten emotions, and yet it really agonized me with grief. The passage beginning "O great God what will become of me," so convulsed me that I have not yet recovered from its effect. There is, however, much in some of the stories which I neither like nor approve, but great power is displayed in all.

ROUND HILL, *October 20* [1831].* . . . I had always heard a great deal of Tucker's "Light of Nature," particularly from Dr. Kirkland, but I never read much in it, until recently. I am altogether disappointed. He is far from having the originality and power of mind which I had supposed. English literature can boast of many a writer of his class, in my opinion far superior to him. To say nothing of those of a century or more gone by, I would infinitely prefer to hold communion with Coleridge's mind, as displayed in his prose compositions, than with Tucker.

Give me ten days' notice of your intended rout, and I will positively present myself at it. I must have a few frolics this winter, or I shall not outlive the inroads of cold, solitude, and ennui; but, if by any contrivance, I can steal away, and spend a week or so under your most hospitable roof, I shall leave out again next Spring, and flourish as fresh and green as ever.

* To Mrs. Geo. Ticknor, Boston.

ROUND HILL, *November 6, 1831.** Anticipating a dreary and cheerless winter I resolved to interest myself in a subject of pursuit, which would help to give wings to time, and have selected the "History of the Kaptschak or Kiptschak Tartars, or Tartars of the Golden Horde," who were led under the guidance of the descendants of Genghis Khan into Eastern Europe, in the beginning of the 14th century, and laid waste Hungary, Poland, and Southern Russia, and made their princes tributary. If Mr. Ticknor has anything which treats of these gentry, especially the authorities cited in the 65th chapter of Gibbon, or knows where they are to be had, I wish he would do me the favor to make them accessible to me. I very much fear that there are no books in the country which will satisfy my curiosity, and that I shall be obliged to make a journey expressly to the banks of the Wolga and the Dnieper. I am surprised that no distinct history of their incursions has been written; at least I can find none.

I never have occasion to turn to Gibbon, without wishing for time to sit down, and go through his whole history uninterruptedly. I delight in it above every book, or history in the whole compass of modern literature. He says it cost him twenty years labor and study to write it, and it seems to me well worth one year of any person's life to give it a faithful and thorough reading.

ROUND HILL, *December 21, 1831.** What shadows indeed, we are, my dear friend, — how frail is the

* To Mrs. Geo. Ticknor, Boston.

tenure by which we hold life and its endearments. Little did I imagine, when I was sympathizing with you in the repeated afflictions you were called upon to suffer that I should so soon have occasion to ask your sympathies for myself. God has taken from me my only sister and my only near relative, and never was there a kinder, more disinterested, and more devoted attachment than that which she has ever manifested to me. For years I am sure she has not had a wish which was not connected with my happiness and prosperity. . . . This bereavement does indeed leave me a solitary being upon earth, but it will not diminish my attachment to those who have kindly extended to me their friendship.

NORTHAMPTON, *March 4, 1832.** . . . This is a morning, my dear lady, that gives one a sensation of something like a new existence, it excites in me an almost uncontrollable desire to start off on some grand enterprise. I could lead on in some gallant feat of chivalry, or heroic daring, worthy of the character of a crusader. I know not how it is with others, but, for myself, I can hardly find enough of sober reason in me, when such a bright and glorious sun shines forth, and brings with it such a genial warmth and softened air, to keep down the ebullition of my spirits. . . .

My mind has been dwelling very much, of late, on the peculiarities of my situation, and the unconnected state in which I stand to the race of mankind. No human being lives that has a natural claim upon me,

* To Mrs. Geo. Ticknor, Boston.

for the common offices of life, and no human being lives upon whom I have a natural claim for any such act of kindness. If I had fulfilled every business obligation, and had nothing of that nature to make it my duty to struggle on, I should think myself at liberty to enter on the most daring enterprise that my imagination could contrive. But, however much I may wish for something stirring, I must rest satisfied with tame toil; this is no age for exploits. . . .

For want of better amusement I have been reading that infamous tale of Bulwer's, called "Eugene Aram." Nothing could be more repulsive than the character he gives his hero, and still he makes the rascal exert a fascinating influence over a lovely girl. It is a miserably managed story, but there are individual sketches, of passions and character, in it of great power. All that I have read of Bulwer is much in this way. No dramatic effect, but splendid in occasional passages, and often very original and striking in his thoughts. It is a rare thing now to find a new book of any kind worth reading. The various libraries, of useful, entertaining, and other sorts of knowledge are filled with pitiful trash, and the apology is that they are so written to be popular, which I take to be a concession that whatever is intended to please the people must be very ordinary and very worthless, a solemn truth I have no doubt, but I should hardly have supposed that the worshippers of the Demus would have acknowledged it.

CHAPTER XVII.

1832-1833. — Thoughts of giving up the School. — Visit to Charleston. — Decision to leave Round Hill and to take charge of a School in Raleigh, N. C.

NORTHAMPTON, *July 7, 1832.** I have made up my mind that it is my duty, on every consideration, to give up my struggles to sustain the Round Hill School, and shall therefore bring it to a close next spring.¹ I would do it sooner, but I cannot settle my affairs and dispose of my property here in less time. My health is suffering very severely, and I am deriving no pecuniary benefit from the most exhausting labors. I am perfectly sure the school was never more efficient in its instructions, or salutary in its influence on character and morals, but various circumstances have conspired to diminish its numbers, and therefore rendered its receipts insufficient to defray its expenses. It has

* To Samuel Ward, New York.

¹ On this subject he wrote to Mr. Ticknor (June 10), laying before him a full statement of his affairs, and saying in conclusion, "You see, my dear T. how I have made my nine years' labor worse than useless to me, by a loss of at least \$20,000 on my investments in real estate. I cannot charge myself with a single extravagance for my own individual use." To Mr. Daveis he said, June 25, "I have almost, or quite concluded to give up here in the spring. My health is gradually undermining, with the sort of cheerless labor which I am daily worrying through here, and I am deprived of the usual comforts of life, I mean society and friends, and I get nothing for my labor. My present idea is to resume my profession, and probably somewhere in the Gulf of Mexico, either Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, or Louisiana."

been sustained to the present moment with a full proportion of instructors. Indeed, the last year it has been greater than at any previous time.

NORTHAMPTON, *July 7, 1832.** I feel no other solicitude about the future, than that which arises from the thought of being removed, far and forever, from the home of my friends, home of my own I never had, not a being on earth is dependent upon me, not one whose happiness rests on my success. I have lost none of my love for labor, and nothing of my activity either of mind or body. I shall go forth, therefore, to the rude regions of the South, anticipating a life of toil, with the same spirit of enterprise and exertion that I had twenty years ago, and with the advantage of many years of varied experience. If I go from New England with every pecuniary obligation discharged, I shall rejoice in the result of my labors at Round Hill; it will prove, what I have ever avowed, that I had no reference to money in the undertaking, and that it is possible for a man to exert himself for some object beside that.

NORTHAMPTON, *September 16, 1832.** I wanted exceedingly to come and share the delights of your summer retreat with you, but having no one to tug at the oar when I drop it, I could not leave the bench. As it respects myself, if it were not irreverential, I might describe my condition the past summer, in the language of St. Paul, for I have been truly "troubled on every side, but not distressed; perplexed, but not in despair." Find-

* To Mrs. Geo. Ticknor, Boston.

ing how much I can bear and how well I can bear up, has quite increased my respect for myself, and I feel now as if nothing but death could break me down. The consciousness of better health, and the energy which springs from good resolution have induced me to change the purpose which I made known to you in my last, and decide not to start from my orbit, but to follow it down to the horizon. The truth is, the cause of sound education is losing ground; every institution in this neighborhood which purported to follow in our track has either sunk in the west, or been converted into some miserable *manual labor* affair. This rouses my pride, and I am resolved upon holding out to the last. . . . I am going, as it were, to start anew; my nine years' experience ought to have taught me some practical notions, and I mean to proceed according to my own convictions of right, regardless of every other consideration.

NORTHAMPTON, THURSDAY, *November 29*, [1832.]*
Like the Hallowell Irishman, who, on recovery from sickness sent up his note of thanks to God, and Dr. Vaughan, I feel moved, on this day of general Thanksgiving, to express my gratitude as well to my friends on earth, as to my Father in Heaven. . . . I have been silent ever since I left Boston, because I was unwilling to write until I could write something more definite respecting my plans of future operation. . . .

It has appeared to me that the prospect has been brightening here for some weeks past; the citizens of Northampton interested in the School have drawn up a

* To Geo. Ticknor, Boston.

statement which they intend to circulate through the medium of the newspapers; this is signed by Lewis Strong, J. C. Bates, C. A. Dewey, T. Napier, Judge Hinckley, Judge Lyman, and E. Hunt, — the first four Orthodox, and the others Unitarian, and is, I believe, the first object in which they have united for years. I will send you a copy of this document as soon as it is printed.

When I was at New York¹ Mr. Samuel Ward (Prime, Ward) said much to me against going to Savannah,² and voluntarily proposed to relinquish his stock in the school to me, and at the same time, asked me if I had any objection to his presenting the subject to the other stockholders, and having none, he wrote the following, addressed to me, to be circulated among them: —

“DEAR SIR, — Desiring to release you from the incumbrance existing on your Round Hill property, in order that your exertions in the cause of education, may — as they should — be freed from any embarrassment, arising from pecuniary concerns, — we, the undersigned, do hereby agree and engage to reconvey to you or to your assigns, all our right, title, interest in and claim to, any stock, or shares of stock, right, or property in said establishment, provided that all the shareholders unite in the release. And we agree to do so cheerfully, believing that we subserve the public interest as well as your own.
Your friend,” etc.

It has not been signed by any others as yet, but Mr. Ward and Augustus Thorndike — the latter has applied to his brothers Israel and Charles, but I do not know with what result; if successful it will then be sent to the

¹ In October.

per annum for some situation not de-

² Where he had been offered \$2,500 scribed in his letters.

stockholders generally; they holding the largest interest, it seemed to me best to get their names first.¹

The release would make no difference with me, pecuniarily. I should return to every individual all that I received, if my future exertions should enable me to do it, but it would make a great difference in the spirit with which I should labor here, as it would afford me such a convincing proof of the approbation and encouragement of many valuable men. . . .

For the last six months I have had but one all absorbing thought, not a single moment of peace, by day or night, has been left to me, not one in which I would not gladly have bound myself in servitude for life, or laid my head on the block, for a sufficiency to die with a balanced account with every one, and that sum was not more than one or two years of unshackled exertions would enable me to earn in various ways.

NORTHAMPTON, *December* 9, 1832.* The first approach of winter was unusually dreadful to me; for weeks I could not bring myself to the least exertion beyond those of absolute necessity; I had no relief but in the obliviousness of sleep; I grew more rational, however, during some of those balmy days of November, and summoned resolution enough to read a little. You will laugh at my choice, when I tell you I broke

* To Mrs. Geo. Ticknor, Boston.

¹ He says to Mr. Ward, Jan. 26, 1833: "The plan which you had the kindness to start for me, has thus far succeeded wonderfully well. Every shareholder to whom I have applied, has released with-
out a word of objection, and some with words of kindness which I value much more than the amount of property released."

nearly ten years' experience in the business of education will not be lost upon me, and certain it is, that I have learnt to bear and forbear, beyond what I had ever supposed my natural temperament would allow. I am willing once more to try what I can do to aid in arresting the rapid progress of our youth to lawless indulgence, indeed I am so anxious to do it that nothing short of a higher obligation to employ my time for the greatest advantage of those to whom I am indebted shall change my resolution. . . .

I am satisfied that the pupils here, have more instruction than the average time given by a private tutor and all the advantages of a most thorough examination at every exercise, with the encouraging influence of companions in labor. I have this winter most rigidly enforced the practice of making up unprepared and imperfect exercises, no one has escaped. To do this I spend all the day from half past 6 A. M. to 9 P. M. in the school-room, and detain delinquents at the end of every school division of the day. . . .

NORTHAMPTON, *December 31, 1832.** . . . I have been reading lately Spurzheim's book on "Education," which I do not like at all, however profound he may be in his knowledge of the intellectual and moral character of grown man, he seems to me to know little of the process by which knowledge is acquired or morals formed in youth. His system has the faults of all systems: it supposes a human being to possess a nature of one kind, and makes no allowance for the combination of

* To G. Ticknor, Boston.

mind and matter, a combination which modifies the mode of communicating truths of every kind, according as the one or the other principle predominates. Nothing, in my view, can be more ridiculous than the constant clamor about words, words without ideas, as if the mind of a child could not acquire facts, until it could fully comprehend principles—what will become of all the mathematical reasoning about infinite quantities, if a perfect comprehension of all the terms made use of, be made a prerequisite. But I do not intend to condemn all that is in the book, there are many very acute observations on man, and many very sound principles of morals found in it.

CHARLESTON, S. C., *April 24, 1833.*^{*1} I reached here yesterday morning after an overland journey of nine days, from New York, attended with more perils than ordinarily await the circumnavigator of the globe. We were overturned and narrowly escaped being killed on the railroad from Philadelphia to Baltimore, we broke down between Richmond and Raleigh, and our coach was filled with the floods of the Pedee and Santee in attempting to ford the inundated causeways connected with these streams. From Raleigh onward to this place it was like riding through one continued flower garden, but there is nothing to please the eye except

* To Mrs. Geo. Ticknor, Boston.

¹ To Mr. Davis he writes (April 7, 1833), "I have decided upon a tour to Philadelphia and Savannah, and I want the South, with a view to settle the question of my future residence. There are three offers now before me, between Philadelphia and Savannah, and I want to judge, on the spot, of their *agréments* and evils."

trees and flowers; in all other respects nature is tame and desolate, there is no variety in the surface, no cultivation, and no appearance of civilization and comfort.

It is very quiet here now, not a note of nullification is sounded, and not a murmur of discontent, with anything but Jackson and his tyranny, is heard. I find, however, that an apparently irreparable breach has been made in the harmony of social intercourse; neither gentlemen nor ladies, of opposite sides, assemble together, on any occasion, but the hostility is confined to citizens of their own State, I believe, they speak of New England with great kindness, and, judging from my own case, they treat our citizens with great cordiality. My acquaintances now in the city are chiefly among the nullifiers. General Hamilton and Governor Hayne devoted themselves to me yesterday, showing me all the pomp and circumstance of war which had been prepared by them, in the day of their fear. . . .

Still I cannot but see that the glory is departed from South Carolina; the style of living in Charleston is far different from that which I saw here three years ago; not more than half as many carriages are kept, and very little display of any kind is left to show their wealth. From my heart, I compassionate them, because they evinced a noble spirit in the use of wealth, and because they cannot persuade themselves that they may be happy independent of it.

I suppose you will conclude, from the manner in which I speak of the Southrons, that my mind is made up to remain among them; but this is not the case, my decision will turn on a point altogether distinct from my own

pleasure ; I shall do that, whatever it may be, which will give me the most money for three or four years of my life, should so many be left to me. . . . I will be a free man, if I can make myself so, by every sacrifice short of principle.

CHESAPEAKE BAY, NEAR NORFOLK, *November 21, 1833.**

. . . . For the purpose of a speedy and final decision of the question about removing to Raleigh, I determined to proceed there in company with Bishop Ives, and am now thus far on my way. . . . I confess I should much prefer a residence in Philadelphia to one in Raleigh, and to be in the former in the situation proposed to me, would be more to my mind than any which the vocation of instruction has to offer. I have felt myself afloat for the last three years, and I shall have no peace until I am once more engaged in some object of sufficient importance and interest to call forth all my powers. . . .

And yet I do most bitterly lament, when I call to mind how many and how great advantages for a school of a delightful kind are collected on Round Hill, which will probably all be lost. I do not repine at ten years of lost labor, nor at so much wasted money, but I am sure no attempt to provide such a place of early education as Round Hill was, will soon again be made, and I grieve to think of its entire annihilation.

NORTHAMPTON, *December 8, [1833].*† Ten thousand thanks to you, my dear Mrs. Prescott, for the kind words and wishes contained in your letter of the 6th, just received. It is true, I fear, I must turn my back on New

* To Geo. Ticknor, Boston.

† To Mrs. Prescott, Boston.

England in the Spring. Every year I remain at Round Hill, makes me poorer and more in debt, which last, in my view, is the worst bondage in the world, except that of sin. . . . My own bad calculations drew me into expenditures for the school beyond what my means could sustain, and have kept me in constant embarrassment and uneasiness. . . .

NORTHAMPTON, *December* 8, 1833.* . . . Nothing could be kinder than the feelings expressed toward me by the people of North Carolina. The Legislature was in session, and the Convention for internal improvement. Of course I had a chance of seeing most of their great characters, and, in truth, I found several men of great worth and talent.

NORTHAMPTON, *January* 13, 1834.† . . . On my return to Northampton, and reflecting upon all the hopes and prospects before me, I concluded that it would be best for me to accept the offer from Raleigh, inasmuch as it was a certainty, and I did not feel myself at liberty to run any risk with my only productive capital, my time and intellectual powers. I, therefore, sat down, ere I had been at home a week, and signified my acceptance in due form, expressly stating that I did not bind myself beyond a year, which has been recognized in the reply of the committee. I am now occupied in preparing for my departure thither, which is to be in April. I have advertised Round Hill in the Boston papers, and shall

* To Geo. Ticknor, Boston.

† To Samuel Ward, New York.

send an advertisement to New York, shortly, for insertion there.¹

. . . . I should have greatly preferred to reside in New York or Philadelphia, could it have been so ordered. I want to be in the world, and among the benevolent and excellent of mankind, and aid in such things as raise the character of man here on earth, and lead him to think more of the life he is to lead hereafter.

. . . . My determined purpose is to be free from debt, if God sees fit to spare my life. Two years of labor will accomplish this, and if it were a toil ten times as irksome, with this hope to cheer me in the performance of it, I should feel no despondency.

¹ About this time he says to Mr. Ward, "I have a beautiful cabinet of minerals, somewhat over 300 specimens in a very neat cabinet. Could there be any hope of selling it in New York? It cost me, in Germany, \$500, and I would sell it for that sum here;" and to Mr. Ticknor, "I am thinking of a visit to the Literary Emporium, in February, say near the close, to see if I can persuade the people to buy my books, which are to be sold by auction there."

CHAPTER XVIII.

1834-35. — Life in Raleigh.

NEWBERN, N. C., *May* 1, [1834.] *. . . . This was the day fixed upon for the beginning of my new labors at Raleigh, and here I am still loitering upon the road, or rather, having turned aside from the proper road, I find it difficult to regain it. As far as Baltimore I felt myself still in my native land, in New York, Philadelphia, and there, multitudes were known to me; but the moment I landed on this side the Chesapeake I found little or nothing with which I had any pleasant associations, but remembering that I knew one delightful lady at Edenton, and remembering, too, that I had promised never again to pass within an hundred miles of her residence without making her a visit, I turned off from the direct route to Raleigh, and took the coast road to this place. Edenton was so pleasant that I did not get away from it for three days. The gentlemen made dinner-parties for me, the ladies took me out upon morning drives to see all that was beautiful in field and forest, and made tea-parties every evening, that I might see they had other beauties beside those of inanimate nature to boast of. I called to mind your remark that one might find or make friends every-

* To Mrs. Geo. Ticknor, Boston.

where, but this sort of friendship is too diluted for me, the human affections are not strong enough to be thus divided among thousands. . . . I have not found summer yet; it is cold enough here to require a fire; although the vegetation of Spring is forth in all its luxuriance, — strawberries abound, and green peas for those who can eat them.

RALEIGH, *Saturday Morning, June 28, [1834.]* *
Your letter from Lowell, my dear Mrs. T., came to me the very moment when I could best prize its worth. I was suffering under the dreadful exhaustion of a Southern bilious fever, and felt almost as if I had not a friend on earth to love or lament for me. . . . This is my first day of labor since my illness. It was severe while it lasted and threatened to end all my toils very soon, but my own good constitution and *great prudence* struggled victoriously with the enemy and conquered. . . .

The *matériel* of our establishment¹ consists at present of a comfortable mansion house, once the residence of the former Chief Justice of the State, and a new stone building, sixty feet by forty, erected expressly for the school. The latter is situated in a very pleasant oak grove, about three quarters of a mile from the town of Raleigh, on a small eminence, about the height of Beacon Hill. The house first spoken of is applied to domestic purposes, and to lodging rooms for about a dozen pupils and one Instructor. The new building

* To Mrs. G. Ticknor, Boston.

¹ This school was founded by Bishop Ives.

contains a dormitory for twenty-four boys and a school-room below (temporary). My quarters are here, remote from every human being, except boys, who are continually around me, just as they used to be at Round Hill. This was my own choice, for I saw, in the twinkling of an eye, how things would go if they were left to any arrangement except my own. Excuse my vanity, but I well know that I am willing to do what no one else will.

The people here are very pleasant, refined, and kind almost to annoyance, but I am now as unable to take part in society, as I was in Northampton, and, of course, I cannot think of Raleigh as a home very long.

The Trustees of the school give me all power, and distinctly state to the students that there is no appeal from my decisions, in any case. I began by establishing five as the hour of rising, morning school at half after five, no holiday on Saturday, no communication with the town, no pocket money and no smoking, under penalty of immediate dismissal in case of wilful violation. I dismissed one the first fortnight for stealing down to town in the evening. The parents in town are denied all authority over their children, in everything touching their school duties, and cannot keep them at home, for any reason whatever, except sickness. I began by telling the boys that the school had not been established for their pleasure, but for their improvement, and that they would be sure to find it a life of labor and self-denial, so long as it was under my directions.

RALEIGH, *Sunday Evening, August 10, 1834.** I am here in a sort of desolate island, lord of all I survey, in the midst of an oak forest, a mile from Raleigh, sole sovereign and supreme over nearly sixty boys. They are round me by day and by night, at this moment the whole herd is buzzing around me, as I sit on my throne in the school-room. At ten o'clock when they go to bed I am still with them. I sleep in the room with them, that is half of them; the only moment of quiet I can get is when they are buried in sleep, and then I am tired enough to sleep too. My cares are quite as great as they were at Round Hill, except that I have no household concerns on my hands; in all other respects I am equally a slave, and a thousand times as much of one as any darkey I have seen here. This is just what I cannot endure long.

The people are exceedingly kind to me: they visit me in sickness, and send me all the restoratives and cordials their store-rooms afford, but it is a strange land, their manners are strange, the countenances are all strange, and even the names are strange, not an object calls up an association with earlier days.

Our eating-house is fifty or sixty rods removed from my abode, so that our grove is a real academy, devoted only to pure literature, the sound of knives and forks never reaches it. This is one relief to me, and I have had one other consolation, which is, that I have had complete success in breaking to the harness more than half an hundred high-spirited Southerners, which they said no Yankee could do. Among these are boys of

* To Mrs. Prescott, Boston.

eighteen and nineteen, one a graduate at William and Mary's College in Virginia, and several college bloods, who stopped ere they reached the goal, Sophomores, Juniors, etc.

Now I have told you so much about myself do pray reward me by a good long letter, full of good news about yourself and Mr. Prescott, and William and Susan, and Franklin and Elizabeth, and the little ones all. It would be a real feast to me to have such a letter. Speaking of feasting reminds me that nothing but hog is eaten here all summer; the provision for the school consisted of four thousand five hundred pounds of ham, and ham is the standing dish every time the table is set. . . .

RALEIGH, *August 11, 1834.** . . . I wish I could afford you a moment's amusement with an account of the country and people here, but, what with illness and duties to keep me at home, I have scarcely passed the limits of our school grounds for two months.¹ I have had no opportunity of seeing anything of the tone of society in this great capital; not a party of any kind has been given since my arrival, I mean for the ladies. During the visit of Chief Justice Marshall, in May, before the school opened, we had several dinner parties, at

* To Mrs. George Ticknor, Boston.

¹ On the following day he wrote thus: says to Mr. Ward, "To be able to say 'Mr. Ward of New York, hearing of my illness, then proposed to me to go to Europe, and travel with his son Sam, offering me \$2,000 per annum, and expenses. I doubt not but it is all right that I could not accept, but I felt it a sad disappointment at the time.' He 'I owe no man anything' it is the thought which occupies my mind night and day. I could not go abroad unless I could dispose of property enough to bring in \$6,000. At this time I could not do it. This is the insurmountable obstacle."

which everything seemed right and fit, except a superabundance of ham and great titles. We had a round of visiting with the court; and the company regularly consisted of the Chief Justice and his associate Judge, the Marshal of the District, the United States District Attorney, the Governor of the State, three ex-Governors, two ex-Judges, the lady of the house, and myself. . . .

We go on prosperously in the school; there is no sign of disorder, but we have a dreadful uncouth set to deal with, accustomed to the manners of country plantations, remote from civilization, who had never heard before that hats could not be worn at all times and in all places. In a speech I made to the boys, one day, I observed to them, that no gentleman ever addressed another gentleman in the house, or addressed a lady anywhere, in-doors or out, with his hat on, and the remark has had such an effect upon the beaux of Raleigh, that, I understand, they are now seen standing on the sidewalk in the broiling sun, with uncovered heads, if they chance to meet the ladies of their acquaintance. . . .

RALEIGH, *September* 14, 1834.* . . . Did you ever pass a summer without seeing a human being whom you had known before? Of course you never did, and I have no remembrance that I ever did before the present. When abroad I was constantly meeting old acquaintances and friends. Even in India¹ I found some early

* To Mrs. Prescott, Boston.

¹ This is the only allusion to his early in all the mass of Mr. Cogswell's letters voyage to India, which has been found examined for this work.

associates, but here not one solitary long-remembered countenance has smiled upon me. I have sometimes looked up to see if the stars over my head did not mark another hemisphere, I could not believe that I was on the New England side of the equator.

Well, there is no evil without its attendant good. I have learned to prize many a New England blessing by its flight, and I have not discovered a single circumstance in which the South has the advantage of us; but of all the curses here, there is none to compare with that of slavery, it pollutes and poisons every relation of society. I have never seen a domestic service of any kind well done here. The very brightest of the slaves seem scarcely a degree removed from brutish stupidity, and the free negroes still lower. Several of the latter who have been sent to me on trial had never seen a bed in their lives. When ordered to make one they put the sheets on the outside of the counterpane, and could not be made to comprehend the use of many of the most common articles of household furniture. . . . It is said here, however, that the uneducated whites have sunk nearly to their level. Can much be hoped for the rising generation if they are to be educated among such beings? Were it not for this obstacle it would really be a fine field for such an enterprise, for there is a great thirst for knowledge and a great deal of talent among the youth of the South,¹ but little or nothing can be done in the most important part of education, the formation of character and the fixing of good moral principles and

¹ He says to Mrs. Prescott, December 3, 1834: "The young men who have been at the school in Raleigh this season, are from the first families of the State, and must soon be in its councils and legislatures."

habits, while such a portion of the community is in so degraded and wretched a condition.

COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA, *December 3, 1834.**
Here I find all my old nullifying friends, — Hayne, Hamilton, and Calhoun. I have been to the Assembly to-day, and seen a sight or two such as we rarely see in our Boston State House, — a member attempting to make a speech who could not stand on his feet, a senate chamber floor strewed over with ground-nut shells, and tobacco juice running in streams down every aisle. Political violence is just at its height at this moment, the State rights party is beginning to divide, a part wishing for moderation, and a part, and by far the greater part, resolved upon pushing everything to extremities, so that the civil war in South Carolina, which I had thought ended long since, seems just breaking out with fresh fury.

This is a pretty town, built on the banks of the Congaree, with wide and spacious streets and fine buildings, but all lying under the curse of slavery. Such a mass of ruins as the College buildings present no one has ever seen that has not been here, not only glass broken entirely from the sashes, but, in many cases, window frames themselves all gone, bricks falling out and roofs falling in, and every other mark of dilapidation that mischief can create and neglect help on. They talk of reform; they even go so far as to say, that the operations of the College shall be suspended for a year, and everything repaired, and a new order of things estab-

* To Mrs. Prescott, Boston.

lished ; and this, they say, shall be done forthwith, if I will engage to come here and take charge of the Institution.¹ Much as I want money, money will not tempt me to do this. There is, however, a temptation, which I should not so easily resist, if I really believed that I could work as much moral improvement as they flatter me I could, I should not know how to resist the attempt. The salvation of our land depends much upon the efforts made upon our Southern youths, their notions are extravagant beyond all that we can conceive of, and our government is gone if their opinions go on unchecked. I never hoped to effect half what I have done in a single session ; it is truly the best labor of my life and one of which I have most reason to be proud.

RALEIGH, *February 1*, 1835.* My dear Mrs. P., for a long while after I left you I had nothing but tossing about by sea and land, which continued with scarce an

* To Mrs. Prescott, Boston.

¹ Writing from Boston (where he was then going), on December 25 to Mr. Daveis, he sets forth various proposals made to him. "In the first place it was urged upon me in September to run, as we say at the South, for the Presidency of Pennsylvania University. I consented, with assurance of success from numerous friends. . . . All these and other like castles, were razed by the zeal of the Presbyterians. . . . At the same time came divers intimations from Boston of good prospects for me there, and earnest solicitations from Northampton for my return to them, together with various inquiries from my friend Mr.

Ward of New York, if I should like the great Commercial Emporium as a place of residence. . . . Since I have been in Boston I have received a letter from Governor M'Duffie informing me that on the 13th of December I was, by an unanimous vote, elected Professor of Greek and Roman Literature in the South Carolina College at Columbia another letter, from Hamilton received at the same time saying, "You are now decidedly the favorite candidate for the Presidency. . . . I should be strongly tempted but for the political broils of Governor M'Duffie & Co."

hour of interval until I reached this place. I had hoped to find a little quiet here, before resuming labors, that I might write a letter or two, of remembrance and thanks, to you and other friends, who had received me with ancient cordiality, but the accidents, and delays of travelling retarded my progress so much, that I did not arrive until one hour before I had to call the boys together. From that moment to the present I have been pushed on to the top of my speed. Forty new pupils, most of them raw backwoodsmen, have made work enough for every moment of my time, both day and night.

Let me give you a specimen of the sort of animals we have to tame. About a week since, a lad, in appearance about fourteen, in coarse homespun clothes, rode up to the schoolroom door, dismounted from his pony, came into the room, and handed me three fifty dollar bank notes. "I am come to your school," said he, "and when that money is spent, father will send me more." He proved to be from the banks of the Yazoo River in Mississippi, and had been thirty-two days on horseback. The next day he sold his Choctaw, began his studies, and promises to be a bright genius.

I must tell you a little about my adventures after I left Boston, as I do not know that the newspapers have taken any notice of them. My departure, you will recollect, was Sunday night, December 28. The next evening, at five, I reached Northampton, where I was greeted more cordially than I had ever been before, and where I visited more than I did during a ten years' residence. On Friday I left for New York, which I

reached on Saturday, at 2 P. M., January 3, the first of the three direful cold days. All accounts spoke of the dreadful state of the roads, and the horrors of the land journey, which determined me to embark in the Wm. Gibbons steamboat, which started at four, the same afternoon, for Charleston. After a most tempestuous but rapid passage, we arrived in Charleston on Tuesday evening at seven. The next day I was waited upon by Ex-Governors Hamilton and Hayne, and actual Governor M'Duffie, pressed by them to come to a decision to accept the Professorship at Columbia, but did not. . . . Various other obstacles afterwards checked my progress, such as finding wide creeks partly frozen, with ice too thin to bear a carriage, and too thick for the horses to break through, in one of which we got stuck, and, but for the courage and perseverance of a Yankee, we should have had the pleasure of wading through a stream fifty yards wide, frozen over to the thickness of nearly an inch. A spare driver on the box, got out to our rescue, and managed the affair so adroitly, that one and all the passengers cried out, "A Yankee by ———," and a Yankee he proved to be.

RALEIGH, *March 1, 1835.** . . . As soon as this was known to me,¹ I renewed my engagement at Raleigh for a year, where I assure you I am more valued than I ever believed myself to be anywhere else. They tell me

* To C. S. Davis.

¹ The failure of a negotiation about nity it offered for returning among his private pupils in Boston, which he had friends. entertained on account of the opportu-

that the continuance of an institution supported by the Bishop and clergy, and all the principal laymen of the diocese, depended on my remaining here for some time longer, which I do not exactly believe to be true, however flattering the testimony may be. It is now full to overflowing, and might have double its present number, if it had accommodations for them. The labors of my station are of course, great, but they are cheered by the strongest evidence of their being successful. Rough, rude, idle boys become refined, civil and industrious, and a general spirit of content prevails, under a system of discipline more severe than I ever thought of applying in New England, or ever supposed would patiently be borne anywhere.

We have, too, a board of trustees, men of the highest character and most liberal feelings. They meddle with nothing but providing funds. Every question, of receiving pupils, and dismissing them, and administering discipline of every kind, depends upon myself alone. Were it not for its remoteness from all that I love, and for its severe and exhausting toils, I should glory in giving to this institution the character, usefulness, and reputation which I am sure it may receive. Do not think that all these things make me vain; but if they prove to me that God has given me the power of being serviceable to many, ought I not to be willing to labor in the use of them? I am as well as one can be who has the din of one hundred boys around him all day and part of the night. Even that, I believe, is better for me than a state of dull inaction.

I wish dear E. would let me see a line from her now

and then. It is a handwriting which I never look upon without a thrill. Mary,¹ too, why cannot she remember her old uncle in his exile?

¹ Mary Gilman Davel, of whom he ever borne by any earthly object." He wrote, on receiving the news of her birth, turned to her in his old age, and not in that two of the strongest affections of vain, for such care and comfort as few his heart would centre in her, and that men receive except from their own children. her name was to him "the dearest name

CHAPTER XIX.

1835-1837. — Last year in Raleigh. — Fourth time to Europe.

RALEIGH, *March 4, 1835.** When I came to Raleigh I felt myself a mere sojourner for a few months, and I did not care to know, or be known out of the sphere of my proper vocation, — but since I find it must be my resting place I have taken up a new resolution, and for the sake of society have agreed to teach one young lady Italian, who is the belle of North Carolina, and several French, who are not remarkable for beauty. When I come to see you again I hope to show you the benefit of a little good culture upon myself. I have never visited familiarly, since I came here, in any family, and have formed acquaintances only with three, in two of which the eldest daughter is exceedingly pretty, Southern pretty, I mean, — soft, delicate and languishing, like some of the beauties of the Court of Charles II., as described by Mrs. Jameson.

. . . . In no part of the United States have I found so primitive a people as in this State. The descendants of the early Scotch settlers retain all the peculiarities of their ancestors. The towns are all small, and have consequently never had any great influx of foreigners, hence

* To Mrs. George Ticknor, Boston.

language, usages and manners are all provincial. Raleigh, being the capital, has a sort of court character less distinctive, and yet enough so to distinguish it from all other places in which I have lived. As I must in spite of me, become a North Carolinian, I am resolved to know more about these strange people, who seem to me to be a stranger mixture of good and bad qualities, than any I have known.

RALEIGH, *Sunday Evening, May 24, [1835.]**
The good folks here continue very kind to me. My health flagging the ladies have combined to invigorate me, learning somehow, but how I know not, that plum-cake was my restorative, I have received presents of two fine ones the past week, besides all other delicacies imaginable. I have eaten no meat, nor drank tea or coffee since January, from fear of bilious fevers; the consequence is that I am weak but otherwise well.¹

RALEIGH, *September 10, 1835.*† A succession of those horrid bilious attacks has exhausted all my strength and spirits, and fixed upon me the genuine cadaverous look of a Southerner. In addition I have

* To Mrs. Geo. Ticknor, Boston.

† To Mrs. Prescott, Boston.

¹ In the account of his hairbreadth escapes, and in conversation, Mr. Cogswell told the following anecdote: His house at Raleigh was not only on the edge of a forest, but near a brook frequented by moccason snakes, which are as venomous as rattlesnakes. His sleeping room was on the ground floor, the doors of which were commonly left open in summer. One evening he had undressed to go to bed, and had put out the light. On turning down the counterpane he discovered, by the light of the moon, a large moccason coiled up in the centre of the bed. The reptile, he said, did not escape alive.

had the lord of misrule to contend with. Early in August the genuine mob spirit got among the boys, and changed our hitherto peaceful little community into a band of turbulent rebels. For two successive nights I kept about sixty of them without sleep, or with the little which they could snatch in their desks in the school-room; on the third morning I began to dismiss the leaders from the school and, in the course of a fortnight, got rid of a dozen in this way. When the storm subsided, we found the atmosphere purified, and a beautiful serene sky overhanging us, and the most pacific aspect all round our horizon. . . . When I communicated my doings to our Trustees, their answer was, "Clear out the whole if you find it necessary for the establishment of order." This reminded me of Judge Parsons who used to say, on such occasions, "Whitewash the walls." . . .

* The principle so often contended for among boys, that they will not furnish evidence against a fellow-student, was set up and strenuously contended for, but so far from being recognized as our common law, every individual who acted upon it was dismissed from the school. As a principle I consider it the most dangerous to education of all the false notions among boys; it is the chain which the vicious throw around the virtuous, and the great fortress of mischief and wickedness. I would never hear a word of information in private from a boy, on the other hand I would no more allow one to refuse answers to open inquiries, than I

* To C. S. Daveis, Portland.

would allow a witness on the stand to do the same, if I were on the bench. . . .

PHILADELPHIA, *December* 13, 1835.*. . . . I have made a stop of a day or two in this city of brotherly love, for the purpose of getting a little rest. . . . My health became so feeble, before the close of the session, that I was compelled, both in justice to myself, and to the institution over which I was placed, to offer my resignation of the sceptre, with all its honors and emoluments. The trustees declined accepting it, and begged me to take as much time, in addition to the vacation, as I might find necessary for thoroughly recruiting; to which my only answer was, that, if they preferred, I would suspend my final decision until I could confer with my friends in New England. I now feel myself at liberty to return to Raleigh or not, according to the state of my health, after some weeks of remission from labor, and the prospects I may have of useful and honorable employment elsewhere.

My old friend, Mr. Ward, of New York, says to me, "Come to this city, and I will guarantee to you a salary of \$2,000 per annum clear of all expense, for four hours of your service daily." . . .

A residence at the South is daily becoming more disagreeable to a native of New England, who cherishes his love and regard for the land of his fathers; the late agitation of the slave question has excited, almost universally, feelings of hostility to the States in which the discussion is permitted, which are often expressed in language a little too strong for Yankee pride to bear.

* To Mrs. Prescott, Boston.

Individually I have met with no difficulties on this account, which I owe, however, more to my own prudence, than to any forbearance on the part of the people among whom I live; had I thought it my duty to be a martyr to the cause of negro emancipation, I have seen many an occasion when I could have readily become one, and sometimes, I confess, when it required all my self-command to suppress the indignation which arose in my breast at the atrocious sentiments I have heard uttered. The great agitators at the North are altogether wrong in the ground of their attack upon slavery; it is not a cause of extensive suffering and misery to those who are in bondage, but it is sustained upon a principle revolting to every generous feeling of the heart, — that of placing a portion of the human race precisely on a footing with a herd of cattle, providing for them as such, nurturing them as such, and disposing of them as such, and that, not for crime, but for the mere accident of color and subjugation. I have not read a word on this subject, my opinions upon it are the result of my own reflections, and they are in accord, I believe, with those of every fair, disinterested examiner.

I expect to see the Walshes and a few others this evening, and to start in the morning for New York, and thence for Boston via Northampton.

RALEIGH, *January* 24, 1836.* On my return here I was greeted with great cordiality. The boys, who had been advised of my arrival, formed a regular lane, opening to the right and left, as I approached the

* To Mrs. Prescott.

school, and gave me their hands, in order, as I passed through. . . .

A great temptation, if money could be a temptation to me, has just been offered to go farther South. On my return from Boston, I found here a letter from the Governor of Louisiana, informing me of my appointment to the office of President of *Jefferson* College in Louisiana, with a salary of \$4,000 per annum, and perquisites, with no instruction to give, and no labors, but those of general superintendence, to perform, — to which offer I had the very satisfactory answer to make, by way of refusal, that I was already engaged,¹ and, if I had not been, I should have found it hard to connect myself with an institution bearing the name of Jefferson. . . .

One trouble, which has been on my mind is now removed. Our Bishop, who has been abroad for nearly a year, is returned, and, as I took the school from his hands, I was unwilling to surrender it to any other. To him I return it, in good condition and far more flourishing than when he left it. . . .

RALEIGH, *February* 23, 1836.* . . . Among the multitude of strange propositions which have recently been made me, is one from Mr. Devereux, to take an interest with him in a cotton manufactory, for which he offers to advance me \$20,000, and give me the agency. What would you say to my being the overseer of some two or three hundred children of the sun, with lash in hand? Hard as the labor is, I would rather wield the birchen sceptre.

* To S. Ward, New York.

¹ To an arrangement proposed by Mr. Ward.

I am fast running off all the good solid muscle which I gained at your generous table. To keep me alive a month longer, they turned me out of the school-room two or three hours a week, and put me on horseback. It is a relief, but no cure. . . .

WASHINGTON, D. C., *April* 14, 1836.* . . . Thanks to God, I am so far on my way toward a more Northern home. The whole spell of my life is broken; the word South, which used to signify, to my imagination, nothing but soft breezes, beautiful flowers and warm hearts, has lost its power to charm, and this entire change has been wrought in my mind, I can truly say, by no want of kindness and courtesy towards myself personally, for never were more flattering attentions bestowed upon me, but by discovering that all their thoughts, and feelings, and habits, were different from those of the friends to whom I had bound myself by earlier attachments, and from whom, in memory and affection, I have never departed.

I am but just able to move about. For five weeks my only food has been arrowroot, and to that diet I have confined myself so rigidly, that I have not even swallowed a draught of water, since the interdict was laid upon me. I find the whole difficulty proceeded from confinement and solicitude, for I have now been only two days from Raleigh, and am sensibly better.

NEW YORK, *May* 16, 1836.† . . . As soon as I had strength to move, I came off, and reached this city just four weeks since. In the interim I have been in North-

* To Mrs. Prescott, Boston.

† To Mrs. Davis, Portland.

ampton, Boston, Salem, Lowell, and wherever else I could find some object either of diversion or business. I am now fixed in my new vocation, and talk and lecture, three hours every day, to a charming group of young ladies.¹ It is just the thing for me at present, and all that I have health and strength for, but I shall not long rest satisfied with so easy a life.²

BOSTON, *Sunday, October 23, 1836.** You 'will doubtless be surprised when you learn that I am to embark for Europe on the 30th inst. It is a very sudden decision, or I should have told you in person, and spent a few days, or hours of parting love with you and the dear ones who belong to you. . . . I have been led to this step from a conviction that I could not be in health again in any other way. I have not had a mo-

* To C. S. Daveis, Portland.

¹ The three daughters of Mr. Ward. faithfully performed, morally too, it is of "My compensation," Mr. Cogswell says, more importance than even the professed "is \$2,000 per annum, and I have July, teaching of religion, but so thinks not August, and September free, and no ex- the world, and while it does not, the penses of any kind, except clothes, to high-minded instructor has a great deal provide for. Mr. Ward, who sets no limits to bear in seeing how lightly his vocation to his kindness towards me, is on the is estimated by the community generally, and, beyond the reward of an approving look out for something else, to fill up two or three of my unoccupied hours, which conscience he has very little to compensate him for all that he has to bear and I am not willing to spend in idleness any longer than my health requires." suffer. I should almost feel that I had lived in vain, but for the sixteen years I devoted to instruction, and if I had any Mr. Ward's three sons had all been pupils at Round Hill.

² As Mr. Cogswell never resumed the position of teacher of young men or boys, it seems well to give here an expression of his feeling about the life of a teacher, contained in a letter of June 9, 1844, from him to Mr. Daveis: "In my view it is the very highest of all occupations, and deserves to be remunerated beyond any other, when its duties are ably and

faithfully performed, morally too, it is of more importance than even the professed teaching of religion, but so thinks not the world, and while it does not, the high-minded instructor has a great deal to bear in seeing how lightly his vocation is estimated by the community generally, and, beyond the reward of an approving conscience he has very little to compensate him for all that he has to bear and suffer. I should almost feel that I had lived in vain, but for the sixteen years I devoted to instruction, and if I had any reliance upon good works as a ground for reward hereafter, I should rest my whole plea upon what I did in that period. I can truly say I cannot call up a single instance of willfully neglected duty to any pupil placed under my charge. Wherein I erred it was always ignorantly, not wittingly."

ment's respite from suffering since I parted from you in September. Mr. F. Gray made a proposition to me, some weeks since, to go abroad and spend the winter in Rome, and the next summer in Switzerland with him.¹ I declined it then, because I had resolved not to go abroad until I sold Round Hill, but since then, my health has continually grown worse, and the prospect of any immediate sale diminished on account of hard times. . . .

It may seem strange to you, my dear brother, but I am truly sorry to go. The anticipation of a winter amid the ruins of almighty Rome, and a summer amid the sublimities of the Alps, does not quicken a single pulsation. But I anticipate new life and vigor from the change of everything around me, and the inhaling of the balmy air of Italy and quaffing the mountain breezes of Switzerland, and this consideration reconciles me to an absence, which, in all other respects is truly distressing to me. I cannot bear the thought of weakening the few ties by which I am now bound to the world. . . .

PARIS, *February* 14, 1837.* . . . There are no very

* To C. S. Davis, Portland.

¹ Mr. Francis Calley Gray, known to the present generation, almost solely, by the valuable collection of engravings he bequeathed to Harvard College, was a man of extraordinary culture, and possessed a retentive memory, which placed at his instant disposal the great stores of varied knowledge he had accumulated in a life of leisure and prosperity. He was therefore, a most instructive and entertaining companion, furnishing his friends with accurate information on all sorts of subjects, without appeal to books. With characteristic liberality he gave Mr. Cogswell at this time "\$3,000 yearly and expenses paid with no other services but to travel with and talk to him," all which was a private arrangement, known only to their nearest friends. He was a son of Mr. William Gray, the friend and patron of Mr. Cogswell's early life.

interesting people in Paris now, or at least, none among my acquaintance. Lamartine, who is certainly the first among the men of letters, has been confined to his room and bed for two months. On this account I have been unable to see him, but have had several pleasant notes from him, in answer to those I have written him inquiring about his health. Chateaubriand, also, has not been in society at all this winter, and as to Victor Hugo, Delavigne, Dumas and Scribe, the favorite dramatic writers of the day, I regard them all as panders to the most depraved taste, and have not been willing to cultivate their acquaintance, although I used to meet them almost regularly, on Wednesday evenings at Baron Gérard's. Money and place are the only great objects of pursuit now in Paris, not rank, title, and fame. Neither of the latter would give consequence to the possessor, but money effects everything by the display it enables one to make, and place comes next in importance from the power attached to it. Mere fame, particularly literary fame, unless it fills the pocket, seems to be regarded very much as a title without fortune, altogether too remote from the *matériel* to meet the spirit of the age.

LEGHORN, *May*, 1837.* On the morning of the 26th of April I took my last look of St. Peter's. On the evening of the 26th, we admired together from the terrace of the Palazzo in which we lodged, at Albano, as glorious a sunset as Claude ever colored, and on the morning of the 27th I watched him alone, from

* To Miss Julia Ward, New York.

the heights above Nemi, as he came forth in "one unclouded blaze of living light." The deep solitude, and the solemn silence of this little lake is its great charm, and therefore I stole away by dawn of light, when all the rest were slumbering, to commune with its congenial spirit. During a walk of nine miles around its banks, and through its sacred grove, I met but four human beings, a veiled nun, on a donkey, with her attendant serving woman, and two dark-eyed, nectarine-cheeked peasant girls of Gensano, gathering faggots in the woods. I found a height which commanded a view of both lakes (see 4th Canto, 173 and 174 Strophes),¹ and such was the transcendent beauty of the scene, the exquisite loveliness of the morning, and the grandeur of the recollections embraced within the surrounding horizon, that, for a few moments, I forgot everything personal, I had no existence apart from the world of mind and spirit spread out before me. . . .

On Saturday morning, April 30, I rose with the dawn, again to feast my eyes with a view of the most beautiful of bays,² which I had not seen for seventeen years. Our lodgings were at Chiaja which commands the whole circuit of the bay, and my windows looked directly upon it, and it seemed marvellously strange to me, as I surveyed it, to find how much my admiration of nature had increased with my years. It now spread before me vastly more beautiful than memory had recorded, or pen or pencil ever depicted. . . . I have taken great pains to seek out every fine point of view around this bay, and to fix these views in my mind. . . .

¹ *Childe Harold.*² *Naples.*

From the Capo di Miseno to the Capo Campanella, there is not a height which I have not ascended, nor an island which I have not visited, and, wide as is the range, there is not a point in the whole extent, from which the view is not surpassingly beautiful, but the grandest of all is from the Carthusian convent of the Camaldoli on the one side, and from Monte St. Angelo, above Castellamare on the other. . . .

HEIDELBERG, *August 23, 1837.** Nothing in Europe accords with my former recollections but Naples and Switzerland; the unequalled loveliness of nature around that bay, and her unimagined grandeur amid the Alps alone have stood the trial of the contrast between the ardent admiration of youth and the soberer contemplation of age. I took great satisfaction in discovering the warmth of my emotions in both these regions, for I had feared that my heart had grown cold, so different were the impressions that other objects had made upon it. The pictures I had seen, always excepting a few of Raphael's and Domenichino's, had called forth few exclamations of delight. The churches, palaces, and public buildings generally seemed to have dwindled, and even the public libraries, that I used to think so immeasurably great, were very well, but nothing more. In truth I do verily believe that we are much nearer to Europe, in everything desirable, both of nature and art, than I have allowed myself to think, and I rejoice very much at the new light let into the "soul's dark cottage." I shall love my country a great deal

* To C. S. Davis, Portland

more since I have learned to respect her so much more highly, and shall no longer fear to lay claim to patriotism.

My convictions are settled as to Europe's future condition. She has certainly gone through the gradations of "wealth, vice, corruption," and no doubt there must follow the "barbarism at last," unless the regenerating influence of Freedom should intervene, which did not precede her glory. It is not possible that the millions should go on suffering without an effort and, sooner or later, a successful effort for relief, and if, before the struggle terminates, Christianity should have more nearly wrought her perfect work, and vice and despotism fall together, civil liberty may be universally established.

I am most unreasonable not to like Europe better than ever, for all the circumstances of my present visit to it have been so ordered that I have enjoyed the most possible. I have visited the countries I could have most wished to see, and been with the friends most agreeable to me, and had a very pleasant companion in all my journeyings.

CHAPTER XX.

Life in New York. — Home with Mr. S. Ward, 1837-1840. — Acquaintance with Mr. Astor. — Plan for a Great Public Library. — First Purchase of Books. — Fifth Time to Europe. — Death of Mr. Ward. — Goes to live in a House belonging to Mr. Astor, and prepares Preliminary Catalogues.

BOSTON, *November 10, 1837.** Everything at home delights me. I never saw our blessed condition with such clear eyes before, and deeply disastrous as the recent course of events may have been, it is all the sunshine of prosperity compared with what I left abroad; and is it not a new ground of confidence in our race and in free institutions, that men intrusted with self-government so readily and so surely retrace their steps, when they come to the brink to which a wrong path leads? I have done nothing but preach hope and confidence in republics, wherever I have been in Boston, to which even the desponding listen with some satisfaction, and in which a few join heartily. . . .

You must not imagine that I am starting for a politician, but I confess I feel a new consciousness of the high moral obligation upon every citizen of a free country, to know and practice his civil duties, and consequently, an interest in political affairs that I have not be-

* To C. S. Davis, Portland.

fore felt, since the days of Federal and Democratic conflicts.

NEW YORK, *January 2*, 1838.* During my present visit to New York I have seen a good deal of old Mr. Astor, having dined with him twice at his own house, and three times at his son's. He is not the mere accumulator of dollars, as I had supposed him; he talks well on many subjects and shows a great interest in the arts and literature. I meet Halleck there often, and some other pleasant visitors.¹

NEW YORK, *January 31*, 1838.† I am still an idler, not so much from choice as from necessity.² Mr. Ward will not let me go away from New York, telling me every day that I shall soon be wanted here, and that I must wait patiently, which I would do most willingly, if I knew how to be idle, for I have every comfort and kindness that can be desired.³ I have refused an offer of

* To C. S. Daveis, Portland.

† To Mrs. G. Ticknor, Paris.

¹ The following from the same letter is a little reminder of the changes in the city of New York: "Yesterday was my first New Year's day in the city of New Amsterdam. . . . We started from the house in the carriage, at eleven in the morning, and drove down to the Battery, and made our first assaults in the vicinity of the Bowling Green and the lower end of Broadway."

² He had written five weeks before, from New York: "I have been everywhere since my return, and as yet done nothing. Northampton, Portland, and Boston have been my principal resting-places, and I am now here to decide upon

my future occupation." He now adds: "I say I am an idler because I have no fixed occupation. I make myself busy, however, whenever I can get a chance, and I am now at work upon some lectures which I have been invited to deliver at the Stuyvesant Institute." On the 21st of April he writes to Gilman Daveis: "Being gazetted for a lecture in New York on the 6th of April I was obliged to return in season for it. About said lecture it does not become me to speak. I sent your father the *American* of the next day which told a flattering tale of its success."

³ In Mr. Ward's house.

the Presidency of a Southern College, with the salary of \$2,500, received last week, because I could not bring myself to think, that any consideration, but health, could justify me in a voluntary adoption of the life and habits of a Carolinian. . . . I have received one fee for professional services since my return, that keeps me in pocket money, so I do not want for bonbons; old Mr. Astor gave me a commission to execute for him in Boston, which cost me a week's time, and gave me a week's pleasure, as time spent in Boston always is to me. On my return he sent me a check for \$500. This shows that he was satisfied with my agency, and I trust he will find other services for me to perform. If I understand his movements aright I shall be called upon to aid in one of no small magnitude. . . .

NEW YORK, *June* 20, 1838.* . . . I doubt not you will agree with me in thinking that the great charm of a city is the opportunity of enjoying society; that alone in my view, compensates for its various evils, its incessant noise, the loss of green fields, the circumscribed view of the heavens, the thousand ceremonies to be gone through and the thousand privations to be submitted to. Besides, I love to cultivate the feeling which keeps my heart open and warm, and fills it with kindness for the whole family of man. Fashionable society — and all social intercourse is more or less so — is subjected to a multitude of unnecessary and ridiculous laws, but with all that, I prefer it to solitude, either in town or country; in fact it is as salutary to my moral health as pure air is to my bodily. . . .

* To Mrs. Prescott.

I was in Northampton through the whole month of May, very ill and dispirited the early part of it, but when the Spring burst forth in its beauty and freshness, I could not resist its influences, my spirits seemed to be set free with the opening buds, and to rejoice in the joy of reanimated nature. Never in my life did I look upon such a gay scene, in still life, as spread before me from the windows of my Round Hill château when the trees came out in full bloom. It quite won my heart back again to Round Hill, and almost decided me to make it my home for life. And then I should have a home, and what more chilling thought to one of my age, to be, as I now am, without a home. Do not reprove me with ingratitude to friends here. Mr. Ward tells me every day that his house is my home, and the children all join in the wish that it should be so, and refuse to hear a word from me about leaving them, and for all this kindness, there is no want of gratitude. Still I cannot change the character which life has stamped upon me. I cannot be inactive, when activity heretofore has been to me the pleasure of existence.

I know not how you heard of my intended visit to the Virginia Springs. There was, however, a good foundation for the report. I left Northampton with that expectation more than a fortnight since, and should have gone on without delay, but I had written a few things for the "New York Review,"¹ and found it necessary to see them through the press, and while I was

¹ Various book notices and an article of forty-five pages on National Education. In 1840 another long article of his appeared in this Review, on University Education, and he, no doubt, contributed otherwise to its pages from time to time, but no record has been found to show what was his.

doing this, that delicious warm weather came on, and so thoroughly restored me, that I had nothing to go to the Springs for.

NEW YORK, *July* 20, 1838.* I must tell you a word of what I have been about for some months past, or you may think I have been wasting time. Early in January Mr. Astor consulted me about an appropriation of some three or four hundred thousand dollars, which he intended to leave for public purposes, and I urged him to give it for a library, which I finally brought him to agree to do, and I have been at work ever since, settling all the points which have arisen in the progress of the affair. It is now so nearly arranged that he has promised me to sign the last paper to-day, and, if so, I shall see you in Boston early next week. Had I not foreseen that this object would never have been effected unless some one had been at the old gentleman's elbow, to push him on, I should have left New York long since. It is not made public at present, but I think it will be in a week or two. In the mean while say nothing of it.

NEWPORT, *October* 8, 1838.* Since I parted from you I have divided my time between New York and Newport, still suffering from my Northampton cold, and now shivering under the influences of the northern blasts. As soon as Mr. Astor heard of my being in New York he sent a messenger into the city, to beg me

* To G. Ticknor, Boston.

to call upon him. I went out the next day and found him very cordial, but very feeble. I learnt that he had been beset by innumerable applications for money, in all possible amounts, from five to five thousand dollars, since his great act of munificence had been made known, and that act relied upon, as the ground of hope, in all these claims.. This his own penetrating mind had foreseen, and it had induced him to change his intended donation to a legacy. The feeble condition in which I found him disarmed me of all power to urge the matter upon him at present, and therefore the most I can tell you is, that there is no fear about the final result, and no great probability of any immediate steps in effecting it.

He is desirous of having me with him this winter, and offers a most liberal pecuniary compensation for a portion of my time, leaving me four or five hours daily at my own disposal. If I accede to his proposal it will be in the hope of advancing the great project, and making my time most productive to those to whom it belongs.¹ I do not like the idea of frittering away another winter in New York. I could do a great deal more for the improvement of my own mind almost anywhere else, and I do not like the thought of eating any man's bread without rendering him an equivalent. It

¹ About this time he was offered a Vice Presidency and Professorship in Jefferson College, New Orleans, with prospect of the Presidency offered him earlier and now likely to be again vacant; but he refused, by Mr. Ward's advice, and purchased an interest in the *New York Review*, which he afterwards conducted until it ceased to exist. He wrote, November 15: "I did not accept Mr. Astor's offer because Mr. Ward showed so much unwillingness to have me leave his home, and he has conferred upon me too many favors, for me to find it in my heart to make him an ungrateful return."

seems to me I should be a perfectly happy man if I were a laborer on some railroad, and received my six shillings at night, for solid, substantial, visible service. I cannot understand how one earns a compensation, when he has no fruits of his labor to appeal to. A lawyer that has gained a cause for a client, or a physician that has restored a patient to health, may justly feel that he has earned his reward; but the services which I am able to perform are, either, of no value, or of that kind of value not to be paid for in money, and this is the feeling which wears upon my spirits, and makes me long for the independence which most others enjoy.

NEW YORK, *January* 11, 1839.* I felt, as I walked down Broadway, and joyed in the bright sun and genial warmth of this beautiful day, that I should find something at the office¹ particularly agreeable to me, and when I saw your letter on my table I knew how to account for the presentiment. I thank you, my dear lady, for this new proof of your kind interest in me; it is the very highest of my earthly sources of happiness to find that I have not forfeited the good opinion and affections of those whose friendship is most dear to me.

Touching the "New York Review," I must not be made accountable for much that is in the last number. Several of the articles were accepted before I became connected with it, among them that on Carlyle. I am

* To Mrs. Prescott, Boston.

¹ Office of the *New York Review*.

no admirer of Carlyle, at the same time I believe him to be a man of genius, and in his earlier publications a beautiful writer. I know not where the character of Burns has been so finely and so truly sketched as by him, nor where that of Voltaire has been more faithfully dissected. My principle in conducting the Review will be to avoid personalities of every kind, and above all things, local and sectarian prejudices, but on literary subjects I would not consent to any restrictions upon the expression of independent opinions. I should greatly regret the condemnation by any of my friends of the sentiments contained in the Review, still I should hope that, in the great variety of topics upon which a literary journal must touch, they would allow some things to pass which were not entirely in accordance with their own views on the same subject. If no such indulgence is granted, I see not how it is possible for any journal to be sustained.

NEW YORK, *March* 12, 1839.* I am to dine with Mr. Astor to-day, tête-à-tête, to talk over the affair of the Library seriously. I went to him on Sunday, with a catalogue of some books to be sold here on Friday, some curious, rare, valuable, etc., and said, "These are not books to be found every day, may I not attend the sale, and buy such of them as go reasonably?" This brought on a conversation about the library, when he asked me, if he could put the whole affair into the hands of trustees, and be freed from all care and trouble about it. I told him he certainly could,

* To G. Ticknor.

upon which he said, "Come and dine with me on Tuesday, and I will try to come to a definite conclusion about the matter." I think he is resolved to go on with it this spring.

NEW YORK, *May 6, 1839.** You have greatly the advantage of me, you know, in the matter of correspondence. Everything and everybody in your community are interesting to me, while I might as well talk to you of the Japanese, as of the people among whom I dwell. I am therefore driven back to the old subject of the Astor Library. Well, I dined with him on the said day,¹ and laid my proposal before him, to which he assented without objection or condition, except that I should agree to take care of the books, and this, of course, I agreed to do. The books went high, and those I most wanted were not in the best condition, so I bought only a few hundred dollars worth. Since then I have advised him to allow myself, or some one else, to buy books at any time when they could be had, on good terms, if suitable to the library to be formed by him, and I have now *carte blanche* for so doing. I have also told him that it was important that a perfect system should be drawn out, for the completion of the whole affair, not merely, with reference to the library building, and other accommodations, but also to mark, as distinctly as possible, the character of the library to be formed, and the particular departments which he would wish to have most thor-

* To G. Ticknor, Boston.

¹ March 12, the day when the previous letter was written.

ough, and even going so far as to make a catalogue of that portion which must necessarily belong to it. To all this he gave full assent, and requested me to employ my leisure time, if any such I could find, upon the work. Touching the building he is waiting only for the new corporation¹ to enter upon their duties at any rate he has authorized me to obtain an estimate of the costs of such a building as I have proposed to him.

NEW YORK, *September 5, 1839.** Mr. W. B. Astor came in yesterday to ask me if I could leave home for four months, to see his son well placed abroad. My answer was, "if your father will give me a commission to buy books enough to make a fair beginning for the Library, and at the same time authorize me to procure a plan abroad, and look into the subject generally, I will go." Accordingly I have been to Hellgate this morning to see the old gentleman, who answered that he was ready, and desirous of going on, having completed his new codicil, by which he has increased the appropriation to \$400,000. As yet, however, I have no commission from him.

NEW YORK, *October 8, 1839.*† I do not want to go to Europe a bit, and nothing would have induced me to undertake the expedition but the hope of making it operate to bring the old gentleman to a decision about the Library, and so far I am satisfied as he

* To G. Ticknor, Boston.

† To C. S. Daveis, Portland.

¹ The new city government, elected but not yet in office.

has assured me that he should put \$60,000 at my disposal, if I saw fit to use that amount in purchasing one or two libraries now known to be for sale abroad. As yet I have not got the papers in hand signed, but he read me a letter yesterday, directed to myself, in which this is clearly stated.

DRESDEN, *Friday Evening, January 3, 1840.** My dear Doctor, — This morning came our packet of letters sent from New York by the *British Queen*, and with it the heartrending intelligence of the death of our dear Mr. Ward, and I need not add that the day has since been one of the most sad and solemn of my whole life. My spirit has been with you all and shared in your sorrows as much as if I had been present face to face. . . . But the depth of my sorrow is not for myself; my soul is wrung with anguish for those dear children; my heart is ready to burst with grief when I think of their sufferings. . . . I have tried to find consolation in reflecting upon the infinite gain to our departed friend, in having exchanged a world of trial and misery for one of unalloyed happiness. O my dear Doctor, what an unspeakable joy it must have afforded him in the trying hour, to find a steadfast faith and a certain hope lighting him through the dark passage when everything else was fading before his eyes. . . .

I wish, my dear Doctor, that I could have some share of that satisfaction which you must feel in the highest degree, of having watched and waited by the dying bed

* To Dr. J. W. Francis, New York.

of so dear a friend as Mr. Ward. I know of nothing so comforting, in reflecting upon the loss of a friend, as the consciousness of having made every effort to alleviate his sufferings and given all possible proof of entire devotedness to him, and this comfort you must enjoy in a preëminent degree, for in ordinary cases there is nothing like your unwearied solicitude, and in this, I am sure, it must have been unexampled. I would not deprive you of any of this happiness; you deserve it all if ever one did. I only wish I could have shared with you in the attentions which you bestowed, and which you must so rejoice to think upon.

NEW YORK, *May* 27, 1840.* I had a very agreeable trip abroad,¹ but I did not succeed in one of the great objects for which I went, the Boutourlin Library. It was brought to the hammer about the time I arrived out, and no one whom I could find had authority to stop the sale. It matters not, for we can doubtless obtain those parts of it most valuable to us, in this country, in another way. . . .

After I wrote to you from Dresden I visited Berlin, Göttingen, Hamburg, London (twice), and Paris, but everywhere my stay was too short to have full benefit of the opportunities offered to me, of seeing persons and things. In Berlin, however, I remained nearly three weeks, and saw as much both of the world of fashion and world of letters, as could be done in that time. I was there in February, during the height of their sea-

* To C. S. Davis, Portland.

¹ He was absent between six and seven months.

son, and constantly in society, so that I made myself pretty well acquainted with the principal people of that great metropolis, both in church and state. It is now the first place in Germany, decidedly, for science and literature, and next after Vienna for splendor and show. It is not a little curious for an American, accustomed to find society composed of those who call themselves scholars, professional and business men, all having sufficient leisure at command to be thus appropriated, to observe the entire separation of the *savans*, in a city so full of them as Berlin, from all the fashionable gatherings for wasting time. Humboldt was the only individual of that class I ever met at any such places, and he is now more of a courtier than a man of science. It is not their business, they say, and they are perfectly satisfied to leave such things to those to whom they properly belong. Their ambition never leads them to wish for such a distinction. As a stranger and traveller I was desirous of seeing as much of all classes as I could, and therefore visited the philosophers in their libraries, when they would allow me, and the people of the fashionable world in the saloons when I chose. In the way of the latter there is no obstacle; a regular introduction to society by your own legation gives you the entrée to every soirée in the houses of the ministers of state and other officers of the court. . . . I declined visiting his Majesty, because such a visit would have cost me a court dress of from \$200 to \$300; but I had divers interviews and long talks with the crown prince,¹ and all the other sons of the king. . . .

¹ Later King Frederick William IV.

NEW YORK, *May 27, 1840.** I spent Monday night out at Hellgate with Mr. Astor, and then laid before him in writing my project for forming a catalogue of 100,000 volumes, for a well digested, systematic library, accompanied with the prices of books according to the trade rates, and also as marked in the lists of the antiquarian dealers, setting forth, as clearly and distinctly as I was able, the utility and necessity of such a catalogue. He expressed himself perfectly satisfied with the reasons given in the document, and ready to commit the work to me, if I would live in his family, and let him have, as he was pleased to consider it, the benefit of my society. I then proposed to reduce the matter to a distinct question of business, and offered him five hours of my time daily, for \$1,500 a year, with a convenient office in town, my regular business to be working for the library in some way or other, particularly on the catalogue, and he having the right to an occasional appropriation of an hour or two, as he might desire. I do not like this altogether, but I will submit to anything to get the main business once nailed, and I know him well enough to say with confidence that, once started, he will be as eager as one can wish, to press on. I left my proposition with him in writing, and expect his answer from day to day. I have done my duty in the matter, and shall have no occasion to reproach myself, be the result what it may; and I am determined to wait his movements no longer than to give him a reasonable time to consider my proposition.

* To Geo. Ticknor, Boston.

NEW YORK, *September* 15, 1840.* In answer to your inquiry of what I have been about through the summer, I am ashamed to be obliged to say, very little. I was meditating a descent upon you in Boston early in July, and about the same time Mr. Astor had a fresh fit of stirring in the library. He got Irving there, and sent for Brevoort and myself from day to day for a week; at length the whole thing was arranged, as I supposed; the plan of building was agreed upon, and I left him on Saturday evening, July 11, in full confidence that he would authorize his son William (who was present, and earnestly urged his going on) to make contracts for the materials, etc., the next Monday. On that day I started for Geneseo, where I remained about a fortnight. On my return I found the whole form knocked into *pi*. Upjohn, the architect, had been to see him, and put a notion of a Gothic building into his head, and the moment an excuse was afforded him for hesitation, he yielded to what has now become the weakness of his age, and shrunk from a decision.

Mr. Cogswell acceded to the proposition of Mr. Astor, and in November, 1840, was established in a house adjoining that gentleman's, continuing to live thus until Mr. Astor's death, going with him to the country in the summer.

Eighteen months later another plan was under consideration for a few weeks, which seemed likely to give a new and agreeable turn to Mr. Cogswell's life. An account of this is given in the opening of the next chapter.

* To G. Ticknor.

CHAPTER XXI.

1842-1848.—Appointed and confirmed Secretary of Legation to Spain.—Relinquishes the Post for the Sake of the Library.—Life with Mr. Astor till his Death in 1848.—Appointed Superintendent of the Astor Library, May, 1848.

NEW YORK, *February* 14, 1842.* . . . My dear Ticknor, — Irving is very desirous to have me go out to Spain as his Secretary of Legation, and Legaré writes me word that I might easily have the appointment, if I had a line of recommendation from you and W. Prescott, to which I said in reply, that I would not take it unless I had merit enough of my own to entitle me to it; that I would not solicit any place from the government, nor ask of any of my friends testimonials which they might not think proper to give.¹

* To Geo. Ticknor, Boston.

¹ Copies were found, in a letter-book of Mr. Ticknor's, of two letters from him to Mr. Webster and Mr. Irving, both dated February 13, 1842, the day before the above letter. Mr. Cogswell's name had been suggested in the newspapers, and Mr. Ticknor, having seen it there, wrote at once to promote the appointment. To Mr. Webster he says: "From what I have heard, the nomination of Secretary of Legation to Spain is expected to be made from the Middle States. In that case has Mr. Cogswell of New York occurred to you, or been mentioned to you? Few men *in* the country, and perhaps I might add, few men *out* of it, can be so fit for such a place as he is. His long and frequent residences on the Continent, with the habit of speaking its most important languages; the great amount of his general knowledge, including that of the law, his zeal in whatever he undertakes, and his unalterably good temper and winning manners, which make friends to him wherever he goes, and I may say *have* made them in all four quarters of the world, really seem to point him out for

My particular object, now, in writing to you, is to ask your counsel, and I am the more strongly moved to this from the conviction that you never counselled me wrong, and that I should now be a great deal better off in all worldly concerns, if I had followed your advice more implicitly. . . . The question, therefore, with me is, can I do anything for myself, better than accept the proposition to go with Irving to Spain, if I should have the opportunity, and he is so urgent for it there is probably little doubt upon this point. . . . The secretaryship has this to recommend it, that it brings with it no pecuniary risk, and that it is both pleasant and improving. I am inclined to go, you will perceive, but I have by no means decided upon it. I tell you frankly I shall place great reliance upon your judgement in the matter. Please to write me a few lines as soon as your leisure permits. With my best love to Mrs. T., and kind regards to Anna and Miss Wormeley,

Truly and affectionately yours,

JOSEPH G. COGSWELL.

such a station, or rather, it gives me pain to say, for stations both better and higher. Of faults I need not tell you who know him, he has as few as perhaps any man. Disinterestedness has done him more harm than all of them put together."

To Mr. Irving, after alluding to his nomination as Minister, he goes on: "I refer to the fact which has just come to my knowledge, that Mr. Cogswell is thought of as the Secretary of your Legation, and if you are aware how long I have known him, and how much I have been attached to him, you will I am sure expect to hear from me on an occasion so important to his interests. Of his peculiar fitness for the place of Secre-

tary to any continental legation, from his knowledge of its languages, from his activity and zeal, and from the great store of his acquirements, I need not speak to you. But there is one point on which I feel I ought not to be silent. I have known him familiarly above thirty years, have travelled with him, and lived with him months together, and yet never saw him unreasonably or disagreeably out of temper. Many others who have known him much, have said the same thing. There is nothing pettish, or unwisely proud, or foolishly sensitive in him. He is always pleasant in personal intercourse, under all circumstances, to a degree which I think I have never known in any other man."

NEW YORK, 24th February [1842].* Not hearing anything about the progress of my proposed appointment, I have concluded that there must be some serious obstacles in the way. It is reported here that I am a Van Buren man. I should much sooner think of being a Mormon or a Mahometan.

Mr. Irving has said so much to me of the satisfaction it would give him to have me of the legation, and other friends have urged me so strongly to go that I have fully made up my mind to become a diplomatist if the opportunity is offered.¹ Mr. Astor is very much against it, being very reluctant to have me leave him, but that I should have done at any rate, if he kept on as undecided as ever about his library. I am just in from the country, and have not time to add one word more before the mail closes.

NEW YORK, February 28, 1842.† I have seen a good deal of Dickens, during his visit here, although I attended none of the public festivities in honor of him. He does not please me over-much as a man, although I am a very warm admirer of his writings. I do not see that he does anything particularly well,

* To C. S. Daveis, Portland.

† To Geo. Ticknor, Boston.

¹ In the *Life and Letters of Washington Irving*, vol. iii., p. 180, is the following passage: "Previous to the date of this formal acceptance, Mr. Irving had intimated a desire to have Mr. Joseph G. Cogswell appointed as Secretary of Legation. 'He is a gentleman,' he wrote, 'with whom I am on terms of confidential intimacy, and I know no one who, by his various acquirements, his prompt sagacity, his knowledge of the world, his habits of business, and his obliging disposition, is so calculated to give me that counsel, aid, and companionship so important in Madrid, where a stranger is more isolated than in any other capital of Europe.'"

except writing "Pickwick Stories." His dinner speeches, his answers to letters, and the like, are generally very artificial and commonplace. In society he is quite natural enough, and careless enough too, to please any Dick Swiveller, and a good deal too much so, I confess, to please me.

NEW YORK, *March* 10, 1842.*. . . . I have been waiting for Mr. Irving to hear from Washington, to be able to make known to you precisely what my movements would be before embarking for Europe, but nothing definite comes from there, and I can delay no longer to mark out the course I propose to myself.¹ Mr. Irving wishes to go by England and France, and, as I do not, I shall take a little more time at home, and go direct to Spain. This will reduce the cost of getting there, and enable me to delay my departure longer than I could, if I were to start with him. I shall not be able to leave New York before the 24th of this month, as I must have the "Review" entirely off my hands first. Then I shall take a short trip to Washington, and be in Boston I hope by the first of April. I mean to spend a week with you at least, as I do not care to sail before the middle of April, even if Mr. I. should go on the 1st, and that is yet doubtful. I would prefer to remain until the end of the month.

* To Geo. Ticknor, Boston.

¹ The news of his confirmation had this morning, as the newspaper notice come, but they were waiting for instructions. Mr. Ticknor wrote to Mr. Davis did yesterday. It was, of course, not unexpected, though I was aware Cogswell's own notions were a little unsettled on the 9th, saying: "Your letter announcing Cogswell's confirmation came by the delay."

Mr. Astor is greatly distressed at my leaving him, thinking that for a public object as important as is that of the immediate execution of his library plan I should have been justified in declining the appointment, as I gave no previous pledge to accept. I told him I would give up the Secretaryship if he would engage to begin at once upon the library, and that unless he did so I should certainly accept it. All the reply I got to the proposition was, "Say what consideration will induce you to stay with me, and leave the question of the library to my future decision," to which I had but one answer to make, "None whatever." The matter, therefore, may be considered as settled, and I have not a reproach to fear from my own conscience that I have abandoned the object too soon. Nothing short of a miracle will induce him to undertake it during his life.

NEW YORK, *March 28*, 1842.* Do not cry out upon me for fickleness, when you read that I am not going to Spain. I have made the sacrifice of honors to honor. At the last moment Mr. Astor agreed to all that I asked of him: to go on immediately with the library, to guarantee to me the librarianship with a salary of \$2,500 a year, as soon as the building is finished, and, in the mean while \$2,000, while engaged upon the catalogue, or otherwise employed. If he flinches now I shall not have a reproach to cast upon myself, let what will happen.

Irving not only consents, but fully approves what I have done, but he is desirous not to have it known, until

* To Geo. Ticknor, Boston.

he has made all arrangements for my substitute, as he thinks he should be annoyed by applications for the place.¹

From this time forward nothing important occurred, to vary the monotony of Mr. Cogswell's life for six years. No advance was made toward the practical founding of the great library, and the months rolled by, — unbroken except by a trip to the East or South for a short recreation and a sight of familiar friends, — with less of active interest than any his previous life had shown.

The letters of these years, which he passed in ministering, with characteristic kindness and patience, to the constantly increasing needs of old Mr. Astor, contain little of general value. They are chiefly filled with matters of business and the chit-chat of New York society, into which he was received with a cordial welcome. Among its distinguished and cultivated members, and in the family of Mr. Astor, he found friends, who continued their kindness and attachment to him during the remainder of his life, and became his correspondents when he left New York.

¹ On the subject of this change of purpose we have two expressions from his friends: "I am sorry," writes afterward the eloquent Hugh S. Legaré, "Cogswell does not go with you, but this appointment of his successor makes all possible amends, especially as the motive of his remaining is, with a view both to the public and to himself, of so much importance." *Life of Irving*, vol. iii., p. 181. On the 13th of April, Mr. Ticknor wrote to Mr. Davis: "I agree with you he has decided rightly. Indeed, as you lawyers say, it does not lay in my mouth to speak otherwise, for, while his appointment was still doubtful, I advised him not to accept it if Mr. Astor would agree to exactly the conditions he has now offered — conditions which I regard as honorable alike to him and to Cogswell, and which make for Cogswell a place where he can be much more useful than he could be at Madrid."

NEW YORK, *May* 3, 1842.* Immediately after the 1st of April I began with him [Mr. Astor] about the building, when he got together architects, masons, contractors, etc., and, just as all seemed to be going on rightly, he got into one of his nervous fits, and, as yet, I have not been able to bring him back to the work again. Whatever may be the issue I shall have nothing to reproach myself with in relation to it. I have made a sacrifice of my own pleasure, comfort, and standing in life, to secure this object for the cause of good learning in our land, and in no case will its blood be upon my head.¹

I had some misgivings whether, in a pecuniary point of view, it was right for me to accept the Secretaryship of Legation, ... but the pecuniary consideration had no respect to myself. When I shall have rendered to every man who has placed confidence in me, his just dues, I shall take no thought for the morrow. Sufficient for my own wants, at all times, is what the day produces. I would like to reserve a little nook in those beautiful Northampton grounds for my declining years, if it should ever be permitted to me to rest from my labors here on earth, but I am so far from anxious on that account that I do not think of it once a year.

HELLGATE, *July* 25, 1843.† Nothing has done me so much good as the refreshing visit I made to you,

* To Mrs. Geo. Ticknor, Boston.

† To C. S. Daveis, Portland.

¹ Early in 1841 he wrote: "There is to have it said that I am a hanger on one thing which annoys me a good deal upon him from mercenary motives, which in my present relation to Mr. Astor, — is as false as it is malicious."

my dear brother. It has renewed me, not in heart only, but in bodily strength also, and could I but have extended it a few weeks, I should have been completely built up again. I left most reluctantly, but I knew that I was impatiently expected by Mr. Astor and, as it turned out, it was well that I came. His niece, who, with her husband, had been staying with him during my absence, was obliged to leave the morning of my return, and he would have been dreadfully nervous if I had not been with him.

Before I left my quiet retreat here, where I had every possible comfort for an invalid, I thought I might suffer a good deal on the journey, from privation of them, but in this I was most agreeably disappointed, finding in every resting place all that I could wish. I can give you no idea how happy it made me to be again surrounded by friends who love me, and to be constantly receiving the strongest proofs of their undiminished interest in me. I have never had a more gratifying visit to dear Portland friends.

I am leading a most idle life here amid these shades. Mr. Astor has now no one but myself to amuse him, and I am chiefly occupied with doing that. Every pleasant day we take a steamboat and while away some three or four hours in the inner or outer bay.

HELLGATE, *June 9, Sunday Evening* [1844].*
How is the public pulse in relation to Texas, in your quarter? I fear the prospect of aggrandizement to the nation is blinding all eyes to the iniquity of the meas-

* To C. S. Davis, Portland.

ure; for my own part, I am wholly and unqualifiedly opposed to it. Even should Mexico give her assent to-morrow, it is undeniably a violation both of the letter and the spirit of the Constitution, and will do more to accelerate disunion and consequent downfall of these United States, than any event which could happen to us.¹

HELLGATE, *May* 7, 1845.* I got back to New York just in time for our spring rustication, and being out of town I may not be able to do as much for you in the way of looking up Spanish books forthwith, as I could wish. I am more confined than usual just now, as Mr. Astor is particularly feeble and helpless. He thinks he can never get out again.

The application to me to go to Missouri has been renewed since my return from Boston, and I might have been tempted to go had Mr. A. been as well as common at this season. As I had a good reason for refusing, I am content to give up seeing the great West for the present.

My trip to Northampton and Boston quite built me up, and I shall be able to keep both in health and spirits for many months to come, by the aid of a little excursion in July.

HELLGATE, *July* 1, 1845.† Mr. Astor has been

* To Geo. Ticknor, Boston.

† To C. S. Daveis, Portland.

¹ In the early part of this year, 1844, *Conquest of Mexico*, which is mentioned Mr. Cogswell wrote an article for the in the *Life of Prescott*, with commendation. *Methodist Quarterly Review*, on Prescott's

so very ill since we removed to the country (May 2), that my whole time has been devoted to him. For several weeks I sat with him a greater part of every night, and of course was good for nothing the remainder of the time. I have, however, kept an eye on Wiley and Putnam's new importations, but have seen nothing of great interest to send for your Athenæum. Mr. Astor is now considerably better, and I am determined to look up something to make a parcel for you immediately after the 4th of July.

BALTIMORE, *February 24*, 1846.* Do not be alarmed when you see where I date from, and conclude that I am about to slope into Texas. The fact is, I found that our wise heads at Washington were in danger of getting us into a snarl, and so I started off, and ran down there to set them right. Just as I was upon the point of effecting this, the *Cambria* news came in and threw us all off the track. I doubt if the late grand move of Sir Robert Peel is going to do us much good, except in one respect.¹ It will effectually stop the war-cry here for a time, the substitute for which will be "down with the tariff," and it now seems to be generally settled that it must go. I talked some time with Mr. Calhoun on the subject, who was much more moderate and more reasonable than I had supposed. He regarded

* To Mrs. Geo. Ticknor, Boston.

¹ The news of this period was of Sir Robert Peel's change of policy with regard to the Corn Laws, and of the Queen's speech, containing a passage looking to an amicable settlement of the question of our Northwestern boundary. A debate, consequent on the arrival of these items of news, began in the U. S. Senate, on the 25th February, which resulted in the Oregon Treaty.

everything as secondary to the war question, and professed himself ready to make any sacrifice to settle that the right way.

Being solicited by several of my old pupils in Baltimore to make them a visit, I returned here on Saturday, and they are now cramming me, by way of preparation for the Lenten fast, which begins to-morrow. Begin when it will, I am ready for it. I have eaten canvasbacks and terrapins enough since I came here to keep me in good case through the forty days, however rigidly I may keep the fast. It is really a nice place, this Baltimore; they are a nice people, who live in nice houses, and have very nice things to eat; and then, too, it is more like Boston than any other city in the country, and that adds greatly to the charm.

ROUND HILL, *July 24*, 1846.* I have been in such a state of uncertainty the last fortnight as to the time of my departure from New York, I did not like to write, lest I might again be out in my announcements. Young Bristed, for whose return from the country I was obliged to wait, reached Hellgate on Wednesday, and in two hours I was off; but I had to make a *détour* as far as Northampton, to look after my concerns here, particularly as there are various projects on foot, in connection with Round Hill, in which my voice was to be heard.

Round Hill never looked more beautiful, and I feel quite tempted to come back to this enchanting spot. I

* To C. S. Davis, Portland.

am staying on the hill with Mr. Clark, and a single night here has quite revived me.¹

NEW YORK, *March* 29, 1848.* My dear Daveis, — Mr. Astor is no more. He breathed his last this morning at nine, without a struggle, and apparently without pain. For the last forty-eight hours he had been unable to speak, and we did not expect him to hold out so long. As you may well suppose, I am exceedingly occupied to-day, and can write no more until after the funeral, which is to be on Saturday. Then you will hear from me more particularly.

Yours ever most affectionately,

JOS. G. COGSWELL.

NEW YORK, *April* 4, 1848.* I am not disappointed as to myself. The old gentleman always led me to expect my whole reward for my devotedness to him, from my post in the library, and I want nothing else. This institution, I trust, will be managed more faithfully than public institutions generally are, and, so far as depends upon me, the trust shall be sacredly administered. . . . I have made no arrangements for

* To C. S. Daveis, Portland.

¹ He writes, October 19, to Mr. Ticknor: "Mrs. Ticknor will have told you about my sale of Round Hill. I am not quite certain that the purchaser will be able to fulfill his engagement. I think, however, he will make me the first payment of ten per cent, and put the buildings in repair. Afterward he may not do more than pay me a fair rent, for two or three years, but even that is far better than leaving them tenantless and unproductive." On the 15th of February, 1847, he says: "My Round Hill man is coming out brighter than I expected. . . . At any rate I am safe now . . . his improvements will more than compensate me for delaying the sale to some one else."

the future and cannot do it at present, as I have all the affairs of the household to settle.

NEW YORK, *May* 4, 1848.* It is rather suspicious to be always croaking about "so much to do," but, really, it is no pretext with me now. I have not had a leisure moment for the last month. I am up at five every morning, and work until I am fagged out at night. While the east wind was blowing it was as much as I could stagger under. With the balmy Southwester of this morning, I could bear ten times as much. We have not come to the library yet; the other concerns have been too pressing, and as the mayor of the city is a trustee *ex officio*, it was not thought expedient to call a meeting, until the mayor elect is sworn in. He is a loco, but a man of education and talent. It would be a fine time for buying books, if one could be in Europe now, I should not like to be away, however, if the building is begun, as it probably will be, this season. I am now busy in my old quarters, by day, the house being taken by Mr. W. B. A. for the use of the executors and the trustees of the Library. I sleep and eat at his house. They are all kindness there.

NEW YORK, *May* 23, 1848.* We had a meeting of the Library Trustees on Saturday, when I was duly constituted Superintendent, and clothed with all the powers thereto appertaining, committees were appointed to examine and report upon the site, plans, etc.

* To Geo. Ticknor, Boston.

We have another meeting June 1, which is close at hand, and it may be that I shall not be at liberty until July. We must wait until January for our incorporation, and until April next for the land to be free on which we are to build, in the mean while I shall be empowered to buy books, and do all preparatory things which can safely be done before we have a corporate character and a place for our books. . . . I am still very busy, though pleasantly so, as we have now taken up the business of the Library with great spirit. . . .

CHAPTER XXII.

1848, 1849. — Sixth Trip to Europe. — Purchase of Books for the Astor Library.

THE period of patient and uninspiring preparation was ended; the Preliminary Index was to be put to practical use, and soon to be outstripped. Under the exhilarating influence of hope and of the sympathetic action of Mr. W. B. Astor and the Trustees of the Library, Mr. Cogswell entered on the task of actually organizing the institution so munificently endowed by the elder Mr. Astor. For the subsequent fourteen years this absorbed all his great energy, and even to the end of his life was a constant source of interest and of unselfish exertion. Four visits to Europe and many journeys nearer home, he made in the service of the Library; and the work he accomplished in the Alphabetical Catalogue, in the Analytical Catalogue, in the organization of the Institution, and the arrangement of the books, even to the mechanical labor of placing them on the shelves, was surprising for a man who had already passed his prime. The scholars and men of culture of our country know what is due to him for it all; and the Trustees of the Astor Library have, more than once, placed on record their

appreciation of this, in some respects, the culminating work of his life.¹

NEW YORK, *October 23, 1848.** I am going to Europe for five or six months, and am to embark on the 15th of November. My object will be to buy the best and greatest number of books suitable for the nucleus of a great library. This will give me work enough to do, while the edifice is preparing, in making out the several catalogues, which I intend shall be on the most thorough plan possible. While abroad I shall look out for the best men to buy for us when we are in full blast, see how things are now done in the great libraries of Europe, look up plans for our building, in a word do all I can to enable me to start the Astor on the most prudent and judicious plan.² I am exceedingly happy that your views are so entirely in accordance with mine in relation to all these matters, it gives me great confidence in my own.

The Trustees pay my expenses and my salary as if at home. I shall take with me \$10,000 of my own, which I have accepted of Mr. W. B. Astor for this very purpose.

LONDON, *December 29, 1848.** It is really pleas-

* To Geo. Ticknor, Boston.

¹ See Appendixes D and E.

² It seems not inappropriate to quote here a passage from a foot-note in the *Life of Prescott*, where Mr. Cogswell is spoken of as "the well known head of the Astor Library, New York, to whose disinterestedness, enthusiasm, and knowl-

edge that important institution owes hardly less of its character and success, than it does to the elder Mr. Astor, whose munificence founded it, or to the younger Mr. Astor, who in the same spirit has sustained it and increased its resources."

ant now for an American to circulate among the English, the feeling towards us is so universally kind, and the terms in which they speak of us so flattering. I have not been able to adhere to my resolution to keep close, the civilities shown me have been such as I could not decline without rudeness. Mr. Hallam, Mr. Milman, and several others on whom I had no claim, have called on me and sent me invitations to which there could be no answer but an acceptance.

Your letter to Rogers,¹ which is the only letter of introduction that I have delivered in London, has called forth from him every conceivable kindness, although I did not deliver it until I had been here nearly a fortnight. He has since sent me four invitations to breakfast, one to tea, and ended at last by saying, "Come to me as often as you can, I invite you for any day you are not engaged." But at this season of the year it makes a terrible inroad upon the daylight hours to spend two or three of them at the breakfast table, delightful as he makes them, and I am compelled to forego a pleasure that I should prefer to any other if I had leisure to enjoy it. . . . I have devoted the greater part of the four weeks I have been in London to the inspection of books and catalogues, making acquaintance with booksellers, and attending book auctions, and am now prepared to deal with them as one of their craft. I go out as early as anybody is stirring in this place of clouds, fogs, and darkness, and reconnoitre the book-shops, collect catalogues, compare prices, and, when I come upon anything nice and at the same time

¹ Samuel Rogers, author of *Pleasures of Memory*, etc.

cheap, I buy it and order it to Rich's, where I have a grand deposit in a house adjoining his. In work of this kind I spend all the hours of demi-daylight, for as you know, at this season there is no entire sunlight in London. . . . I never spend less than twelve hours daily on my work. I have the entrée of the British Museum, whenever it is open, and an invitation, for the regular two months, to the Athenæum Club, but I have not, as yet, been able to avail myself of these privileges to any great extent.

A letter which Mr. Cogswell addressed about this time to the Editor of the "Literary World" (New York), and which was published in that paper,¹ is of such a character that some extracts from it seem suitable to be reprinted here.

LONDON, January 26, 1849.

MY DEAR SIR, — There is no place where time is more precious than in this large metropolis, and you must give me the credit of being very generous if I spare you a half hour for a little rambling talk about books. In truth I could talk about nothing else at present, for during the last two months not an idea has entered my head, that was not associated with them, and this you must understand in the *material* and not in the *spiritual* sense. I have had thousands and thousands of volumes on hand without finding time to read a single page of one, not even of Macaulay's eloquent history. If, therefore, you

¹ *Literary World*, edited by E. A. Duyckinck, vol. iv., No. 108, p. 169.

have none of the spirit of a bibliophile, stop here and throw this letter into the fire, it will prove as dull to you as a sermon. I reached London on the evening of the 27th of November, and since that time I have spent all the daylight hours of every day in book-hunting and book-buying, and all the evening hours in seeing what I had done and what I should do next. Many of the booksellers here have immense stocks, and one must labor very diligently and examine very carefully to know how to buy to the best advantage; it is a very easy thing to buy books by order, and then you will pay you scarcely know how much, but it is by no means easy to select for yourself and settle prices beforehand. I would not imply that the London booksellers do not deal fairly and openly; so far from it, I have found them uniformly upright and honorable; but then they all have more or less stock on hand in the old book department¹ which they are anxious to dispose of, on the best terms they can. Books in the trade, as you know, have a fixed price; but when they have passed into the other class, they are sold cheaper or dearer as they may happen to have cost the holder of them, and this makes a wide range in prices.

The sale of the Stowe Library during my stay in London has afforded me a fine opportunity for learning the booksellers' estimate of the value of books, particularly of the more important ones. These sales, as you doubtless know, are attended principally by booksellers, and it is rare that they allow a book to be sold for less than two thirds of its shop price, unless it is one that is

¹ Note by Mr. Cogswell: "One house more than half a million volumes, as well as I can judge by computing them."

wholly decried. It would surprise a person who has been accustomed to see the crowds which attend our common New York sales, to find how few are present at a London sale, even an important one like that of the Duke which is now going on. I have attended regularly, and never seen a company of more than sixty, generally about half that number, and everything is done so quietly here, there is some comfort in witnessing the execution. . . .

The Stowe Library has disappointed me; it is in no respect what I expected to find it: the books are neither carefully chosen nor are they in good condition. One would infer that it had had very little attention from any one of late, from the many broken and incomplete sets it contained; the serials particularly show this neglect; none of them are brought down to the present time, and in all, one or more volumes are missing. As a collection, its great feature was, that it had no distinctive character, not having been formed with reference to science, or history, or general literature, or any other department of learning, and still less as a well selected general library; nor was it rich in vellum or large paper copies, or in incunabula, or in any of the book collectors' common fancies; in a word, if we except English county history and topography, in which it was tolerably full, it was more like the unsold stock of a large bookseller from which the best books had been culled, than like the library of a noble duke, and most unlike the Althorp Library, of which I shall take occasion to say a few words before I close. Having said much in disparagement of the Buckingham Library, I must make some amends

and confess that it did contain a few precious treasures, and am happy to add that some of the best of them are following the course of Empire westward. New York or Providence gets the Harriot's "Virginia," which sold for sixty-three pounds sterling, thus far the highest priced single volume of the collection — the "De Bry," which is in fine condition and fetched eighty-one pounds, and the "Epistola Christofori Colom," the mighty quarto of three leaves, and liber rarissimus, which sold for fifteen pounds and five shillings, have also the same destination. The Astor Library gets the princeps "Homer," which sold for twenty-nine pounds, a less sum than any copy has been known to fetch for a long while. On getting possession of it, I could not but call to mind Petrarch's eloquent apostrophe to the "illustrious bard," as reported by Gibbon, when the Byzantine Ambassador presented him with a manuscript copy; and something of the same veneration which he there confesses, induced me to deviate from my rule and buy a book at a great price, because it is a first edition. There are but two other first editions which I am very anxious to have for the Astor Library: one is the "Mazarin Bible," which I despair of obtaining, the other "Shakspeare," which I am resolved to have.¹ As books, these are my three objects of veneration, and I mean to speak of the Bible with all reverence, when I connect it with anything human, as a book merely, and not as the volume of inspiration. To return to the Stowe Library; besides the treasures above specified, it had many beautiful volumes of prints, proof

¹ He did obtain the First Folio, being 1632. See Catalogue, or Alphabetical the first collected Edition, London, 1623, Index of Astor Library, 1861. and the Second Impression of the same,

impressions; a "Caxton" or two, several "Wynkyn de Wordes," fine large paper copies of the early English monkish historians and the old chroniclers, and divers richly bound books in old French red morocco, which sold high for their coats alone, of all of which you will have specimens in New York, as many were bought to be sent there. In my selections, I am governed more by intrinsic value than by the accident of rarity, believing that the Astor Library should be a learned and a useful one, rather than a mere museum of curiosities, and in so doing I am acting in conformity with my instructions from the Trustees. I am happy to state to you that the Library is now growing rapidly. We already number on our catalogue above ten thousand volumes; among them many costly works, of which few or no copies as yet are found in our libraries, — such as Lord Kingsborough's "Mexican Antiquities," now complete in nine folio volumes, with many hundred beautifully colored plates; Sylvester's great work, the "Paleographie Universelle," in four atlas folios, containing three hundred "Facsimiles d'Écritures de tous les peuples de tous les temps," illuminated from the missals and other ancient documents; Sibthorp's "Flora Græca," in ten volumes folio, with one thousand richly colored plates; Lambert's "Genus Pinus," Rosellini's "Monumenti del Egitto," and most of the recent important publications on Ethnology, Paleontology, and the other scientific subjects, which are now exciting the deepest interest. Works on Architecture and the Arts generally form another class, from which large selections are made; in fact I think I may say that no one department of learning has

been overlooked in laying the foundation for a library, which, I trust, will one day have all its chasms completely filled up.

I have already referred to the Althorp Library, and as I have recently made a visit to it, you may like to have some account of it from me, however familiar you may be with the "*Bibliotheca Spenceriana*" and "*Ædes Althorpianæ*" of Dibdin. Althorp, as you doubtless know, is one of Lord Spencer's country residences, about five miles from Northampton, and seventy-two from London, or as distances are now marked, it is three hours from the metropolis by rail, with three-quarters of an hour more for the five mile footing. The country between Northampton and Althorp is not particularly striking, but it was certainly pleasant to enjoy an old fashioned drive, sitting in an open carriage drawn by horses, with an opportunity of seeing things by the roadside, and not have them flit past you like spectres; it was pleasant, too, to look upon the green fields, as green as ours in June, and see the men at work ploughing the long furrows as cheerily as if spring were back again. It was most refreshing also to breathe the fresh air of the country, after being cooped up two months in the smoky atmosphere of London. But I must on to the park; it is very spacious and grand, adorned here and there with a fine old far-stretching oak or a stately elm, varied with clumps of evergreens or smaller trees; the drive through it to the house is half a mile or more, winding amid a lawn as clean as a parlor carpet. The house has nothing imposing in its external aspect, and is in no particular style of architecture; but in passing

its threshold, one feels that he is standing on holy ground, and would almost instinctively put off his shoes from his feet. I read Dibdin in my young days, and from him learnt to regard the Spencer Library with nearly the same veneration I entertain for the Vatican, and the feeling came back upon me in its full strength, when I found myself within it. Knowing that I had allotted but one day to the inspection of the library, Mr. Appleyard the librarian, who was all courtesy and kindness, proposed to begin our work at once. The library is distributed through various rooms in the house, eight altogether I think, several of which are very large; the first in order is the room of the Incunabula, which is devoted entirely to editions of the fifteenth century, and works inseparable from them. This room is larger than a common sized parlor in New York, and is completely full. And here, indeed, are the things which the prophets and kings of literature might well desire to see, some of which can be seen in no other library in the world.¹

I would like to say a few words about things in England generally. I would like to have it known at home, that every possible disposition has been shown here to facilitate the great object of my visit—everything I have asked for has been granted me without hesitation; many gentlemen on whom I had not the slightest claims have bestowed upon me hours and hours of their time, in helping me to form catalogues of books in the special

¹ Here follows a minute account of information it conveys is either possessed the treasures of the Althorp Library, by, or accessible to all who would be which does not belong to the personal interested in it. narrative of Mr. Cogswell's life, and the

department of science to which they were devoted, or in examining buildings which had some improvement important to be known; in these and in various other ways has a spirit of uniform kindness been manifested towards America, — for I regard none of this as personal to myself, it is to me as the representative of a great Institution of our country. You know how men of science are sparing of their time, and it may surprise you to hear, that in several instances, after an accidental introduction at a party to some célébrité, I have inquired of him what were the great books in his department, and had for answer, "Come and breakfast with me the first day you are at leisure, and we will talk over the whole matter," this has repeatedly given me three or four hours of the valuable time of the inviter. If it were not wrong to publish anything of another, even praise, without his knowledge and consent, I would name several individuals who have done this. I have now been two months in London, and not an illnatured or discourteous word has been addressed to me by either high or low.

J. G. C.

PARIS, *February 22, 1849.** Here I am at last, my dear T. I arrived on Monday morning at six, from Brussels, where I spent three days, having left London on Thursday afternoon. I went to Brussels mainly to get a book for Prescott, which I could not get through the booksellers. . . . Paris seems to me triste, I hardly know why, but there is evidently no gayety left in the hearts of the Parisians. But, really, I have been too

* To G. Ticknor.

busy to form any judgment about these things. . . . There is a strange contrast to me between Paris and London. In the latter everything went well, during my three months' residence there, not a single thing occurred to put me out of humor, and here it is just the reverse. I feel like the man in the story who hated the French because they wear wooden shoes.

NEW YORK, *June* 28, 1849.* . . . I have unpacked, ticked off, and arranged all our books yet arrived, and there are not more than ten boxes behind. We have now passed one hundred. They mostly come out in fine condition, and are the admiration of all beholders, these being chiefly myself and one Mr. Patrick Gafney who has become an exceedingly bookish man. It has been hard work, but it will be a good deal done in anticipation. As to my trip to Boston I cannot fix the time quite yet. Our library plan is not definitively fixed upon, and will not be until after the 4th of July.¹

* To G. Ticknor, Boston.

¹ A private house in Bond Street was used for storing the books. Mr. Cogswell attended to all the details of contracts, specifications, etc., for the Library, and wrote at the end of the summer: "I have left the city but twice during the season, once to Mrs. Astor's place for two nights, and once to Rockaway for one. I measure exactly seven inches less in girth than when I arrived from Europe; my London coats hang on me like meal-bags."

CHAPTER XXIII.

1850-1853. — Seventh Trip to Europe. — Rome, Stockholm, and Copenhagen. — Eighth Trip to Europe.

NEW YORK, *August* 16, 1850.* I am really waspish this morning and I avow it, being enough of a Romanist to find some relief in confession from the upbraidings of a guilty conscience. I made my arrangements to set out for the Cliffs¹ this very day, and expected at this time to be well on my way thitherward, but the wet weather of the week has annihilated all my fine fancies. At any rate, I am to make you a visit before I start for Europe; and as the arrangement now is, I shall have abundant time for it. The Trustees did not make a quorum at the last regular meeting, July 31, but the matter was talked over by the members present, and an unanimous opinion expressed that I must go, and equally unanimous that I must not stay over four, or at most five months. I have made up my mind, therefore, not to start before New Year's.

Every day is important to me in ascertaining the wants of the country as to books for a public library, and I see, enough has been gained, already, by delaying my

* To Mrs. Geo. Ticknor.

¹ At Manchester, Mass., where Mr. and Mrs. Ticknor were passing the summer.

visit abroad, in relation to the work I have in hand, to rejoice that the delay was made necessary by the extension of the time for erecting the library edifice.

I have not lost an hour, since I came from Europe, to the library and its interests. . . . Books, books, books, everlastingly books, I am sure you will exclaim. . . . Do you know I have not been below Bond Street but once since the 1st day of July, and that was to call on Sir H. Bulwer with Mr. Astor. Is not that oyster life enough for any one?

LONDON, *March* 28, 1851.* . . . All London will have to escape to the house-tops soon, or be drowned, if the rain does not stop at once. Such a wet time was never known, says the oldest inhabitant, since the days of Noe the righteous man; and I can confirm the assertion, as far as my experience goes. It is now my seventeenth day here, every one of which has been a rainy one. . . . I attended the meeting of the Royal Society last evening, when a paper on this subject, from Professor Airy, was read. . . .

I have spent all my time in book-hunting, consequently have not much to tell you of anything else. . . . I have seen poor, dear old Mr. Rogers. He cannot stand upon his feet, but sits at the table in a big chair; and by the aid of a sort of pulpit shelf, raised nearly to his chin, he contrives to get his food to his mouth. All you see of him is his pallid face, if possible more pallid than ever, but his mind was never brighter nor his conversation more pleasant, instructive, and oracular. . . . He

* To Mrs. Geo. Ticknor, Boston.

does not see as many persons at a time as he used to do, but continues his breakfasts with a company of three or four.

At Madame Bunsen's soirée on Friday evening I met a great number of your old friends, among them Dr. Whewell, who made very particular inquiries after you. The soirée was a crowded, but far from being a brilliant one, in point of beauty I mean. If we could but send to this World's Exhibition well chosen specimens of our American beauties, I am sure we should get the prize against all the world.

PARIS, *April 22*, 1851.* I have been here just a fortnight, and am to be off for Italy to-morrow morning. I am surprised to find how scarce books are; whether it is that after forming a collection of 30,000 volumes, the difficulty of collecting increases, or that it is in reality, as the booksellers, both in London and here, all say, the good books have gone to America; or whatever else may be the reason, the fact is books, such books, I mean, as are desirable for a library are both scarce and dear.

AMSTERDAM, *June 3*, 1851.† I have just come from the land of confessions, and cannot help making two to you, at the beginning of my letter. I was eight days in Rome, and did not go to see the Transfiguration, and one night in Lucca without a sight of the Fra Bartolomeos. Now if this stamps me as too great a vandal for you to tolerate, throw the letter into the fire, and deny

* To Geo. Ticknor, Boston.

† To Mrs. Geo. Ticknor, Boston.

that you ever knew the wretch. But, as you may possibly read farther, I will just observe that I did not go to Italy to look at your Raffaele's, Correggio's, and stuff, but just to buy books, and that was enough. And just by way of showing you what can be done in six weeks, my dear lady, I will trace out for your edification my *carte de route* from Paris to this place, and what was done by the way.

Wednesday, 23d, off from Paris at half-past 8, A. M. — Railed to Tonnèrre; passed by Fontainebleau, and did not go to see Mrs. Burns, and tonnèrred enough because I couldn't go; diligenced from Tonnèrre to Chalons-sur-Saone, and tonnèrred again because I could not get to sleep the whole night long. . . . At Avignon learnt that there would be no steamer until Monday afternoon, which gave us time to see Orange, Pont du Garde, Nismes, Arles, etc., which I might have thought something of, if I had never seen the triumphal arches raised to General Jackson, the High Bridge, the Bowery Theatre, and the Boston Court House. . . . Spent the 30th in Genoa, and not finding any books, wasted my time among pictures and palaces; and as to their famous Stradas, Balbi, Nuova, and Nuovissima, they are not to be compared to Broadway in New York, or Purchase Street in Boston. At 6 P. M. steamed off again, glad to get away from an Italian city that had no booksellers, and was filled with fleas, fiddlers, and filagree work. . . . When I could do no more in my line [in Florence], having a leisure hour or two, I looked in at the Pitti Gallery, and at Powers' Studio. At the latter I saw nothing very wonderful. His statuary has the finish *ad un-*

guem in a very extraordinary degree, otherwise it does not seem to me great; he is now at work upon a figure, emblematic, as he says, of California; I should never have divined what it was intended for, and that is not saying much to his discredit, for whoever did find out what the Genius of any river, state, country, mountain, or city was, without being told. Afterwards I went to Greenough's studio to see his group for Washington, and really I think it is grand, far, very far superior to any piece of American sculpture I have seen, — better conceived, more of action and life, and more artistic in execution.

The residue of us ¹ reached Rome in safety on the 9th, just in time for a sunset view from the Pincian Hill. St. Peter's and St. Angelo still rose on the view as majestically as ever, but there were few or none of those towering pines which marked the site of the Villa Doria Pamfili, and, turning round the terrace, I found they had also disappeared from the Villa Borghese. They were too towering, too aristocratic for republican Rome, they had fallen as foes to liberty. For the first time of my several visits to Rome, I wanted to get out of it. I could not bear to see it in the possession of a foreign soldiery, or to think that, but for that foreign soldiery, it was liable, at any moment, to be more terribly devastated than it ever was by the Goth.

In forty days we have gone nearly 3,000 miles, having stopt twenty-four days in different places. Don't say we are lazy travellers.

¹ Mr. W. Astor, Jr., accompanied Mr. Cogswell on this tour.

HAMBURG, *August 5, 1851.** My dear T.,— Thank God I've got safe out of Scandinavia. Not that I did not have a delightful visit and a kind reception there; but then it was so cold, and the aspect of everything is so cheerless, it quite deprived me of the power of enjoying anything. Both Frank¹ and his wife were unwearied in their efforts to make my visit to them comfortable and agreeable, and I was quite ashamed of myself that I could not be more sensible to their kindness. I was highly gratified, as you will readily imagine, to find Schroeder maintaining the highest character both with the Swedish government and with his brother diplomats, as well officially as personally. It was gratifying to my feelings as a friend of Schroeder's and to my pride as an American; for it was manifest he was universally respected. I found there another old acquaintance, Mr. Gevers, the Dutch Minister, whom I had known intimately in New York, and through him and Frank I soon made the acquaintance of the whole diplomatic corps.

When I left Hamburg on the 1st of July, I thought I might get as far as St. Petersburg, but, finding the season so cold and the effect upon me so unfavorable, I concluded to give it up, and was not sorry to have a good reason for so doing. It is not a very great place for books, and, except that the duplicates of the Imperial library are now selling, I could have done but little in my line. . . .

* To G. Ticknor.

¹ Francis Schroeder, Esq., then Minister from the United States to Sweden, once a pupil at Round Hill, and later Mr. Cogswell's successor as Superintendent of the Astor Library.

It would be worth all that it costs, both of time, money, and comfort, to get to Copenhagen, to see the Thorwaldsen Museum, even if that alone were worth seeing there. It has given me a new idea of his genius as a sculptor. Certainly none since Michael Angelo, is to be compared with him. And what a glorious monument it is for one to have; to be placed in the centre of the edifice, in which are collected the labors of one's life, and those works all within sight, it may be said, of the marble which covers the mortal remains of the artist's body. Taken altogether, it is without a parallel, and Copenhagen may well boast of having honored its greatest genius beyond, and more appropriately than any one was ever honored before elsewhere. . . .

NEW YORK, *January 7, 1852.** I have not replied by letter to your kind invite, because I hoped I might be able to reply in person. Now that I have cleared away the accumulated piles of my ten months' absence,¹ I begin to understand a little better when I can take a few days' recess. My accounts are first to be made up and examined, and a report prepared for the Assembly, which must be made in all January, and until that is done I shall be tied here. Early in February you may count upon seeing me.

. . . . For the Library I have collected more than 25,000 volumes, but precisely how many more I cannot say, as the binders often reduce two volumes to one. The cost is about \$30,000, and in the collection there

* To G. Ticknor.

¹ He had returned home in November, 1851.

are many works costing from £20 to £100. I am afraid you will think I do more for science than for literature, and this I must do in amount of money expended, scientific works, particularly modern ones, are so very costly. But I have not been unmindful of the claims of literature, and never lost an opportunity of buying a good book in that department, when I could get it on fair terms.

NEW YORK, *November 17*, 1852.* At length the signal is up for sailing, my passage is engaged on the *Pacific*, on the 27th inst., and I shall have the satisfaction of knowing that I do not go without due preparation. I have put all things in such a condition that I can begin the transfer of our books to the new library in an hour after I return. . . .

If I could possibly squeeze out three days I would run on and see you for a few hours. The Trustees meeting, on Wednesday next, makes this impossible. I deliver over to them a complete list of every book in the Library, and those not on the printed Index exceed eight thousand written Titles, which, however, are short, as they will not long be of any use in that form. . . .

NEW YORK, *November 30*, [1852].† . . . After all I am not ready, and do not go to-day because I am not. Last evening at ten, I completed the work which has been a regular task, work for the last three months, that of a thorough revision of all our books, having taken

* To G. Ticknor, Boston.

† To Mrs. G. Ticknor.

every one down from the shelves with my own hands, compared them with our lists, entered them when not already entered, and then returned them to their places. As we have nearly, or perhaps quite 60,000 volumes, it was no small job. Thank God it is done, done faithfully, no shamming, and I am still alive. Had I anticipated the amount of labor, I should have shrunk from it.

. . . . I do not say when I shall go, but the moment I am entirely ready, I shall say "Good-by Library, — good-by Mr. and Mrs. Astor," jump into a carriage with my carpet bag, drive to the pier, and step into the first steamer, or packet I find on its way to England. And that is the way I like to do things without either fuss or feathers.

I have no time for expressing my sorrow.¹ If I had I would tell you how much I grieve at the loss of the greatest man our country has produced, and of the sad forebodings to its future peace which the loss of such a directing mind gives me.

LONDON, *December 28, 1852.** I really begin to be sick of the very sight of books. They cut me off from every other pleasure in life, — and then only tantalize me with their exteriors, without allowing me time to refresh my mind with their contents. When I go my rounds I always find, in every shop, a huge pile on the tables for me to select from, and it often happens, as it did in two instances to-day, that out of several

* To Mrs. G. Ticknor, Boston.

¹ At the death of Mr. Webster.

hundred volumes I do not find one, worth having, which I had not previously bought. . . . It is a very hard, dirty, disagreeable work, but I must go through with it, or confess that with age I have lost all energy.

. . . . On Sunday morning I went to Twickenham to pass the day and night. That part of the banks of the Thames is still as famous as it was in Pope's time. Tennyson's house is next on one side to the one in which I stayed; Van Arteveldt Taylor's on the other, and Turner, the artist, died in the one in the rear of it. The day was so mild that we strolled for hours along the river, and, for a wonder we were not driven home by the rain. . . . I have dined once or twice with companies of "representative men," such as Sir C. Wood, Bernal Osborne, Lord Mahon, and heard plenty of talk about the new coalition. The word is so odious to me that I got away from the table as soon as I could, and joined the ladies in the drawing-room, and there, oh horrors! they were discussing the merits of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." . . . I have seen Lady Lyell but not Sir Charles. They had everything delightful in their ship, and we had everything disagreeable in ours, and they arrived the next morning after us. So much for my first sacrifice to nationalism. . . .

NEW YORK, *March 26, 1853.** . . . You will see by the place from which I date, that I am once more safe on this side of the great pond. The passage home was every way comfortable and in all respects better than my outward one. . . .

* To G. Ticknor, Boston.

I might have taken a fortnight longer, had I known how things were here. The books are more than half moved over to the new building, and the rest may easily be got out in a week. . . . It was the hardest three months I have had since I began the work, but it has not brought me down a bit, on the contrary I am much better than I was when I left New York in November. My last visit in London was one of such incessant pressure I had no time to see a single friend. . . .

CHAPTER XXIV.

1854-1856. — Life and Labors in the Astor Library. — Occasional Trips to Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Boston.

NEW YORK, *January* 18, [1854.]* The Library has been open now about ten days, and harassing days they have been to me, — one unbroken string of questions from morning till night, requiring constant and wearying repetition of the same answers. At nine A. M. I take my stand inside the railing and there I remain as a fixture until half-past four. They all look wishfully at the books and ask "Can't we go into the alcoves and up to the second story," and when I answer "No" they break out into a railing accusation. But it's no use, I tell them "You can't do it." I know not what I should have done if I had not hit upon this plan of a close corporation. It would have crazed me to have seen a crowd ranging lawlessly among the books, and throwing everything into confusion.

NEW YORK, *February* 24, 1854.* Everything goes on very smoothly among the habitués of the library. The readers average from one to two hundred daily, and they read excellent books, except the young fry, who employ all the hours they are out of school in reading the

* To G. Ticknor.

trashy, as Scott, Cooper, Dickens, Punch, and the "Illustrated News." Even this is better than spinning street yarns, and as long as they continue perfectly orderly and quiet, as they now are, I shall not object to their amusing themselves with poor books. . . .

NEW YORK, *March 2, 1854.** . . . We are getting to be too crowded, especially after noon. There is nothing to be done by way of relief, but to raise the minimum age to seventeen, as I wanted it to be fixed at first. There is no use in having lots of boys here, reading translations of their Latin and Greek books, and novels. I never want to see a reader who does not come for a valuable purpose. . . .

NEW YORK, *November 28, 1854.*† . . . I begin to feel weary of one ceaseless round of work. I want leisure to see my friends, and convince them that my heart has not become callous to every kind affection. It is really disheartening to feel on waking every morning that one has not even a little quarter of an hour of unappropriated time. It is out of the question for me to be here and not give my whole time to the Library. Not that it is absolutely necessary, but it has so become my ruling passion that as long as I am in sight of the building I cannot rest without being in it and at work. . . .

NEW YORK, *April 11, 1855.*† . . . Yesterday I could scarcely lift my head from my pillow, and this bright, beautiful morning brings me back to life again. If you

* To Geo. Ticknor.

† To Mrs. Geo. Ticknor.

had heard Mr. Irving's commiserations, as he stood beside my couch in the little room of the Library, you would have concluded that I was never expected to rise from it, and if you were to see me as I am now you would say I must have been playing possum. When I last wrote you I was just starting off in pursuit of a milder sky and balmier breezes. On my way South I stopt for two days at Bordentown,¹ and there the rest, and the quiet and freedom from care wrought such a change that I should have turned about and gone back, but for Mr. Ingraham's great book-sale which allured me on to Philadelphia. It was a wonderful collection. Amidst a vast deal of rubbish, a few real gems were scattered here and there, and just enough of them to keep up the temptation. When I felt wearied with attending the sale, and was about to leave, I discovered something a page or two ahead, which I thought I must stop for, and so it was for three mortal long days.

It was idle to think of travelling for health after doing what I had done during the week, so on Saturday evening I packed up and returned to Bordentown, and on the following Monday to New York.

NEW YORK, *August* 15, 1855.* I have not acknowledged the receipt of your gift, it is just the thing I most wanted, my papers are constantly scattered for want of one, that is one more. As long as I live, dear Mrs. Burns, it shall never be removed from my writing table. Not that I need anything "to remind me of the

* To Mrs. Wm. Burns, Newport.

¹ Where Mrs. Adolphe Mailliard, — him always with the affection of a daughter — formerly Miss Annie Ward — received her.

week passed in Newport." When all other things shall have faded from my recollection that will still have lost none of its original brightness. You remember Dr. Franklin's assurance to Madam Turgot, about begging for an hour's delay if he were summoned to Paradise; in reference to Newport I would say a great deal more and with a great deal more truth; if I were received into Paradise, the remembrance of Newport would make me cry out with Kailyal, —

"Take me to earth, O gentle Deveta,
Take me again to earth."

. . . . To add one to your collection of autographs I send a note, on shabby paper, from the Princess Prossedi, née Charlotte Bonaparte, fille aînée de Lucien; it was written, as you will see by the date, many years ago, when I was younger than I am now, — then I had qualities to command friends, now that I am old, I know not how to be grateful enough to those who tolerate me. . . .

BALTIMORE, *October* 18, 1855.* The weather for the most part has been delightful, and but for the dying hues of Autumn it would be refreshing to be whirled along through field and wood, and catch a passing glance at the piled up harvest heaps, and like proofs of abundance and comfort to be seen everywhere by the roadside. I never could look upon the bright and varied colors of the autumnal foliage without feeling sad. Most people regard it, I know, as a joyous scene; but it is inseparable from the idea of decay and death, a mere hectic flush, that marks the work of the destroyer within.

* To Mrs. Geo. Ticknor.

I find a great many of my old Round Hill pupils here, who are disposed to be very kind to me, and would feast me day and night if I would allow them. Fortunately I have a good excuse for declining such civilities in the business which calls me here. Still, I find it pleasant to be remembered so kindly and so cordially, and could not be so ungracious as to refuse, if I could accept.

NEW YORK, *Thursday Morning*, 30th [November, 1855].* I am now very snugly domiciliated in the Library. The room up-stairs, where Annie Mailliard's portrait hangs, has been put in nice order for a sleeping room, and there I repose very quietly, with no one to disturb me or make me afraid. The library porter is far off in the basement, but I have a bell to rouse him in case of need. In the morning early he makes a fire in the room below, gets me a nice breakfast of tea and toast, which I enjoy in solitary grandeur, *en pantouffles*, wrapped up in my King of Oude *robe de chambre*. Mr. Astor won't let me live altogether in solitude. Under one pretext or another he invites me to dine with him almost every day; and while the weather remains as mild as it is now, I can't refuse. When it gets to be winter cold, I shall shut up altogether.

NEW YORK, *December 31*, 1855.† My dear T., now I'm not angry at your long silence. I know you would have written if all the ink in the house had not been frozen up, and your fingers too cold to hold a pen. You might, however, have telegraphed that you are all alive, and

* To Mrs. Geo. Ticknor.

† To Geo. Ticknor, Boston.

well too, I hope ; but perhaps the electric fluid at your end is a little chilled with the frost, and won't work.

I can't tell you in one letter what I have done and where I have been since I heard from you. In the first place, I went down South as far as Philadelphia, the first week in December, and spent several days there attending a book auction. . . . In the next place I went to ———'s wedding. . . . That was my last great exploit for the season. I have now gone into dignified retirement, and when it is cold do not go outside the library door for three or four days together.

We shall stop buying books now until after we have a catalogue. It is quite impossible to do both, it produces too much confusion, and it is a good reason for stopping that we are to have a new library edifice immediately.¹ I see by your last report that you are determined to shoot ahead of us.² God speed you. These strides all help the good cause.

NEW YORK, *January* 31, 1856.* . . . I trust I am not given to boasting, but I believe I may assert without subjecting myself to that imputation, that no library of equal extent and of as high character, was ever formed in so short a time as this has been, and none at a less cost for the labor expended in doing it. From first to last it has had full twice as many hours, daily, of my time as could reasonably have been required of me.³ . . .

* To Geo. Ticknor, Boston.

¹ The addition to the building made by Mr. W. B. Astor, doubling its size.

² Meaning the Boston Public Library.
³ He says, some weeks later : " I have

BOSTON, *May* 20, 1856.* . . . Here I have been since last Wednesday, the occupant of a spacious apartment which looks out upon the Boston Park, and overlooking the fine range of hills of the suburban villages to the southwest. In spite of east winds and cold rains, the trees and shrubs are budding and blossoming, and speaking eloquently to every lover of Nature in the animating language of returning life. This eloquence may not be as sublime as that of the heavens over our head, but it speaks even stronger hope and comfort to our decaying, perishing natures. Above, the eloquence is all of the Creator, that of reviving nature speaks to and of ourselves. There is something to me in spring which reaches beyond all thoughts of time, and makes eternity more a reality to me than all other vicissitudes of nature or displays of creative power. Excuse this homily. I cannot raise my eyes from the paper without turning them to one of those lovely pages in the great book of nature, that is too fascinating to turn away from.

ROKEBY,[†] *Sunday Morning*, 6th *July* [56].† . . . I have been at work wickedly hard since you were in New York . . . and yet my thoughts would wander from my books in spite of me, even the Astor Library could not confine them ; they would steal away off east, around, Point Judith, to a certain fairy spot upon a certain beau-

* To Mrs. Lewis Livingston, New York.

† To Mrs. Wm. Burns, Newport.

taken no exercise out of the Library, and rarely breathed the open air. When the day was clear, I have gone out for a few minutes at midday and always without an overcoat. So much for my theory of keeping warm and comfortable in doors, to enable one to resist cold out of doors."¹ Mr. W. B. Astor's place on the Hudson.

tiful island that you may have read or dreamt of. What senseless creatures we are to cling to our illusions even to the very verge of the grave. . . .

I came here on the third, and everything has been done by Mrs. and Mr. Astor to make my visit agreeable to me. . . . During the very hot days I found myself restored to the best days of my youth again. I could not work too much. . . . Every morning at four found me at my writing-table, and my labors never closed until midnight, in spite of my resolves to break off at eleven. If I had written to you then, you would have been charmed with the life and spirit of my epistle.

NEW YORK, *Sunday, October 19, 1856.** All my week days are so completely filled up with duties and toils that I have no time to muse over my loneliness and separation from all ties of kindred and affection on which human happiness depends; but when Sunday comes, such thoughts come over me and tell me how desolate is my situation, — like an old tree on the moor which winter has stript of its leaves, and left neither shoot nor shelter around it. . . . I have undertaken a work which I am exceedingly anxious to accomplish, if God spares my life a little longer. I have had to bear the reproach of undertaking and not completing various projects of some moment, and whether true or false it matters not, in so far as my character for perseverance is concerned; and now I am resolved that the last act of my life shall give the lie to the charge of fickleness of purpose. I will die in the trench rather than give up.

* To Mrs. Wm. Burns, Newport.

. . . . My consolation is that one single principle has governed me from first to last, — a faithful performance of my duty to the extent of my power. A few years more and I will deliver this institution into the hands of my successor in a better condition than any library of equal extent was ever before brought in ten times the period. You, with many others, believe that I was sent into the world for nothing higher than to be a librarian, which is, in some respects, a mistake. It is in my nature to do with all my might whatever my hands find to do, and to love with all my heart the friends on whom my affections are fixed. . . .

NEW YORK, *November 9*, 1856.* . . . I would not be so stupid, dear Mrs. Burns, if I lived in the world of animated beings, instead of being immured with these dumb, and I am almost tempted to add another d — books, and dumb in the truest sense they are to me. The ancient fable of Tantalus is a feeble picture of suffering compared with what I have daily to endure, his was only physical, mine is all mental. My thirst for knowledge is as great as anybody's, and here I am, all the time up to my chin in a grand reservoir of all that human thought and genius has produced, without being able to drink in one drop of it. . . .

How such spirituelles women as yourself and Mrs. Livingston can bear with me either in conversation or correspondence I cannot comprehend. In the latter very few men have ever succeeded, in letters, I mean, intended only as an interchange of thought between friends when separated, of the same nature as conversa-

* To Mrs. Wm. Burns, Newport.

CHAPTER XXV.

1857-1860. — Extravagant Labors on Catalogue. — Visit to Portland for rest. — New Building added to the Astor Library by Mr. W. B. Astor. — Trip to Charleston. — Ninth Visit to Europe.

NEW YORK, *Sunday Morning, November 1, 1857.**
..... I write on Sunday, because it is the only day when I can stop to take breath. Every minute of every other day, from early morn to that of irresistible somnolency is consumed in one breathless race of labor. You may well wonder why it is so; perhaps I may clear up the matter to you a little. In the first place it is in my nature, and then existing circumstances increase the natural disposition to press onward.

I began the Catalogue against my own judgment of the expediency of the measure. Now all agree that it was premature. Mr. Astor was the only one who had independence enough to speak out, he said it would be better to postpone it, — he knowing what he intended to do in the way of furnishing the means for increasing the library. When it was begun there was not a page in MS., we had no Catalogue but the slip one, and ever since, I have been at work, like the leader of a gang of mowers, sure to have my heels cut if I

* To Geo. Ticknor, Boston.

did not keep ahead. Now the work has been done in this way. I took the slip Catalogue, and examined it in the order of the alphabet, as expeditiously as I could, and finding at least three-quarters of the titles wrong in some respect, I had to correct or write over a good part of it, and never without the book before me, unless the title was as familiar to me as the first chapter of Genesis. The slips were then handed to a copyist who knows nothing whatever about books, and not a word of any language but English. . . . With the exception of the machine which undertakes to transcribe the MS. for the printer, not a hand has been put to the work except my own. The Library provides paper and pays the expense of printing, but until the manuscript goes into the printer's hands all the cost of it is my own. In justice to the Library I should say this is not demanded of me, it is my choice.¹ . . . We have so many books coming in every day, I have preferred to hold back, and extend the matter of the Catalogue by a full analysis of all collected works, rather than complete, in ever so great dispatch, a mere list of the old skeleton library.

NEW YORK, *December* 23, 1857.* . . . Now is it not sad that the closing years of a man's life should be doomed to a weary round of ceaseless drudgery, without a single one of those social enjoyments which warm

* To Mrs. Wm. Burns.

¹ He says, April 5, 1859: "All the proofs corrected and revised. In no work for the Catalogue is done by my- other way can I be sure of a tolerable self, the MS. prepared and copied, and degree of correctness."

the heart and gladden the countenance "when the evil days have come." And, then, too, to give occasion to friends to say, what's the use of caring for him, he does not give a line nor a thought to any of us. . . . And yet, dear Mrs. Burns, my heart has not grown cold. The moment I am away from this all-absorbing scene of duties, I find I love all whom I have before loved, just as ardently as ever, and then it is that I am happy. If my friends knew that, for months together, my daily task has been to toil through the day, and, on returning from dinner in the evening at seven, to find a roll of papers imperatively requiring from me six good hours of diligent labor before seven the next morning, they would believe that I may not be dead to all good affections, although I do not give them renewed proofs of cherishing them.

PORTLAND, *March 4*, 1858.* . . . It will be a matter of some surprise to you, no doubt, to find that I should have been landed in Portland when my destination was Charleston, S. C., but when you learn that I put myself into the hands of a physician, the first time for thirty years, you will readily understand how it has happened. . . . I am better, very much better, and I am willing to give Dr. Barker a full share of credit for my improvement, but I have no doubt the greatest is due to my being away from New York, and out of the atmosphere of the Library. Everything possible is done for me here, and my life is as regular and tranquil as it could be in any solitude. . . .

* To G. Ticknor, Boston.

NEW YORK, *July* 26, 1858.* I have been a fixture in the Library, since the day I returned from Boston until now, with the exception of three days about the 4th of July, and I do not expect to move very soon, unless I move across the Atlantic. Whenever the thermometer is above 80, and the wind in any quarter but the eastern, I forget that I am an old man and can do as much and move as quick as I did in my palmiest days. At other times I find life a burden. This day week we close for the four weeks of August, and as the workmen, on that day, break through the main wall, to form the communication between the buildings, which disturbs the entire arrangement of one of our alcoves and exposes all the rest, I shall not be able to leave until it is newly arranged and made secure.¹

NEW YORK, *November* 25, 1858.† We were all very much distressed, at the meeting of the Trustees of the Library yesterday, to see how very ill Mr. Irving looked, and how feeble he evidently was. . . . His kindness to me in October when I was so ill, and had no one around me but him, to sit by and comfort me, was so great and unremitted, that it has bound me to him by a new tie.²

* To Mrs. Geo. Ticknor.

† To Geo. Ticknor, Boston.

¹ A month later he says: "I have been able to keep myself comfortably warm by carrying armfuls of books up and down stairs. In consequence of the four wide passages recently opened between the libraries, it has been necessary to empty four alcoves through which they are made and a deal of work it has caused me to produce new order again." A few weeks later, September 20, he published, in the *New York Evening Post*, an interesting letter on the condition and prospects of the Library.

² This must be the occasion alluded to by Mr. Irving's biographer, when he

ASTOR LIBRARY, *February 27, 1859.** You ask, dear Mrs. Burns, why I am not in Paris, enjoying its delights? There is but one reason why I am not. It is not the post where my duties place me, my work is not quite done yet. My great aim now is to complete my part of it in such a way as will leave no room for self-reproach, or give just occasion to others to say I wanted the resolution to go through with it. . . . The work I have performed has been wholly a work of love. It was one of my earliest aspirations to be instrumental in securing to the cause of sound learning, somewhere in the country, a library that would supply the wants of scholars. . . . I have not succeeded as fully as I could wish, but I have laid the foundation on which the complete edifice may be raised, and, however soon I may be called out of the world, I shall have the consoling reflection when I die, that I have not lived wholly in vain. . . .

NEW YORK, *June 13, 1859.*† I returned on Saturday morning from Lancaster and the banks of the Brandywine, where I passed Thursday and Friday very pleasantly. The beauty of nature and the fertility of the country surprised me greatly. I know not where or when I have seen such evidences of prosperity and thrift as the whole of that region presents. I have

* To Mrs. Wm. Burns.

† To Geo. Ticknor.

says: "Mr. Cogswell related to me the following anecdote. Mr. Irving called at his rooms in the Astor Library not many months since, and finding him sick and alarmingly ill, hurried off for his physician, Dr. Barker. One of his jokes, after Cogswell got well, was that in going for the doctor he thought he would just stop at the undertaker's on the way and order a coffin, and now he had the coffin on his hands." — *Life of W. Irving*, vol. iv., p. 289.

marked out my *carte de route* for Boston and Roxbury.

NEW YORK, *October 3, 1859.** August was a month of very severe labor for me. Every book in the Library changed its place, and consequently passed through my hands for rearrangement. Never in all my life have I worked so many hours of so many days continuously, without any respite except for meals and sleep, and always on my feet. I may add that never in all my life could I have stood it, as I have now done.

NEW YORK, *December 14, 1859.*† Mr. Irving's death did not take any of us by surprise, we had all seen that the vital spark was well nigh extinct, for some time past. His prayer was granted. He had dreaded the idea of becoming a burden to his friends, or living beyond the time when he could enjoy life. No one ever lived a more beautiful life, no one ever left less to regret in life, no one ever carried with him to his grave more universal affection, respect, and sorrow. The day of his funeral I spent wholly at Irvington, and, sad and sorrowful as it was, it was delightful to see a whole community of rural population exhibiting such strong proofs of respect and grief. I saw one or two of the old men, plain farmers, taking up handfuls of the earth which had lain upon his grave, and putting it into their big pockets. Every shop was shut for miles below and above Sunnyside, badges of mourning were hung out on almost all the buildings and many of the trees, in fact the

* To Geo. Ticknor.

† To Mrs. Geo. Ticknor.

banks of the Hudson seemed to be sending up one universal wail of woe. . . .

CHARLESTON, S. C., *March* 13, [1860.]* I have been luxuriating the last six days in this delightful Spring climate. . . . It was just sunrise when we landed and as I drove from the pier to Mr. King's house, every garden was festooned with the yellow jasmine, just coming into full blossom, and a more cheering welcome I did not want. . . . I have made several short excursions into the country and seen what they have most to boast of both in the way of wild nature and high cultivation. Mr. Drayton's place at Magnolia, which is about twelve miles from the city on the Ashley river, is unsurpassed in some respects by any floriculture I ever saw. His hedges are all composed of camellias, azaleas, rhododendrons, lagostroemias and flowering shrubs of the like beauty. One walk, of more than a quarter of a mile in circuit, is lined exclusively with camellias of every variety, generally above the height of our heads as we passed along, and nearly all, at this time, in full bloom. Another walk was lined with azaleas, in the same way, which were also in full bloom, and then came a variety of native flowering shrubs, as the wild olive and wild orange, so as to form, altogether, one of the most varied and most beautiful displays of floral charms that could be imagined. . . .

My residence in Carolina, short as it will be, gives me a fair opportunity of judging about the present state of feeling and the present action for their own security,

* To Mrs. Geo. Ticknor.

and preparation to live independent of us. I have neither heard nor seen anything of violence, but everywhere an expression of settled determination to be governed by their own sense of right, and to enjoy their rights. I have seen and conversed with almost every man of weight and prominence here, and have not heard a word that would have been offensive at a New England table. . . . I have improved every way by the trip.¹

NEW YORK, *May* 18, 1860.* . . . I have just been in to Mr. Astor's to say to him, that I shall go across the water to England at the end of June, — I am so fully satisfied that nothing short of it will bring me up again to working trim, and it is certainly somewhat doubtful if even that will. . . . If the Trustees do not approve the project, I shall still go, and give up, altogether, my connection with the Library, but as Mr. Astor and his son John both approve very decidedly, I do not apprehend any objection on the part of the others. I do not

* To Mrs. Geo. Ticknor.

¹ A note of this spring, to Mr. Ticknor, contains the only allusion that has been found to a famous ghost story, about which Mr. Cogswell was much joked, and about which inquiries are often made, as to whether he believed himself to have seen an apparition, or was making fun.

The story was that he had seen, at night, in the Astor Library, the ghost of a physician, recently dead, who had often been there in his lifetime. He writes thus: "I have only a moment to say that the ghosts have all flit away, and would never have been exposed to public

gaze, but for ——'s folly. The occurrence happened early in July last, and was told by me the next morning at the Oriental, where I board, and told as a curious illusion, and thought no more of, until I was asked about it at ——'s just before I went South." In conversation Mr. Cogswell explained it as an effect produced by the moonlight in one of the alcoves of the Library, which suggested the figure of the Doctor with a coat hanging over his arm. No doubt the incident lost none of its suggestion in the telling.

propose to be absent more than three months. My friend, Mrs. Lewis Livingston, first brought me to decide upon this. She has been in town for the last four weeks, and sees Dr. Barker every day, who is my physician. When she had his opinion, strongly expressed that this was absolutely necessary to bring me up once more, she wrote me a note urging me to embark the next day, and this is the compromise I have made in regard to it. . . .

PARIS, *July* 30, 1860.* After visiting Cork, the lakes of Killarney and Dublin, I left Ireland for London, arriving there Wednesday evening July 11th, and remained until Friday the 27th, when I started for Paris and arrived here the afternoon of the same day at six. I was not allowed to go to a hotel in either London or Paris, but found friends in both places awaiting my arrival at the station, who insisted on my making my temporary home with them. . . . Kindness everywhere, even among friends where it may be looked for, is a cordial for the heart, and when it is bestowed where we have no right to expect it, it is doubly so. I am sure, dear Mary,¹ it will gratify you to know that thus far almost as much has been done for my comfort, as could have been done even by your affectionate attentions. Here, I am living under the hospitable roof of my friend M. Bossange who has placed three of his rooms at my disposal, and given orders to his servants to do everything possible for

* To Mrs. D. G. Haskins.

¹ Mary Cogswell Davis (in an earlier page of this work misnamed Mary Gilman), the wife of Rev. David Greene Haskins.

my comfort. His business calls him to his office every day, and I am left in possession of the whole house, Madame Bossange being at her summer residence in the country. The bad weather has prevented my going about the city to any considerable extent, still I have seen enough to be convinced, that improvements, almost marvellous, have been made in every part of it. . . .

My principal object is health and recreation. Book buying is not lost sight of, though secondary, but books, especially early printed ones, have become so excessively dear, I do not like to buy many. . . .

Give my love to Mr. Haskins and the children all, and tell David I do not forget the coins for him. Please to communicate my despatches to Portland friends, to all of whom I send most affectionate greetings.

VIENNA, *August 22, 1860.** When you see where I write from and the day on which I write, and learn that on this day week I left Paris, and in the interim have spent three entire days in Hamburg, the same number in Berlin, having arrived here last evening at seven and a half, you will not have any doubt either of the speed of the European railway trains or of my diligence. You will readily infer, from my rapid movement, that I have not much time for sight-seeing, and in fact I do not need much for such purposes, as I have been over all the ground before. The most interesting thing to me in Berlin was the house in which Humboldt died, where all things, except his library, are to remain as he left them for a few weeks more, and are then to be scat-

* To C. S. Davis, Portland.

tered to the four winds, by the hammer of the auctioneer. I spent an hour in examining them with great interest, and when at last I came to the bed on which he died, and took in hand the plaster cast of his face that was taken of him after death, marked with the deep furrows of age, sunken cheeks and toothless jaws, I felt more deeply than I ever did before the utter nothingness of human greatness. . . .

When you asked me where I intended to go during my tour, I was obliged to say I did not know, and so it has proved from the moment I landed in Ireland until now. I had not made up my mind to stop at Queens-town, more than an hour before we arrived off the port and I am here just as a boat adrift is floated by some eddy into an accidental harbor. . . . Everything has favored me thus far during my tour, except the weather, and that has been very bad all the time. . . . I have not been ill for a single hour, and although I took no letters of introduction, I have everywhere found so many old acquaintances, that I had no occasion of making new ones. Courtesies and kindness have been shown me, wherever I had time to receive them, and the facilities of travelling are so great that I have had nothing to fret or fatigue me. . . .

LONDON, *six o'clock, Saturday Evening, September 8,*
[1860.]* . . . My dear Mary, — One line will tell you all that I need write now. I have made my long tour on the continent and returned in good health, for which I am very grateful to God ; and now I am preparing for

* To Mrs. Haskins.

my return to America. You will hardly have read this short note, before you will have heard of the arrival of the steamer, in which I am to embark next Wednesday. . . . With my best love to Mr. Haskins and the children all, ever most truly,

Your affectionate uncle,
JOSEPH G. COGSWELL.

CHAPTER XXVI.

1861-1864. — Resigns the Office of Superintendent of the Astor Library. — Undertakes the Preparation of a Supplementary Volume of Astor Library Catalogue. — Builds a House in Cambridge, Mass., and removes there with Mr. and Mrs. Haskins, in May, 1864. — Visits to Friends. — In New York during the Riots in July, 1863. — Round Hill Celebration, December, 1864.

NEW YORK, *April* 29, 1861.* The humiliating condition to which Southern insolence and ruffianism have reduced us has preyed upon me greatly. I never wished to be young again until now, and, old as I am, I would have volunteered with any adequate number to go down and force a way through Baltimore, by laying it in ruins, if it could have been done in no other way. It was no disgrace to have the lawful authority of the country fallen upon by a mob, for that might happen under the strongest government. It is an indelible one to have allowed the mob to keep up the obstruction for days, between every part of the country and the capital of it. If it is not soon wiped out I shall be ashamed to own that I am an American.

The course which has been pursued by the South has changed all my feelings towards them. If they had taken the ground, that they had a right to secede if such

* To Geo. Ticknor, Boston.

was the clear and express will of the people, and maintained the right like honest men, I, for one, would have said, "Go, you shall have what fairly belongs to you" — but to buccaneers I would give no answer except from the mouth of the cannon.¹

Out of all this evil great good will come. The Northern States will be more united, the principle of unlicensed democracy will be checked, our vainglorious boasting will be silenced, and the practical acknowledgment that Cotton is King will no more be heard. I firmly believe that the substantial and permanent prosperity of the North was secured by the first gun that was fired at Fort Sumpter, and the rapid decline of the South will date from the same event. I rejoice to find that Massachusetts has come up so nobly to the rescue.

NEW YORK, *November 23, 1861.** . . . My health generally has very much improved within the last month, but my spine still troubles me at times exceedingly. . . . I

* To Geo. Ticknor, Boston.

¹ In connection with this strong expression of feeling, it is pleasant to be allowed to present the testimony of a lady whose relations with different parts of the country, as well as her high standing in society, and refined estimate of the demands of good breeding, entitle her words to be accepted and highly valued. In a note written after Mr. Cogswell's death, Mrs. Gilpin of Philadelphia speaks of "His information on all subjects, of conversation so correct and extended, and his manners so mild and unobtrusive, with great delicacy of feeling for others. This," she goes on to

say, "I particularly observed during the war, as he was often my guest during that unfortunate period, when, from the peculiarity of my own position, Southern ladies and gentlemen were often with us. No word ever escaped his lips to wound the feelings of any, and at the same time he was known to be firm in his own opinion. He avoided argument or heated discussion on the merits of the war question, and gave to all around him a beautiful example of forbearance, with the most kindly feeling for those whom I knew he thought in the wrong."

cannot perform the duties of my office to my own satisfaction, and, as I cannot, I think it my duty to resign. The Trustees are not willing to accept my resignation, and would gladly give me a furlough, for any time I might judge necessary. I do not deem this the right way of proceeding for a public institution, if I were of an age when I might still render some service to it, my scruples would be less. As to being placed on the retired list with pay, it is out of the question, they have no power to do it, and I have no wish to have it done. What I have, will be enough for my wants during the short period of life which remains to me. I have still a good deal of work to finish off, before I can withdraw entirely from the Library, which I shall do much more conveniently when my regular duties in it are laid aside. Now I have no time for work during the day, and my eyes do not allow me to do much by candlelight.

In a note of the 6th of December, 1861, Mr. Cogswell informed Mrs. Ticknor that he had resigned the office of Superintendent of the Astor Library, and his resignation had been accepted by the Trustees, adding that he had recommended the appointment of Mr. Francis Schroeder as his successor.¹ By this action he had, at the age of seventy-five, cut himself adrift from the ties and occupations which had been most absorbing and interesting to him for more than twenty years. His advanced age appeared to justify his course, and he began

¹ Former pupil at Round Hill, and Minister of the United States to Sweden in 1850.

to form plans for passing his last years in quiet among friends. Several schemes are alluded to in his notes ; some were proposed by loving friends, others suggested by his own fancy ; but within little more than two months after his resignation, he had taken the first steps towards the arrangement which he finally carried out, although he did not, until some time later, fix any definite period for its accomplishment, or enter on details. Mrs. Haskins, the niece of his wife and bearing her name, the daughter, also, of his life-long friend Daveis, was about to establish her home, with her husband and children, in Cambridge, Massachusetts. To her and her family he turned with a feeling born of old and tender associations, and of affection handed down from a previous generation. Before long preliminaries were agreed upon, but he did not make his purpose known to most of his friends till more than a year later.

Mr. Cogswell finally built, at his own cost, a house in a cheerful and central situation in Cambridge, near the Colleges, with open space before and around it, reserving a suite of three rooms on the ground floor for himself. Mr. Haskins' family occupied the rest of the house, and for the remaining years of his life Mr. Cogswell received from them the most affectionate attention and service, all the care, indeed, which he would accept. He took as much or as little part in their family life as he pleased, often maintaining his independent habits in a way which could only be accounted for, by the history of the many years of solitary experience that had wrought their effect upon his character, — but always sure to find the tenderness of a home around him, when he turned to

seek it. At his death the house became, by his will, the property of Mrs. Haskins.

NEW YORK, *December 2*, 1862.* Dear Annie, — Your note of the 26th November, which I found at Uncle John's last night, went right to my heart, it was so kind, so affectionate, and such an exact response to the feelings which I cherish for you all, it really made me forget that I was left in the world the loneliest of the lonely. Ever since I gave up the charge of the Library I have been in doubt where I should spend the remainder of my days on earth. My project of a trip to California, and thence round the world, did not bear the test of reflection and sober examination, my health was too changing and my strength at times too feeble to risk the trials to which I should be exposed; our relations with Europe were too uncertain to allow me to be at ease, in any one of the countries I could have selected for my residence on that side the Atlantic. In this state of indecision month after month glided away, and at last the Trustees of the Astor Library came out with a proposal to me, to prepare an additional volume of catalogue, and being weary of idleness I have agreed to do it, taking my own time for it.¹ This will be a winter's job, but it

* To Mrs. Mailliard, Bordentown, N. J.

¹ On the 12th of May, he says: "Mr. Astor has signified that he is going to make another donation to the Library, subject to an annuity to be paid to me of \$300, being the interest, at six per cent., on the cost of the bibliographical collection, which was made at my cost. I think I had a fair claim for this, and gave the Trustees to understand as much." November 8, he writes: "The Trustees at their meeting on Wednesday, voted that an additional volume of the Catalogue be prepared, to contain the titles of books which have come to the Library since the publication of the present one, and a *raisonné* of the whole, and that I should be requested to prepare it, on terms to be agreed upon."

as wild and beautiful, if not as sublime, as that of Switzerland, and around mountains and lakes, and by the side of rivers that want nothing of the charms of Ben Lomond, or Lemane, or the Rhine, but their associations; and by your presence would have a charm that all of classic song and story could not impart. If you will not let me make this excursion with you I shall hardly be able to see you for the summer. . . .

I was greatly pleased to have your approval of my plan about Cambridge. To myself it was comforting, as it enabled me to say I had given up loafing. It would be most ungrateful in me to say that I have not many other friends, upon whom I could billet myself occasionally, without their complaining, but the "glorious privilege of being independent" is essential to the enjoyment of the hospitality of friends, however dear. . . .

NEW YORK, *June 24*, 1863.* . . . My whereabouts is here in New York, and here it has been since May 28, the day of my return from Bordentown. In this interim I have been a fixture in the Astor Library, rarely moving farther from it than to cross the street to meals. . . . And now as to my plans for the rest of the summer — I have none beyond a few of the early days in July. When Mrs. Astor went to the country she left a very cordial note of invitation for me to make her a visit when I should find it convenient, leaving it to me to fix the time. As I have usually made her a visit about the 4th of July, I proposed to do the same this year, and it is now fixed for that time. But I feel, dear Mrs. Ticknor,

* To Mrs. Geo. Ticknor, Newport.

that I am no longer fit to be among people, anywhere. It is very distressing to be obliged to ask persons to repeat their conversation addressed to you, or, what is worse, to show that you do not heed what they say. I prefer to be really alone, to being alone in the midst of society. In solitude one may preserve cheerfulness, but the vacant stare which marks the countenance of a deaf person, when trying to listen to conversation, is next akin to idiocy. It is this which makes me shy of going anywhere but among intimate friends, who know how to pitch their voices to the right key for my surdity, and, not liking to give trouble, I shall have to renounce society altogether, and live the life of a recluse for the rest of my days.

NEW YORK, *July* 15, 1863.* Since Monday our city has been besieged by an enemy vastly more to be dreaded than the rebels, and now I write in the uncertainty of being able to transmit my note to you. For the moment the rioters are silenced, but it is certain that the riot is not ended. . . . We understood yesterday that Governor Morgan's house was to be sacked and fired last night, and as it is directly opposite the Library, we naturally feared for its safety. It has no protection against violence, and nothing but iron shutters to protect it against conflagration. . . .

Just before midnight a bright light burst in through my north window,¹ from some buildings on fire on the east side of the city. On getting out upon the roof I

* To Mrs. Wm. Burns, Newport.

¹ In the Library Building.

found the fire was extensive and the buildings large, as the flames rose very high in the air. It was one of the most solemn scenes I ever witnessed. As I swept the horizon I discovered buildings on fire in three different directions. All the ordinary movements of this gay city were stilled. Not a car or omnibus of any kind was heard, and not even the voices of the throngs which generally gather at such times. A portentous silence prevailed, interrupted only by the tolling of the alarm bells. I fancied that I should see a belt of fires breaking out in every quarter, and the demon of destruction hovering in triumph over the whole of this devoted city. I was too anxious to feel the want of sleep, and remained on the roof, meditating upon the scene, until I found my clothes saturated with the damps of night, warning me to go below. We hear this morning that all the troops sent from New York to Pennsylvania have been recalled. When they come the riot may be quelled; in the mean while the gas works may be destroyed and the Croton water be cut off, as they threaten to do. Already the usual supplies for the market are partially intercepted, and the milkmen entirely, so that we may be left to go out of the world in total darkness and in a state of starvation. . . .

There is not a vehicle of any kind moving to-day, and I am afraid there is no communication with the lower Post-office. It is a curious sight to see this busy bustling city in its present almost noiseless condition. Even Broadway is gloomy.

NEW YORK, *July* 18, 1863.* It was a real mercy to me that I was too ill to leave on Monday, not only be-

* To G. Ticknor.

cause I should have been exposed in attempting to reach the station, but that I should have been too anxious to enjoy a convivial meeting had I been there.¹ . . . I thank you for letting me know of the honor done me at Cambridge, which I had heard of, but not seen mentioned. It is gratifying to me as a kind greeting from an old friend always is.²

RHINEBECK,³ *August 27, 1863.** Dear Mrs. Burns, — If this note should have no intrinsic worth, it has the adventitious one of having taken me from a most interesting book, that I might turn my thoughts more exclusively to you. I was sitting out on the piazza, in the sun, intent upon Mrs. Gordon's memoir of her father, John Wilson, which I threw down the instant the servant informed me she had finished her work in the library, and that all was in order for me.

Independently of the interest which the character and genius of this extraordinary man give to this memoir, it had for me a peculiar one, from the fact that I had a personal knowledge of the principal subject of it, and of the others who assembled with him at the Symposia of the Noctes. Every page of the book recalls to mind some individual, or incident connected with my winter in Edinburgh in 1818-19. John Wilson was just then beginning to appear above the horizon of the Edinburgh lit-

* To Mrs. Wm. Burns, Newport.

¹ He had accepted an invitation to a Class dinner, at the time of Commencement at Harvard College. the same honor having been conferred on him at Trinity College, Hartford, in 1842.

² This refers to the degree of LL.D., conferred on him this year at Harvard, ³ Where he was visiting Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Livingston.

erary heavens, already studded with brilliant stars. . . . Of all these, John Wilson, on many accounts, was the most attractive, not even excepting Scott. He was never so merely amusing, as a table companion, but he was far more eloquent, and, as a man, commanding vastly more respect and admiration. Although a very high tory, he was never a courtier. He believed in monarchy and its appurtenances and its appendages, as the best and most secure form of government, but he never paid homage to any man merely because he bore a title of nobility or wore a diamond star or cross on his breast. Mrs. Gordon has given another of his traits which place him above most men, when she says of him "for the observance of conventional formalities he had a supreme contempt, when they interfered with good and honest feelings of the heart." My opinion of Wilson was always very high, it is much higher now that I have learnt, from his daughter's memoir, that he thought nothing of Edmund Kean as an actor, and that he never read or wrote by gas-light. . . .

I came here last Saturday, and expect to begin to move down the river again to-morrow or next day, stopping on my way at Mrs. William Astor Jr.'s over Sunday.

NEW YORK, *November 29, 1863.** . . . "How, where and what" are the questions put by the court, to which the respondent makes answer. How I am — quite as well as one of my years can hope to be, in fact perfectly well in a bright day if not too cold, and just the reverse in a rainy one with an east wind; taken altogether, better, decidedly better than when last in Boston.

* To G. Ticknor, Boston.

Where I am — in New York, seated at my writing table, in the upper story of the Astor Library. I have not changed my whereabouts beyond the circle of a mile, since I returned from Bordentown, the 20th of October.

What I am doing — I am transcribing the slips of the Supplementary Catalogue, and am now on the 300th folio of the copy, which by my calculation will make 420 pages in print, and as I have fifty more to copy the volume will be not less than 500 pages in type. The paper is promised to-morrow, and if it comes the compositors will begin to set up the type on Monday.¹

NEW YORK, *April* 30, 1864.* My last Saturday night in New York is come, and I am tired enough for it to be my last on earth. I shall get off my traps by Tuesday, or at farthest by Wednesday morning of next week, but I now clearly foresee that I shall not be able to get away, myself, before Friday afternoon or Saturday morning. Closing up matters requires more time than one calculates upon beforehand, and I cannot go through as much fatigue as I could in my palmier days. I thank you very much for your offer to come on and assist me, but what I have to do must be done by myself.²

CAMBRIDGE, *September* 25, 1864.† At the time

* To Rev. D. G. Haskins, Cambridge.

† To Mrs Wm. Burns, Newport.

¹ That he continued for nearly three years, occupied with the Supplementary volumes of Catalogue, appears, by a vote of acknowledgment passed by the Trustees of the Astor Library, which will be found a few pages later.

² He removed to Cambridge early in

May of this year, 1864. His resignation of his place on the Board of Trustees of the Astor Library, in consequence of this change of residence, called forth some flattering and cordial resolutions from that body, which will be found in Appendix D.

I left New York (August 18), I drove down to Walter's office to learn the latest tidings from you, which to my great joy were highly favorable. I was then myself miserably weak, from a severe attack that I had had at Bordentown, so weak that I could not have walked to Wall Street even to hear from you, and now I am so strong that I walked seven miles, one morning last week, without being fatigued. Yesterday I walked into Boston, to dine at Dr. Shattuck's, in company with Sam Eliot and his wife, Edward Perkins, and a few others, and walked about town for two hours preceding dinner. I mention these feats to furnish you with a measure of my present health and strength. It has always been so with me from first childhood to second, either very ill or very well; at times one foot in the grave, at others quite able to run a race with Colonel Barclay, some of the strands in my thread of life always breaking, whilst others become twisted tighter and stronger than ever. How I wish I could say as much of our national constitution as I can of my individual. The strands of that seem now attenuated to the fineness of a mere spider's web, and I do not see how it is possible to make a new splice in it. . . . I adopt Mr. Monroe's sound doctrine, although expressed in bad Latin, *Principia non Homines*. The Democrats if in power, whoever leads them, will act upon the worst and most corrupt principles, whilst the Republicans can only act upon those which they have avowed — the suppression of the rebellion and the preservation of the Union, with somewhat less of corruption in the administration of them. As to the chances of success, they depend I think upon the

operations of our armies during the month of October. Should our victories continue, Lincoln's reelection is secured, should there be reverses, the scale will turn in favor of McClellan. . . .

CAMBRIDGE, *Saturday Evening, December 3, [1864.]* *

Dear Mrs. Burns, — I could hardly believe my own eyes when I saw your well known handwriting on a letter addressed to me. It was the pleasantest sight that had passed before my vision for many a long day. When it was brought to me, it so happened that I was just going into Boston, to attend a Round Hill festival, which Tom Appleton and some twenty other Boston boys had got up, in commemoration of their school-boy days, and from kind feeling to the guide of their youth.¹ My delight at getting your letter, and the warm greeting

* To Mrs. Wm. Burns, New York.

¹ Mr. Appleton, in the article already quoted, speaks thus of this occasion: "While Mr. Cogswell was a resident of Cambridge, it was thought desirable that 'the boys' still surviving should again collect around their old friend and master. Invitations to a dinner given him at the 'Parker House' were sent to the remotest parts of the Union. Several of the instructors at Round Hill, and all the boys whose distance from the scene did not preclude them, were at the banquet. Words fail to picture the sympathetic crowd of associations which gathered there. Men who pass each other in the street with a nod of hurry and business, those who never even meet now, were all subdued to boyhood again by the spirit of the hour. Old anecdotes were told, familiar nicknames, bits of memories of boyish pranks, came breaking through the crust of time. Again the old sunshine of the master's countenance beamed upon his children. Their mutual delight at meeting, they sought vainly to express; and in reply to the toast of 'Prosperity and continued life,' Mr. Cogswell read a beautiful address, which sank deep into all our hearts. . . . Yes, affection; for the respect and reverence which we bore to our dear master were intertwined with a feeling softer and tenderer than the austerity of a boy's duty. He seemed, in the making of us, so much one of ourselves, the leader of us all. And among the roll of eminent names which can be found upon the catalogue of the school, none can be held as nobler, manlier, more beloved than his."

given me by my boys, both together, made me so far lose my balance that I returned to Cambridge, at a late hour, in a state of complete intoxication. Do not be alarmed, my dear friend, the intoxication was not caused by wine or alcoholic drinks, but by large draughts of exhilarating gas, imbibed in the sublimated state, of a charming letter from a very dear friend, and the most cordial possible greeting from a set of fine fellows, who had kept their hearts warm for me from thirty to forty years.

The talk at table consisted mainly of school-boy reminiscences. It was very delightful to find that they remembered well all of good that I ever did them, and had treasured up nothing of the evil. They told many pleasant stories of their youthful freaks, of their way of making me believe, as they thought, in their innocence, and of their mode of helping each other out of a scrape, occasioning much laughter and many a joke. I made them a little address,¹ in which I told my side of the story, and proved to them that, if the rogues sometimes escaped punishment, it was not because they were not found out; and then we had pleasant speeches from Dr. Beck, and Mr. Hillard, who, with Professor Pierce, was also of the party, having all been collaborators at the school. In this way we spent five hours in a rationally gay and most genial mood, and separated with regret at a late hour, and with hearts refreshed with pleasant recollections of early days, and kind feelings for each other renewed by the opportunity we had enjoyed of renewing acquaintance.

¹ This address was printed for private circulation, and will be found in Appendix C.

But the letter was never for an instant forgotten amidst all the merriment and enjoyment. My first thought the next morning was to sit down and answer it. Before I could carry my purpose into execution Dr. Beck came in to know if I received my bouquet safely, which I had left on the table and was brought up by him, and how I found myself after the frolic. He had just left, when Mr. Ticknor called to see if I was alive, as I had not shown myself at his house nor written him a line for three weeks or more, except to say I was too ill to accept his invitation to a Thanksgiving dinner. When I told him what I had done the preceding evening, he laughed most heartily to find he had come out from Boston to see a sick friend as he supposed, and he told that his sick friend had just returned from a regular Schmaus, with a parcel of boys some years younger than himself. Next came Tom Appleton with inquiries on the part of the boys, if they had been the death of me, and our dinner bell rang before I was rid of all my visitors. When I rose from table, I found a carriage at the door to take me over to Brookline to make a promised visit and on my return I found company which did not depart until past eleven at night.

But I must not forget to answer the question you put to me in your letter, when am I to be in my New York home? I take it you mean by this, my home in the Library, which, however, Mrs. and Mr. Astor will not allow me to occupy for the present, most kindly offering me a pleasanter one under their own hospitable

roof. *That* I expect to take possession of about New Year, on my return from Bordentown, where I have been engaged to spend Christmas ever since September.

It is very agreeable to have received permission to place here the following genial letter, from an absent Round Hill pupil, whose honors and distinctions had not diminished his affectionate feeling for his old teacher.

J. LOTHROP MOTLEY TO J. G. COGSWELL.

VIENNA, *April* 26, 1865.

MY DEAR MR. COGSWELL,— A short time ago I received a note from Mr. Wales, together with a little pamphlet which he was so thoughtful as to send me, knowing instinctively how much pleasure it would give me.

The pamphlet consisted simply of the remarks made by yourself at the Testimonial Dinner given to you at the Parker House by Round Hill scholars.

My first emotion was one of deep regret that it had not been my good fortune to be associated with so many of my ancient comrades in this affectionate tribute to one so venerated and beloved, and by none of them more so than by myself.

I read your beautiful speech with an almost painful interest. And as I read it, forty years seemed to roll off my back, and I was a small boy again in the never for-

gotten chestnut groves of Round Hill. The tenderness and truth of the sentiments, and the fidelity of the painting, gave me a most sincere though melancholy pleasure, much akin to that caused by the photograph of yourself which embellishes the first page, and in which I recognized at the first glance the familiar face of the benignant teacher and master of my childhood, and the kind and ever sympathizing friend of riper years.

It wouldn't be agreeable either to my taste or my feelings to make fine phrases about that beautiful little volume of seven pages, which now lies before me, as if it were the author's presentation copy of a new work, but I can't help saying that I have read it many times, and that the oftener I read it the more deeply do I feel that "simple truth is highest skill."

It produces on my imagination the effect of an exquisite idyl — exactly the effect which the greatest artist in words, if writing from the brain and not from the heart, would probably have failed to produce. I will say no more, except to repeat my regret that I could not have been among the old pupils who paid this tribute not only to yourself, but to those three eminent and honored associates of yours, who, as I see, were also present at the dinner.

No, my dear old friend, not one of your numerous family ever thinks of Round Hill and of Do-the-Boys Hall at the same time, except through the association of contrast, and I don't know how you could more adroitly have complimented yourself than by that protest. . . .

I infer from Mr. Wales's note that you are living in Cambridge, but, as I am not certain of the address, I

shall enclose this to him to forward. And with the most sincere prayers for your health and happiness I remain, my dear Mr. Cogswell,

Your ever affectionate pupil,

J. LOTHROP MOTLEY.

CHAPTER XXVII.

1864-1867. — Finishes Supplementary Catalogue. — Visits in New York, and Bordentown, and on the Hudson.

CAMBRIDGE, *December* 30, 1864.* If you received a short note from me, which I wrote during the visit I made to the Ticknors, about a fortnight since, you will know how I was deprived of the happiness I had promised myself from a long visit in Bordentown. My old enemy, neuralgia, came upon me just as I was preparing for my journey and still holds me in his iron grasp. Do not imagine that any one could have power to keep me away from Bordentown if I could possibly get there; I am too happy there, and love you all too much to be contented anywhere else. The finishing off of my last volume, of Astor Library Catalogue, would have made it necessary for me to spend a week or ten days in the Library to verify some of my work. But I can do neither at present, for I am wholly unable to do any writing, except for a few minutes at a time.

NEW YORK, *July* 7, 1865.† Although I have arrived at the age of discretion I am not out of guardian-

* To Mrs. Mailliard, Bordentown.

† To G. Ticknor, Brookline.

ship. I can only tell you what I propose to do, wherein I enjoy personal liberty. The remainder of this month, or a greater part of it, is set apart for completing the Subject Alphabetical Index, of the Astor Library Catalogue. August is parcelled out among friends on the North River. . . . In September I expect to print the Index, and, whether completed or not, I shall then return to Cambridge and make it my home, until the frosts of winter, and consequent neuralgia drive me to a warmer region. This is my present prospective plan, for the rest of this year, but I am far from indulging a confident expectation that I shall live to carry it out. To say nothing of age, I am constantly reminded, by other infirmities, that my life hangs upon a very slender thread.

I am still a guest of Mr. W. B. Astor. He and Mrs. A. have both been very kind to me, during my present visit to New York, and I have no doubt I owe the good measure of health I now enjoy, to the care and generous living I have had while under their roof.

NEW YORK, *September 4*, 1865.* A very long time must have elapsed since I heard from you, so long even that I have forgotten when it was precisely, I only know that it was after the 4th of July. Then I was counting upon having an idle month of August, and loafing it all away among friends on the North River, instead of which I kept here hard at work, resolved that I would not stop, until I had accomplished so much of my task as must be done here in the Library. This was not done until the evening of Saturday, September 2d,

* To G. Ticknor, Boston.

and now I have only to make a copy, for printing from the slips, and the tedious job will be off my hands, which has required four times as much time and labor as I anticipated.¹ I have not had an hour's respite since July 5, and, during August, when I was left alone in the Library, I worked regularly from fourteen to fifteen hours every day. The warm weather gave me great strength and vigor. I took no exercise, little sleep, a very moderate quantity of food, and not a drop of wine or spirituous liquor of any kind. And I was not ill an hour, until the last week of August. To-day I start for Newport, where I am going to spend a week with Mrs. Burns, during which I shall run down to Cambridge. . . . My friends on the North River say I have treated them very shabbily, but as I have treated them all alike, they cannot complain of partiality. I foresaw clearly, at the beginning of August, that my work or my friends must be slighted, and I had no hesitation about the alternative. . . .

BOSTON, *December 31*, 1865.* It gives real joy to my heart to know that the closing year is crowned with so many and such great blessings for you. I know it

* To Mrs. Lewis Livingston, New York.

¹ The work was still far from ended. On the 2d of October, 1866, at a meeting of the Trustees of the Astor Library, the following record was made: "The Board having examined the fifth volume of the Catalogue, submitted at the last meeting by the Superintendent, embracing the Supplementary matter, and an Analytical Catalogue of the whole Library, prepared by Dr. Joseph G. Cogswell, it was, on motion of Dr. Markoe, unanimously Resolved, That the Trustees regard the completion of this important and laborious work, so indispensable to the proper use of the Library, and so desirable to the public, as an important event in the history of the institution, entitling Dr. Cogswell to the grateful acknowledgments of the Trustees, and the thanks of the reading public."

will gratify you to learn that I, on my part, have great cause for gratitude to God. As He brings me nearer and nearer to the close of life, He grants me as much freedom from the usual trials of old age, as its condition ever allows, and more of its comforts than I could reasonably expect. First among the latter is the continued friendship of so many who have long been dear to me, and in addition the consciousness that I know not the individual whom I have intentionally injured. God is the only friend to whom I have been ungrateful. . . . In a social point of view it is true I lose a good deal from impaired hearing, on the other hand I am spared hearing an infinite deal of nonsense. My eyesight is still good, and I look upon the beauties of nature and art with as much, if not more delight than ever, and enjoy a greater serenity of mind than I did when my cares were more distracting. Above all, as my sun nears its western horizon, I look with a more unwavering faith toward the land where there will be no night.

CAMBRIDGE, *Sunday Evening, May 6, 1866.** . . . I was rejoiced to learn, both on your mother's account and on yours, that you had had such a delightful tour. Nor is it wonderful that it should have been so; there is a charm about Italy that no other land I have ever visited possesses. In spite of the squalidness of every kind everywhere seen, and the thousand discomforts which attend the traveller there, he has a higher enjoyment than he could find anywhere except, perhaps, in Greece and Palestine. It presents a constant triumph of mind over

* To William Coleman Burns.

matter, one lives there so completely in the past that he comes at last to disregard the present, except to inhale a fresh draught occasionally of the pure exhilarating gas of the Mediterranean, or look up in admiration to the blue ethereal sky which canopies him. I never realized how superlatively beautiful Italy is until I read "Childe Harold," and I never read any description of it, but Byron's, which had the magic power to call up the precise impression it had made upon me. Rogers is really tame in comparison. I have a great admiration for Switzerland, and I confess that Soracte and Vesuvius are not Mt. Blanc and Monte Rosa, but then Switzerland has no Mediterranean, with its beautiful waters, and its countless associations. Grand and sublime as it is, in its one great feature, it wants all the others which make Italy so enchanting. My dear friends, I rejoice that you have been blessed with these heavenly visions.

I can't send you anything of interest about home. I have been a prisoner in the house ever since New Year, and know nothing of what has been passing in the gay world. Early in the winter I had letters from numerous friends, but since it became generally known that I was too unwell to keep up a correspondence, they have stopt writing.

The world seems to be rushing on with lightning speed in everything, and so long as it keeps on the track it may do very well, but it seems difficult to conceive how it can keep on with constantly accelerating speed. The whole system of arithmetic is changed; units, hundreds, thousands are now unknown quantities, the column of millions is the lowest, now, of which any ac-

count is made. A man who does not come up to that figure is accounted a pauper, and now when we hear of defalcations, swindlings, and robberies, it is always in millions. . . . The great question is, was the world ever better than it is now, and when did total depravity begin. I say it began when dishonesty in man, and want of virtue in woman, ceased to be disreputable. I hope you have kept up your interest in model lodging houses. They were never more needed in our great cities, where a score of poor workmen cannot command as much space as an individual ought to have. Alas for man's inhumanity to man.

I would like to tell you something about our present political condition, if I could tell you anything satisfactory. The struggle now going on between the President and Congress is manifestly a struggle for power, in which, as usual, there is something wrong on both sides. . . . I do not apprehend any serious evil consequences from the conflict, beyond a postponing of our restoration to order and quiet, and a decided national degradation. . . .

GRASMERE, RHINEBECK, DUTCHESS CO., NEW YORK STATE, *August 3, 1866.** . . . I left Bordentown last week, came to New York and spent a few days, and came up with Mr. W. B. Astor on Saturday, to his place, five miles above this on the Hudson. On Tuesday Mrs. Astor sent me down here¹ to make a promised visit. As Mrs. Livingston is too much of an invalid to

* To Mrs. G. Ticknor, Brookline.

¹ The country place of Mr. Lewis Livingston.

be driving about the country, and as there are no lions to be seen in the neighborhood, I am allowed to sit quietly in the house and read my books, and that is to lead the only life I am now fit for. . . . I am in very good condition, now, myself. Dating back from the time when your kind ministrations began to build up my old shattered frame, I have been constantly growing better. . . . The warm summer has done much for my restoration, but the kindness of friends has done still more, and among them there is no one to whom I owe more, or to whom I feel more grateful than I do to you. There is a way of being kind that makes the kindness doubly serviceable and valuable.

According to present prospects I shall not be able to get to Cambridge again until past the middle of October. I have been obliged to promise more visits than can be made in two months.

BORDENTOWN, *September 28*, 1866.* . . . Constant change of place and constant excitement during the whole of August quite exhausted me, so that I was very glad to return to the quiet shades of Bordentown for rest, and I could find no place in which I should enjoy so much tranquillity and so much kindness combined, as here. I am, however, too feeble, now, to enjoy even rest. Almost my only consciousness of existence is in its wearisomeness, and yet I cling to life. I have friends too dear to be parted from forever, even in this world, without the deepest regret. I am hoping to prolong my life a year or two by getting away from our severe north-

* To W. C. Burns.

ern winter, and reluctant as I am to living among Southern rebels, I have made up my mind that I have no other alternative but that or death.

The place I have selected to winter in is Savannah, and I have letters from there, assuring me that I shall be made very comfortable in every respect, and not be molested in any way from being a Northerner. . . . I have planned this arrangement with especial reference to be able to await your mother's and your return, that I may be able to see you, and go off South cheered by the knowledge that you are well and safe at home. I shall not fix any definite time for my departure, until I know for certain when you are to arrive in America. . . .

NEW YORK, *November 20*, 1866.* Dear Mrs. Ticknor, — If you will promise not to look upon me as the most capricious of old children, I will tell you something. I have given up my project of wintering in the South, and if you will promise not to make fun of me, I will tell you why. Two months of perfect rest down at Bordentown had made me feel so strong and vigorous, I thought I could do anything, and, in the pride of my strength, I accepted Mr. Jones's kind offer to occupy a part of his Savannah house, all alone by myself, at the tender mercies of his negro servants, distributed in the adjoining cabins of the yard. But the day of trial came, in time to save me from the perilous adventure. The influenza laid heavy hands upon me, and showed me that I was not able to take care of myself in sickness. This made me doubt of the wisdom of my decision, and

* To Mrs. Geo. Ticknor, Boston.

when I discovered that the steamer *Hermann Livingston*, in which I had taken my passage for the 29th, was changed for another far less trustworthy, I sent and re-claimed my passage money.

CAMBRIDGE, *December 5, 1866.** . . . The weather has been very favorable since I came to Cambridge, but still I find myself losing ground every day, principally in strength. A walk of half a mile fatigues me more than one of five and a half miles did, in New York, the day after I left Bordentown. I am never so well anywhere as I am when under your care, and if I could reconcile it to my sense of right to impose so unreasonably upon your kindness, I should not hesitate to accept the invitations, so warmly and cordially offered, to return to Bordentown for the winter. We have no cold severe enough to enable me to judge what will be the effect of real winter upon me. I trust I shall be able to bear up under any degree of intensity to which I may be subject. It may be that I may still be obliged to retreat into warmer latitudes, but it will not be to Savannah.

The children must not count too much upon the contents of the box. I tried to find something to please them, but it is one of the most difficult things to please children's tastes, and I may not have succeeded at all. They will, however, accept them, I know, as an evidence of my love for them, and of my wish to gratify and help make them merry.

* To Mrs. Mailliard, Bordentown.

CAMBRIDGE, *December 11*, 1866.* It is of no use for me to try to be well or contented anywhere but in Bordentown, and if you have the kindness and compassion to tolerate such a helpless, worthless, miserable vieillard as I am, such a deed of mercy will not be forgotten in the great day of account, and I am only too happy to accept the offered, and so cordially offered kindness.

I shall set out from Cambridge the first mild day of next week, and do my best to reach Bordentown ere its close.

CAMBRIDGE, *Thursday Evening, 13th [December]*.† My dear William, — A thousand thanks for your very kind offer to accompany me in my exodus from this place to Bordentown, and as I know how sincerely it is made, I should accept it without scruple, were I not already provided with an escort. Mr. Haskins has occasion to go to New York in the course of next week, and will be ready to accompany me, whenever the weather should be favorable. I am much better than when I wrote last.

BORDENTOWN, N. J., *January 3*, 1867.‡ The weather has been so mild since I came to Bordentown, I know not how much of my better health I owe to the mildness of the season, or how much to the milder climate, but I do know that as yet I have none of the severe bodily aches under which I suffered about this

* To Mrs. Mailliard, Bordentown.

† To Wm. Coleman Burns.

‡ To Mrs. Geo. Ticknor.

time last year at Cambridge. I can go out from a room warmed up to the temperature of seventy-four degrees, and walk for an hour without an overcoat, and without taking or feeling cold, and I can sleep with a window in my room open through the night with a like impunity. The last is a thing I have never before ventured to do in all my long life.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

1867-1869. — Continued Activity. — Home in Cambridge. — Visits at Bordentown and Philadelphia, New York, North River, and Duaneburg.

BORDENTOWN, *March 24, 1867*.* . . . After being weather bound nearly three weeks I am obliged to start for Philadelphia to-morrow fair or foul. . . . I must be at least a year older than I was in 1864-5 and 6, but in so far as feelings and strength are concerned, I am many years younger. I really feel so strong, at times, that I fear it is portentous of an approaching final extinction, like the strong flare-up of a light just before it goes out, and then, again, I get an idea into my head that I must turn this newly acquired bodily vigor to some good purpose, either by helping you to carry out some of your benevolent plans, or taking passage in a steamer of the San Francisco and Yokohama line, and going to Japan, to rummage among the shops there for some pretty things for Mrs. Burns. At any rate I must find some windmills, to spend my exuberant strength upon.

I am very glad to find that the subject which we have so often talked over, that of better lodging houses for

* To W. C. Burns, New York.

the laboring classes, is daily exciting more and more attention. . . . I regard that now as the first want to be supplied in our great cities. It is a reproach to a Christian community that human beings should be allowed, nay, compelled to herd together like brute beasts.

BORDENTOWN, *July 3, 1867*.^{*} . . . I have been away from Cambridge just three weeks, six days of which were spent in Newport, six at West Point, the rest in New York and here. . . . After knocking about for a fortnight it was a real comfort to get into such a quiet resting place as I have here, where there is nothing around me but beautiful trees and green fields, scenery which I am still capable of enjoying, and which I am now enjoying for the last time. Mrs. Mailliard is to go to California in December, so soon as Mr. M. returns from France, where he goes in August to see his father. He urged me to go with him, and I should have been tempted to do it had he planned his return in a better season. . . . Next week I am to return to Cambridge.

CAMBRIDGE, *July 20, 1867*.[†] . . . I have been through the regular Commencement siege this week, beginning with a class commemoration and jollification, at the Revere House in Boston, on Monday. The boys who took their degree in 1817, and who had been under my instruction,¹ urged me so strongly to join in the festivity, I could not refuse, and, as there was but one of the num-

* To Mrs. G. Ticknor, Brookline.

† To W. C. Burns, Newport.

¹ When he was Tutor at Harvard College.

ber under seventy, I did not anticipate any undue merriment. We sat down twenty-three at table, at half-past four, and, as I afterwards learnt, twenty-two of them did not rise from it until half-past eleven. I waited until nine, expecting ——, who sat opposite to me, would make a move to quit, and when I saw he did not, and did not intend to, I slipped out quietly. I had not seen most of these young men for fifty years, and I could not but note the remarkable change in their appearance that this interval had made. The hair which used to be on the top of their heads had slipped down about their mouths and chins, and turned from black and brown, to grisly gray or snow white. I could not return the compliment, if compliment it could be called, which some of them foolishly attempted to pay me, that I looked just as I used to, for most of them looked so little like what "they used to was," I did not recognize them and had to be introduced.

The next day but one Wednesday [Commencement] I was detached for fatigue duty, and went through it all manfully; and a hard day's work it was. I sat on the stage among the Dons, and heard enough of the speeches to be convinced that no great improvement had been made since my time, either in matter or manner of College orators. As I enlisted for the war, I had to go to muster again on Thursday, so I tied a bit of blue and red ribbon in my button hole, and joined the Fie! Betty Caps. When I got home on Thursday evening I was so completely fagged out I could not sit up, and I felt no inclination, the next day, to go to Worcester to see the Yale and Harvard boat race, which proved, I hear,

a great triumph to Harvard. It seems to me that these athletic exercises, both base ball and boating, are doing as much harm as good, even physically, now that they are carried to extremes, and it is manifest that young men are now more ambitious to excel in them, than in scholarship. . . .

BORDENTOWN, *September 22, 1867.** Soon after the first of October I shall wing my way, not as the birds do at this season, but in the opposite direction. The Mailliards will be breaking up and preparing for a start to California¹ soon after, and then I shall have no home but Cambridge.

BORDENTOWN, *September 27, 1867.*† My dear Ticknor, — My special reason for writing to you to-day is that it is my birth-day, and now that so few friends of my early years are left to me, I try to gather about me those that remain. Of these there is no one who has been so long and so uniformly kind to me as yourself, and no one for whom I feel so warm affection. Please to receive this as my heartfelt greeting, on the morning of this to me important anniversary. . . .

I have spent the two months, since I parted from you in Brookline, very quietly here, and unfavorable as the weather has been generally, I have had not my usual

* To W. C. Burns, Newport.

† To G. Ticknor, Brookline.

¹ In a later letter, he says: "Both she and Mr. M. have urged me to accompany them, and I have no doubt with perfect sincerity, for they have uniformly treated me so kindly, it would be base ingratitude in me to doubt them. The reasons against my going are many and strong, first among them is, that my roots here have struck too deep to be pulled up, while life is left in one of the smallest of their fibres."

proportion of days of suffering. . . . Last Monday I made a little trip to Philadelphia, and spent the whole time there in running about, extending my walks from the Delaware to the Schuylkill in one direction, and from Vine Street to Spring Gardens in the other, making good six miles, with almost no resting. On my return to Bordentown I did not find myself either wearied or exhausted. . . .

We have fallen on perilous times and still more perilous seem to be impending. . . . I have no confidence in the wisdom of rulers or people. The former are rogues and the latter dupes. Quicquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi. You see the leaven of old Essex Juntoism¹ has never got out of me. I am a full believer in what Calhoun once confessed to me, "the old Federal party is the only honest party the country has ever had." . . .

CAMBRIDGE, *November 4*, 1867.* . . . I left Bordentown on the 7th of October. . . . On getting here I at once set myself at work, getting my house in order for my departure for some tropical region, or the more distant bourne, as the case may be. During three weeks I was incessantly occupied in reading over and burning old letters and papers. . . . While occupied in this act of vandalism, my organ of destructiveness became so protruding, that I feared I might be tempted to incendiarize the Colleges, and so I started off one morning, to get into the first train that I found moving toward some,

* To W. C. Burns, Newport.

¹ The Essex Junto was the popular influence in Salem, Beverly, and the name given to a knot of leading Federalists of Essex County, men of note and neighborhood.

to me, *terra incognita*; and was landed; after a time, upon Plymouth Rock, where an entire new train of thoughts was called up. The people there, taking me for one of the company who came over in the *Mayflower*, in 1620, were curious to know where I had been in the meanwhile, and said I must be put in the museum among the relics. But when I proved to them that I was neither Governor Bradstreet, nor Elder Brewster, nor Mary Chilton, nor Bethlehem Gabor, nor the Wandering Jew, they let me go in peace. The same night I got back to Cambridge in a quieter and less dangerous state of mind. . . .

CAMBRIDGE, *December 12, 1867.** . . . I too am quite busy getting ready for a move, and have fixed on this day week, if weather favors, and if not, the first fair day after, for my migration southward. New York will be my first port de relâche, and not unlikely d'hivernage. . . . No doubt my friends, generally, think it would better comport with my age and dignity to stay at home quietly, instead of being forever on the wing, but I am such a crooked stick I cannot lie still, and as I have been a rover all my life, I am too old to change my habits and settle down now. Then friends are kind enough to invite me to come and make them visits, and as I know so little of the world, I never suspect they do not mean what they say, so that if they are caught, they are fairly repaid for their want of sincerity.

And why should I not sweeten the dregs of life when I can? If I were to give up, and stay at home and mope, I should soon become an inert mass of matter,

* To Mrs. Wm. Burns, Newport.

and my heart would grow stone cold long before it ceased to beat. Conscious that I am unfitted for large assemblies I do not care to join them, but I never loved the few who are dear to me more than I do now, and never enjoyed being with them more highly; and whilst they do not tire of me I cannot give up that enjoyment which is, next to one, the sweetest cup in life.

Nor do I hold that the closing years of life should all be given up to penitence and ascetic devotion. Real religion is of another cast, its services are man's highest duties, and the proper performance of them contributes more to habitual cheerfulness than all the joys of earth. These duties do not conflict with any pleasures that a rational and moral being indulges in, and least of all with the cultivation of the affections. You see, my dear friend, I have persuaded myself that I am not sinning in still clinging to earth, even when age and infirmities are constantly reminding me that I should be turning my thought upwards to Heaven. Is there no devotion but in a monk's cell?

NEW YORK, *May 23*, 1868.*. . . . The excursion which I had planned for the West is given up. I found I had not strength to make it. My friends in Philadelphia furnished me with letters to various cities in Ohio, Kentucky, and the Western States generally, but recommended me to wait until June before undertaking the journey. So I give up roving for the present, and shall return to Cambridge, in the course of next week, by the way of Northampton, if the skies are smiling, and if not, by the direct route.

* To Rev. D. G. Haskins, Cambridge.

BARRYTOWN, *August 5, 1868.** A few days after my visit to you at Brookline with Daveis,¹ I started on my summer tramp to the Hudson, and have proceeded thus far, being now just four weeks out. My first visit was to the Pells near West Point, and as the family were in great affliction, they saw no company and engaged in no amusements. After a fortnight's visit to Pellwood, during which somewhat less alarming accounts were received from his son in Europe, I moved on up the river, to Mr. Delano's, between Rhinebeck and Redhook. Yesterday I transferred myself and my traps to Mrs. Astor's. The two places are adjacent and connected by a private road of half a mile through the fields and woods, forming a very pleasant walk or drive. I have three more visits to make, before I get through my perambulations on the Hudson, and by that time it will be September, and I shall be ready to return to Cambridge.

CAMBRIDGE, *September 8, 1868.*† After four weeks spent in this way,² I felt disposed to make a change, and try a week or two of ruder country life, and plunged right into the wilderness, about twenty-five miles west of Albany, at Duanesburg, where there are some thousands of trees to one house, working farmers all, except Dr. Lowell, the rector of the church, to whom I made my visit.³ I was glad of an opportunity of

* To G. Ticknor, Brookline.

† To W. C. Burns, Newport.

¹ Dr. J. T. Gilman Daveis, son of his early friend and once a pupil at Round Hill.

² In the visits mentioned in the previous letter.

³ Rev. Robert T. S. Lowell, a Round

spending a little time among unsophisticated folks, where the women did not cry for the latest Paris fashions, nor the young men place their chief happiness in a new necktie.

I chanced to arrive at Duaneburg in the evening, three hours out of time, owing to an accident on the road. Dr. Lowell had been for me in his carriage when the train was due, and after waiting a long time had gone back. His house was two miles from the station, the latter in the midst of a swamp, and a mile at least from the nearest house of any kind. When the train moved off, I found myself at this solitary station in a pretty fix, as we say. The station master said he must shut up for the night, and what to do I knew not.

Whilst I was pondering on the perplexity, two men, who had come in the train, and had heard me inquiring about the way to Dr. Lowell's, said they were going in that direction, and would be glad of my company, and one, seeing that I had a travelling bag in my hand, insisted on carrying it for me, and so kindly I could not decline the offer. We trudged on through pastures and across ditches, by a footpath beset with briars and brambles, for nearly a mile, and then came out upon the public road, and soon met Dr. Lowell in his carriage, who had heard the railroad whistle, and at once started off for me. My two stranger friends proved to be Cam-

Hill pupil, author of *The New Priest in Conception Bay*, and of a volume of Poems, which he dedicated to Mr. Cogswell in the following graceful words: "To Joseph Green Cogswell, LL.D., the first head of Round Hill School, to whom the boy brought his lessons with much reverence and love and without fear, the man offers this book as fearlessly, and with no less love and reverence."

eronian preachers. This was country Christian kindness.¹

CAMBRIDGE, *December 22, 1868.** Dear Mrs. Astor, — When I inquired of Planchette last week if I should have any Christmas presents this year, her answer was, "Why, yes, your long tried and ever faithful friend, Mrs. William Astor, of the Fifth Avenue, will never forget you!" Now who will say that Planchette is not a knowing one. Dear Mrs. Astor, your untiring kindness to me touches my heart very deeply, and the only return I can make is in expressions of gratitude. Please accept them as evidences of what I would do if I had the opportunity.

NEW YORK, *January 24, 1869.*† I came through from Cambridge to New York last Friday, without making any stop on the road, and was less fatigued than I have sometimes been after a much shorter journey. You may remember that I spent several weeks last summer at Mr. Pell's place near West Point. Mrs. Pell wrote to me in December begging me to make them a visit and help her to cheer up her hus-

* To Mrs. W. Astor, Jr., New York.

† To Mrs. Mailliard, San Rafael, Cal.

¹ After this, he says: "I have remained quietly in Cambridge except a little offset to Exeter, New Hampshire, to see a young friend at school there, and another to Jamaica Plain in pursuit of Motley, and thence to Brookline to dine with the Ticknors. It will prove to you that I have not lost all locomotive power to learn that I walked over from the Plain to Ticknor's, last Saturday about one o'clock, when the thermometer was above eighty, and the distance good three miles." This was actually done, but he arrived quite exhausted, though readily revived by food and wine.

band, who is not only cast down by affliction but seriously ill. This and my anxiety to hear about you, brought me on, so soon as I felt able to undertake the journey.

CHAPTER XXIX.

1869-1870. — Closing Years. — Tranquillity of Mind. — Continued Activity, Physical and Mental. — Power of Labor.

CAMBRIDGE, *March 24*, 1869.* I explained to you the great and insurmountable obstacles to my getting over to California. I have never allowed myself, till this winter, to believe that the time had past when it was possible for me to make the journey. I have kept my necessary stock of gold, and everything in readiness, for my departure at a moment's warning, but recent experience has convinced me that the bright vision which I have so fondly cherished can never be realized.¹

BROOKLINE, *July 31*, 1869.† I remember when I was a boy how gladly I looked forward to the long summers, beginning with birds'-nesting in May and ending with nutting in October, and now it seems to me that both these months belong to winter. All has changed, or rather I have changed, which makes me fancy that all other things have changed, even the seasons. After trying a whole week of entire solitude in Cambridge I came over here to spend a few days in the

* To Mrs. Mailliard, San Rafael, Cal.

† To Rev. D. G. Haskins.

¹ He made a visit near West Point in May, and went to Newport, in July.

pleasant society of the Ticknors, and their neighbors, which will prepare me for another week of solitude, and then I go to Dr. Lowell's ¹ for another social one, so you see how I contrive to give swifter wings to Time.²

CAMBRIDGE, *October* 18, '69.* I have been blessed in life far beyond the ordinary lot, not with riches and honors, but with the affections of precious friends, and frequent intercourse with the most intellectual, the most refined and the most virtuous of my day, both at home and abroad. In another respect I have been singularly blessed. God has never given me over to unbelief. At no period of my life has a doubt ever arisen in my mind in regard to the great spiritual truths. God the Creator, Christ the Redeemer, the Holy Spirit the Sanctifier, are realities with me, as much as the earth upon which I tread. I would not give up this belief for the gift of the greatest intellect, the highest rank, or the most unbounded wealth ever attained by mortal man. And how any thinking being can renounce his immortal nature and ally himself to perishable matter, — the clods of the valley in which he is laid, — I cannot understand. Excuse my homilies. These thoughts, as is natural when one is so near the grave as I am, are constantly in my mind, and I do not think you would wish me to suppress them in writing to you.

* To Mrs. Lewis Livingston.

¹ Dr. Robert Lowell, formerly at Duanesburg, now at Southborough, Mass. price the catalogue of her late husband's valuable library, which occupied him a

² A few weeks after this he complied with the request of Mrs. Cora Livingston Barton, that he would examine and fortnight, and he says: "Cost me an average of thirteen hours of labor daily for the whole time."

CAMBRIDGE, *January 1*, [1870.]* Dear Johnny, — I wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year, and I wish you were nearer to me that I might send you some nice gifts to amuse you during the holidays. But you are a great way off, and if I were to send the prettiest things I could find, they would get broken on their way, so I can only send you my love, which will be sure to go straight in this little letter. It is very cold here and a plenty of snow, and not such beautiful weather as you have in San Rafael. I can't play out doors at all now, the snow-drifts are so high; there's no coasting, and the ponds are so covered with it there's no skating. If I could only be with you in San Rafael, we could ride and hunt and sail, and you should carry my gun, and pick up all the birds, and deer, and bears, when I shot them. Ah! if I could only be there, what good fun we would have together. Your cousin Julia Howe was married to-day, and I was at the wedding. We had such a nice time, plenty of ice cream and other good things. Then there were lots of pretty ladies, all dressed out most beautifully. I am sure you would have enjoyed it quite as much as hunting for quails and partridges. . . . Give my love to Cora and Joe, and don't forget your old play-fellow, please.

Your loving friend,

JOS. G. COGSWELL.

CAMBRIDGE, *March 9*, 1870.† . . . Several years since I was in Morris Retzch's painting room near Dresden, when I saw his celebrated picture of Death, so presented that the nearer one approached it the more its terrors

* To John Ward Mailliard, San Rafael, Cal.

† To Mrs. F. H. Delano, N. Y.

vanished; and when one was close to it, its aspect became inviting and lovely. It embodied a fine conception, which had more of the ideal than the real in it, and which must have been formed when he was still young, and did not know the impressions which the contemplation of the subject would make upon one in old age, when it is certain that —

“This pleasing anxious being must be resigned,
And leave the warm precincts of the cheerful day.”

It is not that a doubt rests on my mind with regard to a future life. I believe in its reality as fully as I believe in the present. But it is the thought of quitting so many loved friends and pleasant scenes. But for the assurance of “brighter worlds beyond the sky,” the thought of death would make the whole of life one continuous misery. God has been merciful to man in this respect as in every other. . . .

CAMBRIDGE, *Tuesday Morning*, [June, 1870.*]

Your remark about my remembering the little poem, which I transcribed for you from memory, led me to reflect upon the wonderful difference in the activity, or rather tenacity of that faculty, as to what is recorded there in youth or in old age. I had never seen those verses in print or manuscript since I was eight years old, when my pastor, old Dr. Dana, gave them to me for a piece to speak, and they never came into my mind again until very recently. I may mention another circumstance in proof of the retention of early impressions. When I was in Ipswich recently, where I had not spent an hour

* To Mrs. Geo. Ticknor, Boston.

the table at breakfast time and look up so cunningly for his share, I counted upon him at that hour as much as if he had been a human. But I offended him one morning, by not putting butter enough upon his bread, so he would not come any more to take breakfast with me. Now I leave a good portion of bread, well buttered, for him, and bits of cheese besides, which disappear after I leave the breakfast room. I have not the slightest doubt that the little creature is sensible that he is treated kindly, and grateful for it too, for now he never touches anything eatable except what is set aside for him, nor permits any other mouse to do it, and before they were very troublesome. Would it be possible to apply the law of kindness as efficiently to human offenders? Combined with the inculcation of the religious principle of Christianity, I think it would. I am no believer in the omnipotent power of mere human effort, but I do believe that God often uses a human agent to make his omnipotent power felt in the human heart.

You will naturally conclude that I must pass a great many wearisome hours, to have no one to speak to, no amusements, unable to walk or drive out, and no variety of any kind, in fact to be, as it were, afloat at sea, in a deserted ship, and so I certainly should have, if I did not feel that I am much more favored than afflicted, that my afflictions are inseparable from living too long, and that, thus far, they have not made me a burden to any one but myself, that I can see with my own eyes, hear with my own ears, walk with my own feet, feed myself with my own hands, and above all exercise my own mind; in a word that I am not yet a mere cumberer of the ground. All

these I regard as blessings with which I am favored by God, and for which I feel too grateful to repine at inevitable privations. Sometimes I get tired of reading, and if it is by day I sit by the window and look out upon beautiful nature or the busy world, according to the side of the house where my seat may be, and if by night I turn my eyes to the glorious heavens and my thoughts to God. As regards reading I find there are few books of which I do not tire, — and of these few the first of all is the Bible. I have just finished a careful perusal of the four Gospels, having taken them up as if it were for the first time, and I had never formed an opinion in regard to Him whose life they record, and in so far as I can divest myself of all preconceived belief. I closed the book convinced by what I had been reading, of the literal truth of the narrative and saying with the centurion, "Truly this was the Son of God."

It is my practice now, in regard to many other questions, — to review my opinion, and see if it has been formed in conformity to that of the public, or from my own unbiased judgment. For instance, I was not satisfied with the impression on my mind about "Jane Eyre" and its author Charlotte Bronte, so I got Mrs. Gaskell's life of her, and read it carefully, which satisfied me that whatever she wrote must be different from anything proceeding from minds formed under common circumstances. And really I do not see how "Jane Eyre" could be understood by any one, who did not know the peculiar character of its author, for it seems to me a sort of autobiography of the workings of her mind. It does not evince a mind of a high order, but a very peculiar one,

and it has as little of the probable in it as her mind had of correct training. The conflagration and all the incidents connected with the burning of Rochester's residence, have been reproduced in some more recent story; but I cannot tell what one.

I have wanted so much to see you all, I have sometimes thought I would take the cars to Hudson, and get a carriage there to take me down as far as Rhinebeck, making calls upon my way at Rokeby, at your place and William's, and at Mrs. Livingston's, and then back *via* New York, but I have never found myself quite up to the effort. . . . Please give my love to Mr. D. and to your father¹ and mother, and Henry. I would have given a large part of my fortune to have been able to spend an hour or two at Rokeby, and at your house.

Yours truly and affectionately,

JOS. G. COGSWELL.

CAMBRIDGE, *Sunday Evening, August 14, [1870.]**

The interest I take in the Franco-Prussian war helps much to give wings to my solitary hours. I get the papers every morning and evening, and fill up nearly two hours in reading each one, and take great comfort in seeing that Napoleon is everywhere defeated. But it is heart-rending to see at what a terrible sacrifice of human life the crushing out of this horrible despot is effected. Humanity pours out its curses upon such murderers and monsters as Nero, Tiberius, Attila, and many others of the same class, but none of them are so deserving of ex-

* To Rev. D. G. Haskins.

¹ Mr. William B. Astor.

found the word "each" which I could not make out when I first read it. Now if I did not consider you as one, and most emphatically so, I would send a separate acknowledgment to your husband, he will please understand that what I say to you I say to him also. I broached a bottle of the champagne yesterday and found it excellent. I found too that it was the very thing I needed to enliven and strengthen me. . . . If I knew any better way of expressing my gratitude to you both for your great kindness, than by letting you know how much of improved health I owe to your repeated generous efforts to effect the improvement, I would avail myself of it, for I am really grateful beyond what I have power to express.

CHAPTER XXX.

1871. — The Last Year. — Visits New York and works for the Astor Library. — Newport and Nahant. — Conclusion. — Tributes and Memorials. — Meeting of Round Hill Pupils. — Monument placed by them over the Grave at Ipswich, and Bust given by them to Harvard College.

CAMBRIDGE, *Sunday Evening, January 29, 1871.**

Dear Mrs. Astor, — Your kind letter of the 26th came just at the time when I most needed the consolation of its friendly expressions. I found it on my table yesterday afternoon, when I returned from the funeral of Mr. Ticknor, the last of my early friends, with whom I had been closely associated for almost seventy years. The funeral was strictly private, but the family very kindly considered me as one of them, and gave me a place among the mourners, as in truth I was. The event was a distressing one to me, and nothing could have given me more comfort than the proof you sent me of your affectionate regards and continued interest. I feel that I am not alone in the world when I have so kind a friend left to me as yourself. I am the sole survivor of my family; my parents, a brother and five sisters, were taken from me many years since, and my early associates are now all gone. Still God has been very merciful to me and given

* To Mrs. W. Astor, Jr., New York.

me of the younger generations many very dear and precious friends.

CAMBRIDGE, *April 24*, 1871.* Soon after my last to you Mr. Schroeder sent in his resignation to the Trustees of the Astor Library and I was requested to look up a successor for them. This has brought so wide a correspondence upon me, that I have had to write thirty letters, either in answer to applicants for office, or to inquire of others whom I considered eligible for it, if they would accept provided I could obtain it for them. This commission has kept me active for some time past, as I have had not only to communicate by letter with the different individuals named as candidates, but also, in many cases to see them in person, so that I have been driving about, and improved in health by exercising more than usual.

CAMBRIDGE, *June 3*, 1871.* Although my visit to New York is now got to be an old story, as I have not yet told it to you I will now give you some extracts from it. According to previous arrangements I started from Cambridge on the morning of May 1st, at 10 o'clock, and took the shore line from Boston at 11, which transported me safely to New York before dark. In proof that I was not completely used up by the journey, I may mention that I left the train at 44th Street, 4th Avenue, and walked down to W. Astor Jr.'s on the 5th, corner of 34th Street. This I did so that his carriage should not be sent for me to the station. But I

* To Mrs. Mailliard, San Rafael.

was foiled in my attempt to save trouble. On reaching his house I found the carriage had already gone for me.

I spent a week with them, surrounded with luxuries, and what is better, with real comforts. Nothing could be thought of which Mrs. Astor did not provide for me. In a word, to give you an idea of how I was treated during my visit to her, just think how I should be treated were I your guest, and you have it. . . . When my week was up Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Astor put in an urgent claim for a visit from me, which I could not refuse to make. There, too, everything was done in the way of attention and kindness, and it would be ungrateful in me not to be satisfied, but there were no young folks to enliven the house, as at the son's. . . .

The constant excitement proved too much for me, and the effort to appear smart exhausted me. It was like high steam pressure upon a weak boiler, a little more than the machinery would bear. A few days more of it would have stopt its working altogether. I went to the Theatre, I drove twice all round the Central Park, twice I walked from the Astor Library to Wall Street, and about as much daily in other directions. Then the matter of looking up a successor to Mr. Schroeder¹ worried me a good deal, so that, altogether, at the end of the second week I was right glad to get on board of a Sound

¹ During this visit of Mr. Cogswell to New York, a resolution was passed by the Trustees of the Astor Library, at a meeting on the 10th of May, when Mr. Cogswell was present, of which the following is a copy: —

“Resolved, That the Secretary be requested to express to Dr. Cogswell the great pleasure which the Trustees have felt in again meeting him, and to offer him their sincerest thanks for the strong interest he still feels in the Library, and the valuable suggestions he has made in aid of the Trustees while engaged in the choice of a successor to Mr. Schroeder.”

“The Treasurer was directed,” etc.

steamboat for the rest it afforded me. Return to my quiet life has brought me up again, and I feel that seeing old friends, and change from the monotony of my uniform solitude has, on the whole, been of service to me. . . .

NEWPORT, *July* 16, 1871.* . . . Last year I said, I'll not go to Newport until Mrs. Burns and William come home, but at that time I did not know, or imagine that you intended to expatriate yourselves so long. . . . My friend George Wales gave me a very kind invitation to make him a visit, which I accepted the more readily, knowing that his new house was in a very quiet situation on the cliffs. . . . The ocean rolls its broad waves at the foot of the lawn, and the land view on every side is beautiful. The piazzas are so arranged that we can sit out upon them without being exposed to the sun, and breathe as fresh and pure an air as ever blows over land or water. Indoors nothing is wanting to one's comfort or enjoyment, the host and hostess are unwearied in their attentions, and the most exigent person could find nothing to complain of, except being made too much of. I need not add that under these circumstances I am thriving greatly and gaining flesh, I judge, at the rate of at least a pound a day. . . .

NAHANT, *July* 24, 1871.† . . . After my return from New York, I kept quiet at Cambridge until the 12th of July, when I was enticed to Newport by the urgent solicitations of one of my old Round Hill boys, who had built a nice house on the cliffs there, and wanted to show

* To W. C. Burns.

† To Mrs. Lewis Livingston, Rhinebeck.

it to me. The sea view delighted me and the sea air invigorated me for a time, but the fogs came, and with them neuralgia and low spirits, so that I was soon driven back to Cambridge. But as I had made a positive engagement to make Longfellow a visit here, on the 22d, I had to try the sea coast again. . . . I hear conversation so imperfectly, and so often misunderstand what is said to me; I am mortified at exhibiting so much stupidity. I should not mind it if I found others as stupid as myself, but oh, how distressing it is to perceive that one is the only stupid person of the company. . . .

CAMBRIDGE, *August 28, 1871.** You can see, that old age has made rapid strides upon me, by my delay in answering your delightful letters. . . . Weil, if I have grown ever so old in all other respects, my affection for you has lost none of its strength or freshness, and you must put to the account of physical infirmities all failures to give you assurances of it. The harvest is past and the summer almost ended, and I have nearly reached another milestone in my earthly pilgrimage. On the 27th of September should I live so long, I shall begin to count the sixth of my years over fourscore, and I have abundant reason for gratitude to God, for having spared me most of the trials which usually attend upon these helpless years. The afflictions with which I am visited are chiefly physical, and those not severe. I am not sensible of any failure in mental faculties or coldness of my affections, my self-love has not increased, nor love for my friends diminished. The pleasures of

* To Mrs. Mailliard, San Rafael.

active life are gone, but those of a tranquil contemplative one are all left to me. I am often reminded of the story of the master and servant, who were mounted on the same horse, the former in the saddle, the latter on the crupper. At the end of a long day's ride, the master invoked blessings upon the man who invented saddles, and the servant replied, "Blessings on the man who invented horses." My case is not unlike this. If I am denied the luxuries, I am blessed with the substantials.

CAMBRIDGE, *November 6, 1871.** Dear Mrs. Livingston, — Had you known how very ill I have been, you would not have been surprised at not hearing from me; for more than four weeks I was not able to write a line, or sit up five minutes. I am now so far recovered, I can scratch a wee bit of a note, and more than that I have not been able to write to any one. I have found that local maladies, in addition to the infirmities of old age were a burden quite beyond my strength. The beautiful manuscript selection of poetical gems, you sent me, has comforted me, in many a desponding hour. God bless you, my dear friend, for divining and supplying what afforded me so much comfort. I have not written half so much as the foregoing for more than two months.

With my kindest remembrance to Mr. Livingston and the young gentlemen,

Most affectionately your ever faithful friend,
JOS. G. COGSWELL.

* To Mrs. Lewis Livingston, New York.

When this note was written, Mr. Cogswell was already failing, his life was slowly and gently passing away, without severe suffering, and yet not without pain, which he bore patiently. He was not always willing to pursue the treatment, or to take the remedies that were recommended, and he continued to make, from time to time, extravagant exertions, seeming occasionally to rally. After the last week in September, however, he never came in to Boston.

Gradually the flame died out, but it was not rapidly extinguished. Everything was done that kind and watchful care could do: friends visited him and ministered to his wants; his unwillingness to have proper attendance was overcome, and, beside all that Mr. and Mrs. Haskins and their children could do, with the most constant devotion, the services of two capable and faithful men were secured for him, day and night. After twenty-four hours of unconsciousness his spirit passed away in the afternoon of a quiet Sunday, November 26. He had attained the great age of eighty-five years and two months, without having lost his powers of mind and memory.

The appreciation of Mr. Cogswell's character expressed, in private and in public, was such as does not often fall to the lot of those who so far outlive their own generation and its separate interests. He had made for himself a place in the hearts of younger people, and he had labored so successfully for the intellectual and moral benefit of his fellow countrymen that, at his death, there were some among the distinguished writers of this late day, ready to pay their tribute to his virtues and his work.

Two of these recorded their impressions of his character in terms so apt and so worthy of their subject, that to place them here is to give a fitting conclusion to this sketch. One¹ says:—

“Mr. Cogswell had a very active mind, with quick perceptions, and a physical organization which found satisfaction in movement and change. He had learned as much by observation as by study. In science and general literature his attainments were rather extensive than profound; but in bibliography his knowledge was thorough, various, and exact. Herein he had few equals and no superior.

“Having read and seen much, having known many of the most eminent men in Europe and America, his conversation was most instructive and agreeable. He combined happily in his social moments, the ease of a man familiar with society, with the substantial merits of vigorous sense and various knowledge. His character was generous; his affections were warm; his principles were firm. He was valued and loved by his friends, and no man was more rich in friends. There was hardly a city along our whole Atlantic coast in which he could not have found warm welcome and eager hospitality. His old pupils felt for him a reverence and affection which grew deeper and tenderer as they themselves passed into the lengthening shadows of life. . . .

“His life was long, active, useful, and happy. The kind Providence which gave him length of days, spared him the weariness and burden of age. Except a slight

¹ George S. Hillard.

deafness he suffered little from infirmity or decay. Nor had he the trial of that torpor and apathy which seals, as with a finger of ice, the genial currents of thought and feeling. His eye was not dim, and his natural force not much abated. His affections were warm, and his mind was quick and apprehensive to the last. Till within a few weeks of his death he walked freely, without assistance, upon his errands of friendship or business. Having a sort of horror of helplessness, he was saved the trial of dependence upon others. Not long since he spoke to the writer of this notice in a simple and natural way of his approaching end, saying that while he was perfectly ready to go, he was also willing to stay, for life had not ceased to be sweet to him.

“Of no distemper, of no blast he died,
But fell like autumn fruit that ripened long,
Even wondered at because he dropped no sooner.
Fate seemed to wind him up for fourscore years,
Yet freshly ran he on for winters more,
Till like a clock worn out with eating time
The wheels of weary life at last stood still.”

The other,¹ writing before these words could have reached him, yet made his own expression as it were the complement of the first.

“He was one of the few men of culture in our busy land who possess the instinct of intellectual hospitality. He was a consistent and constant purveyor in the fields of knowledge. Devoid of both literary and personal ambition, which are so apt to absorb in selfish isolation the gifts and graces of the mind, he gave to sympathy what so many cultivated men give to self. In early life this

¹ Henry T. Tuckerman.

noble feeling found vent in educational experiments and activity; and later in bibliography. He had the happy faculty of enlisting the intelligent coöperation of those around him in enterprises for the advancement of learning and the pursuit of truth. He won the confidence of the young, and ministered to the best aspirations of the mature and the aged. His love of letters was eminently disinterested; his literary tastes were singularly social. He had the zest without the acquisitiveness of the collector, the affinities without the pride of the scholar. His heart was as warm and constant as his intellect was well balanced and active. Hence his influence was as auspicious as attractive. The youths he taught, fifty years ago at Northampton, cherished his good-will, and maintained their personal affection through life. He not only had the wisdom to conceive, and the patience to collect the Library with which his name is so honorably associated, but the tact and the persuasion to induce its founder to initiate the noble institution, and his son to enlarge and complete it into a grand monument of private beneficence. No man ever more fully and faithfully appreciated the worth of friendship. He never forgot its sacred obligations; and it was a great privilege to those honored by his regard to recognize and cultivate it with unabated zeal and affection. . . . He delighted to aid the researches of inquirers in every sphere, who sought information at the fair temple of knowledge, over which he so benignly presided in his later years. He was the favored guest in the homes of the fair and the gifted; and the children of the friends of his youth looked up to him with filial par-

tiality. A gentle nature, his culture was harmonized and hallowed by his character."

The voice of affection and respect was not hushed even with these tributes.¹ The memory of Round Hill still kept alive an earnest feeling for the old friend who had made it, for so many, a centre of bright recollections. Some weeks after his death a group of "gray headed men who had scarce met since set face to face as boys in games at ball or marbles," came together to give permanent expression to their faithful attachment. "The room where they assembled seemed filled with an aroma from the past. . . . One touch of boyhood made the whole room kin, and through every souvenir, through every remembrance of former companionship, breathed as the master spell, the memory of the love, surviving death, they bore to their early teacher."²

They resolved to order a bust of their old master, and to erect a monument to him, over his grave in the spot he had himself chosen in the graveyard of his native place; and they resolved that while the monument should be simple and unpretending, as he had always been, it should be made of the most indestructible material which could be procured, in order that after generations might see there had been, here, a rare instance of enduring attachment between pupils and teacher.

Both these purposes have been fulfilled. The bust, a very successful and pleasing likeness, has been pre-

¹ Another tribute will be found in Appendix F.

² From the article by T. G. Appleton, already quoted more than once.

sented to Harvard College, and the monument, a plain sarcophagus of Aberdeen granite, is in its place, bearing, in addition to name and dates, these simple words:

ERECTED BY PUPILS OF ROUND HILL SCHOOL,
IN AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX A.

*Extracts from the Prospectus issued by Messrs. Cogswell and Bancroft.
Dated Cambridge, June 20, 1823.*

If we would attempt to form the characters as well as to cultivate the minds of the young, we must be able to control all their occupations. For this reason we intend to have them under the same roof with ourselves, and we become responsible for their manners, habits, and morals, no less than for their progress in useful knowledge. . . .

In selecting a place for our establishment, we chiefly regarded salubrity and beauty. The spot, which we are to occupy in Northampton, unites both of these in an eminent degree. Among the ancient and modern writers on education there is but one voice respecting the grateful and salutary influence, exercised by the beauties of scenery on the mind, and many of the eminent schools in Europe are hardly less celebrated for their site, than for their literary excellence. . . .

The institution, which we purpose to establish, is designed to furnish occupation for those years, which in France are spent at a *Collège*, and in Germany at a Gymnasium. A boy, who has completed his ninth year, is old enough to commence his regular studies, and to delay them longer would be to waste precious time, and (what is of still more moment) the period when good habits are most easily formed. For learning the modern languages these years are so valuable, that the loss of them is irreparable, because during these a purity of pronunciation (we speak with particular reference to the French) may readily be acquired, which in after life no efforts can attain. . . .

On the other side we decline assuming the charge of any one, who has already completed his twelfth year ; and we conceive that a regard for the success of our school requires of us, on this point to be explicit and

decided. . . . The same discipline of mind and the same course of instruction cannot be suited to boys and to young men. Between a seminary, which provides for the discipline and control of its pupils, and one, which, like the European universities, has in view the advancement of the sciences and public instruction in them, there is an essential difference, which must carefully be heeded in practice. To attempt uniting both would insure a failure. . . .

The promise which we give to parents is, that we will be zealous in our endeavours to preserve the health and improve the morals and the mental powers of their sons. We must, on receiving the charge of them, be to them as parents.

And hence the methods of discipline and government must be parental. There is a difference between severity and strictness. The one may be gained by the frequent use of punishments, while the other is best secured by gentleness and example. The relation of the pupil and tutor is that of the weak to the strong, of him who needs instruction and defence to him who is able to impart them. Keeping this principle in mind we shall endeavor to govern by persuasion and persevering kindness. These will be sufficient for all who are neither perverse nor disinclined to study ; for others the institution is not designed, and obstinate disobedience, on the part of the pupil, must ever be a reason for his dismissal. . . .

[In the enumeration of studies which follows, passages occur on the relative value of the different departments. Some of these we will quote.]

To read, to write, and to speak English with correctness, and if possible with elegance, are the first and most necessary objects of instruction. . . . An acquaintance with English literature, must be commenced with the first efforts at learning to read and write the English language. The pupils must be encouraged to grow familiar with our great masters of prose and verse ; and, however much attention may be claimed by other studies, we must always bear in mind, that nothing can supply the want of a thorough knowledge of our own tongue.

The study of the Greek and Latin classics is the next in the order of importance. They form the basis of learning and taste, both for their antiquity and their intrinsic excellence ; and while the history of

literature is made clear and the connexion between the culture of ancient and modern times is explained by the study of them, the mind is well exercised and grows accustomed to fix itself on foreign and distant objects, the best foundation for philological research and the scientific knowledge of grammar is laid, and the acquiring of the modern languages facilitated beyond expression. . . .

Yet there is a distinction between the two languages, when we consider them as forming a part of a useful education. No one science can be thoroughly learned without an acquaintance with the Latin tongue ; while there is no science for the study of which the Greek is indispensably requisite. . . . A knowledge of the Latin tongue is therefore essential to a practical education, and no circumstances in the situation of our country can deprive it of its importance, its interest, and, we might add, its absolute necessity.

On the other hand, the Greek literature surpasses the Latin in variety, interest, originality, and actual merit. As those of the Grecians who, in the first days of their culture excelled in tragedy, epic poetry, and philosophy, had no predecessors to imitate, so they have never been equalled in succeeding times ; and while among modern nations each contends that its own literature is the best, each yields the second place of honor to the Grecians. . . . While therefore all our pupils must learn Latin, we submit to the decision of parents, whether their children shall be instructed in Greek. We shall aim rather to assist a few in learning it well, than to excite a larger number to learn it imperfectly. . . .

We regard the study of languages as the proper basis of education, both because it provides the mind with the most salutary employment, and exercises the powers of invention and judgment, no less than those of comparison and memory ; and because it furnishes the keys of knowledge for future use.

When we come to consider the mathematics, we must revert to our first question, and ask, how much of them is essential to a liberal education ? Provision will be made for instructing such as are fond of them in the higher and more arduous branches. But we shall not compel all to apply themselves to a study, for which there would seem in many minds a natural inaptitude ; and which, though pursued in youth with a great expense of labour, is almost always thrown aside on entering the world. . . .

History and geography are studies to be commenced early, and never to be relinquished. . . .

As the fear of God is the most sacred principle of action, there is none which should be developed with more care. Each day will begin and end with devotional exercises. The Lord's day must be sacredly observed, and the exercises of public worship constantly attended. . . .

In 1826 Messrs. Cogswell and Bancroft published an "Account of the School for the Liberal Education of Boys, established on Round Hill, Northampton," etc., the contents of which are very similar to those of the Prospectus, and the following short extracts will suffice to show the additions made : —

The question respecting the relative advantage of literary and scientific pursuits has been much agitated. We favor the former because they exercise intimate and direct influence on morals ; but education would be imperfect without the latter. A very considerable proportion of time is assigned to the Mathematics. We consider the study of them in connection with the languages as essential to the best discipline of the mind. The natural sciences are pursued rather as a relaxation, and to quicken the powers of observation. . . .

The present generation has acquired such health and strength as it possesses without any care of its own ; and we can hardly form an idea of a whole nation, eagerly providing for the improvement of the body, as well as for intellectual culture, decreeing a triumph to superiority of force, and recording in its annals the names of men distinguished for the perfection of their physical organization. . . . We are deeply impressed with the necessity of uniting physical with moral education ; and are particularly favored in executing our plans of connecting them, by the assistance of a pupil and friend of Jahn, the greatest modern advocate of gymnastics. We have proceeded slowly in our attempts, for the undertaking was a new one ; but now we see ourselves near the accomplishment of our views. . . . And here, too, we may say that we were the first in the new continent to connect gymnastics with a purely literary establishment. . . .

Punishments, which are to be used as seldom as possible, are not only to be proportioned to the offence, but also, as far as possible, to be its natural result. . . . If the same act is seldom the same offence

in two different persons, it is also seldom that exactly the same means afford a suitable remedy. . . . Every one must then be led to measure his conduct by the rule of right. We are convinced, that while this principle seems the weakest, it is in fact the strongest. On any other, instances would occur of offenders willing to submit to punishment for the sake of offending; but we never consent to consider punishment as a compensation for a fault. . . . We insist with each boy, that his character is to be a sufficient guarantee for his good conduct, and have found it perfectly safe to act on the principle, that knowledge is too good to be forced upon those who are old enough to understand its value. . . .

In 1831, when Mr. Cogswell was sole head of the school, another circular was issued, called an "Outline of Round Hill School," repeating the same principles and the same purposes as the two previous documents.

APPENDIX B.

A LIST of the Pupils at the Round Hill School, during the first eight years of its existence, is attached to the Pamphlet called "Outline of the System of Education at the Round Hill School," etc., published in the summer of 1831. The number is two hundred and ninety-three, and the list, which is given below, after revision, is arranged according to the places of residence of the pupils. Only one out of the number had died during that time.

From Massachusetts.

Thomas C. Amory,	Henry W. Bellows,
Rufus G. Amory,	Edward S. Bellows,
George W. Amory,	George A. Bethune,
Thomas G. Appleton,	John Binney,
Charles S. Appleton,	Amos Binney,
Samuel Ashburner,	George Blake,
Theodore J. Barnett,	Francis S. Blake,
T. F. Haley Barstow,	George William Bond,
Charles Barstow,	Francis Boott,
Samuel H. Bates,	Charles W. Bradbury,

William Brewster,
John Bryant,
W. Ellery Channing,
Augustus Clark,
Gorham Coffin,
Thomas Cordis,
Edward A. Crowninshield,
Benjamin Cutting,
Henry V. Degen,
W. Prescott Dexter,
Francis L. Dutton,
S. Eliot Dwight,
Frederick Dwight,
George E. Ellis,
John O. Fairfield,
Haliburton Fales,
John M. Forbes,
George Gardner,
Edward E. E. Gardner,
Watson Gore,
William C. Gorham,
Benjamin L. Gorham,
William Gray,
John C. Gray,
Francis A. Gray,
George Hammond,
George H. Hastings,
Samuel Henshaw,
Joseph L. Henshaw,
D. Waldo Higginson,
Nathaniel Hooper,
Frank A. Hooper,
Josiah Howe,
U. Tracy Howe,
Gardner G. Hubbard,
Ebenezer Hunt,
Seth J. Knowles,
William B. Lawrence,

S. Abbott Lawrence,
James Lord,
George W. Lord,
Robert T. S. Lowell,
Arthur W. Lyman,
Joseph Lyman,
E. H. R. Lyman,
John H. Manning,
Samuel May,
Charles H. Mills,
John T. Morse,
Benjamin E. Morse,
Samuel T. Morse,
Thomas Motley,
J. Lothrop Motley,
George H. Otis,
George Peabody,
Dandridge W. Peck,
James H. Perkins,
James D. Perry,
John P. Putnam,
Charles Richmond,
Thomas R. Robeson,
William R. Robeson,
Thomas Sargent,
Theodore Sedgwick,
George C. Shattuck,
Samuel P. Shaw,
Robert G. Shaw,
Theodore Shillaber,
Nathaniel B. Shurtleff,
Charles S. Storrow,
William W. Sturgis,
John T. S. Sullivan,
Samuel B. Swett,
I. Augustus Thorndike,
Israel Trask,
Robert Wales,

George W. Wales,
Samuel G. Ward,
William Welch,

Charles H. Wheelwright,
Joseph White,
Frederick Wright.

From Maine.

J. T. Gilman Daveis,
F. Tudor Gardiner.

From New Hampshire.

George Haven,
Charles H. Ladd.

From Connecticut.

Truman French,
George Jepson.

From Rhode Island.

Samuel C. Blodget,	Henry Rivers,
Joseph Church,	George Rivers,
Sullivan Dorr,	John Whipple,
Henry Griswold,	Newton Whipple,
John M. Hutchens,	James Whitaker,
William H. Paine,	John Wilkinson.

From New York.

Robert Bolton,	Shubael Lansing,
James C. Brevoort,	Robert L. Livingston,
William A. Brevoort,	Eugene Livingston,
Le Grand Cannon,	J. Montgomery Livingston,
Henry Cary,	John T. K. Lothrop,
William Edgar,	Dominic Lynch,
Herman Edgar,	Morris Miller,
Daniel Edgar,	John Munro,
David Fairbanks,	Herman Newbold,
George Gibbs,	Thomas H. Newbold,
Samuel Hopkins,	Eugene Post,
John H. Howard,	George W. Riggs,
William E. Howland,	Lawrason Riggs,
Philip L. Jones,	B. Woolsey Rogers,
Philip Kearney,	Lewis Sagory,
George Kneeland,	Charles Sagory,

Courtney Schenck,
Henry D. Sewall,
J. Bayard Stevens,
Russell N. Townsend,
Alexander Van Rensselaer,
Robert Watts,
Alexander Watts,

Ridley Watts,
William W. Wadsworth.
Thomas Walker,
Samuel Ward,
Henry Ward,
Marion Ward,
David Wood.

From Pennsylvania.

Alexander Brown,
Thomas W. Francis,
Charles Francis,
Alfred Francis,

R. Delancey Izard,
John R. Jones,
Samuel W. Rodman.

From Delaware.

John Andrews,

Henry Andrews.

From Maryland.

Horatio D. Appleton,
Charles D. Appleton,
George D. Appleton,
James Bankhead,
Rawlins Barney,
Sterrett Barr,
Frederick W. Brune,
John C. Brune,
Thomas Donaldson,
Edward Donaldson,
C. Frederick Faulac,
Ferdinand A. Faulac,
John Faulac,
Henry F. Friese,
Philip J. Friese,
William Gilmor,

Charles S. Gilmor,
Robert G. Harper,
William Hoffmann,
J. Latimer Hoffmann,
John E. Howard,
Thomas McElderry,
John Magruder,
W. Wirt Meredith,
Oliver Norris,
John O'Donnel,
Charles Robinson,
Charles Francis Schroeder,
Tench Tilghman,
Joseph B. Williams,
William Wirt,
William Winchester.

From Virginia.

Bernard Carter,

Williams Carter,
George W. Morton.

From North Carolina.

Marsden Campbell, John D. Collins,
John Little.

From South Carolina.

William Burgoyne,	Keating S. Laurens,
George W. Cross,	George Macbride,
Nicholas Cruger,	T. Pinkney Middleton,
Lawrence Edmonston,	J. Motte Middleton,
Charles Edmonston,	M. Irvine Millikin,
George Edwards,	John Millikin,
John L. Faber,	John S. Perrier,
George Gibson,	Ferdinand A. Perrier,
William Habersham,	John R. Pringle,
James Hamilton,	J. Hamilton Priolean,
D. Hayward Hamilton,	J. Harleston Read,
T. Lynch Hamilton,	James W. Read,
Robert Hayne,	T. Pinkney Rutledge,
Joseph Huger,	Robert Smith,
T. Pinkney Huger,	H. Laurens Toomer,
Ralph S. Izard,	W. Drayton Warley,
John Jenkins,	James Wilkinson.

From Georgia.

Edward C. Anderson,	William N. Habersham,
Clarence Barclay,	Leonard C. Hunter,
William D. Berrien,	John C. Hunter,
Thomas Bourke,	William P. Johnston,
William Bourke,	George Noble Jones,
T. Jefferson Bullock,	George Kollock,
Oliver Burroughs,	Robert Mackay,
Robert Habersham,	Samuel Stiles,
B. Elliot Habersham,	Henry C. Wayne.

From Mississippi.

William B. Hooke,	Richard B. Hooke,
Francis H. Hooke,	Moses J. Hooke.

APPENDIX.

From Louisiana.

William S. Johnston, Richard M'Call,
Thomas C. Servoss.

From Tennessee.

Arthur M. Rutledge.

From Ohio.

William Barr, Benjamin Tappan.

From Michigan.

Samuel Dexter.

From Lower Canada.

Aaron David, Moses E. David,
Charles H. Gates.

From the West Indies.

William J. Bastian, William Murphy,
Trajan Laburthie, Thomas Murphy,
Jasper N. Murphy.

From Mexico.

John C. Cano, Francis de la Vega y Rabago,
John Palacios, Lorenzo de Zavala.

From Brazil.

John J. White, James White.

Transatlantic.

John Kennett, Herman Schroeder.

APPENDIX C.

Testimonial Dinner to Joseph Green Cogswell, LL. D., by Round Hill Scholars, December 1, 1864.

PRESENT.

Joseph G. Cogswell,
 Dr. Beck, Hon. Geo. S. Hillard, Prof. Benj. Pierce.

T. C. Amory, Jr.,	John T. Morse,
T. G. Appleton,	Benjamin E. Morse,
George A. Bethune,	Samuel T. Morse,
George W. Bond,	William R. Robeson,
Henry V. Degen,	George C. Shattuck,
John M. Forbes,	S. Parkman Shaw,
George Gardner,	Nathaniel B. Shurtleff,
Francis A. Gray,	Samuel B. Swett,
U. Tracy Howe,	George W. Wales,
Joseph Lyman,	Samuel G. Ward.

By request, Mr. Cogswell spoke as follows:—

MY DEAR BOYS,— No ordinary occasion could have drawn me from the retirement which age and its infirmities have now made necessary for me ; and my being here proves to you that I do not regard this as one of that character. I looked upon a meeting with so many pupils of by-gone days as a patriarch of old must have looked upon the gathering-around him of his children, at the close of life ; and could make but one answer to your filial message: "It is enough ; I will go and see them before I die." The banner under which you have rallied is that of Round Hill ; and for me there is magic in that word ; the instant it falls upon my ears, my sluggish blood regains its youthful warmth and quickness, and I am carried back to the time when I stood in *loco parentis* to as fine, and quite as numerous, a family, as ever patriarch of old was blessed with. And here, my dear friends, let me thank you, as I do from my inmost heart, for this expression of your kind feelings towards the friend and teacher of your youth. These two relations are often thought incompatible by boys ; but you, when boys, gave me daily proof that you did not then so regard them ;

and the spirit now manifested to all your teachers here present proves, that, in your riper years, you do not so regard them. In this connection, I must beg leave, even at the risk of being charged with vanity, to mention a fact, in corroboration of the statement just made, which was very gratifying to me. Most, if not all of you, must remember at school, Robert Lowell, "little Robert" as we all called him, not merely because he was the smallest and youngest of all the pupils, but as a term of endearment; for everybody loved him then, as everybody loves him now who lives in the circle of sunlight created by his presence. Last year he published a new edition of his beautiful poems, which he did me the honor to dedicate to me. In the dedication, after my name, he adds, "to whom the boy brought his lessons with much love and without fear, the man offers this book as fearlessly and with no less love." Now, my friends, these few touching words express precisely the kind of feeling towards me which I sought to create in all of you, when you were pupils at the school; and here today I have evidence that I must have been understood, and that the impression then made has never been effaced from your hearts. And herein is the charm which makes Round Hill so dear to me; it bound me closer to a greater number of my fellow beings than all other relations of my life; and now, when I am old and childless, it carries me back to palmy days, and surrounds me with a circle of loving children. But, in addition to this beautiful inner sentiment connected with Round Hill, there is also a beautiful material picture which should not be lost sight of.

You cannot have forgotten that sunny hillside, overlooking a fair and fertile valley, enlivened by numerous thriving towns and villages, with a noble river winding its way among them, and a bold mountain range for the background. It was the beauty of this site, and its well-known salubrity, that induced Mr. Bancroft and myself to make choice of it for the school we were then about to establish; and it proved, on occupation, to unite all the advantages we anticipated, and give reality to the fancy picture which Milton drew of a place of education for his nephews, Edward and John Phillips. The chestnut wood, which covers the whole summit of the hill, afforded shelter from the heats of summer, and protection from the piercing northwestern blasts of winter; the level, dry, sandy grounds in the rear were just the thing for

gymnastics and other out-door exercises, to say nothing of Croney villages. Then came the necessary appendages to such an establishment, — a garden of sufficient extent to furnish plenty of fresh vegetables during summer, and, in their season, ever so many delicious melons for the table, and some to spare, that never found their way to the table; a well-stocked farm, with sufficient pasture for a herd of cows, that, night and morning, filled with pure and wholesome milk as many brimming pails as were needed for the whole family. In every other respect, careful provision was made for the creature comforts of a young family blessed with good appetites, so that I feel quite sure you never think of Round Hill as a "Do-the-Boys' Hall." Nor were health and recreation forgotten among the necessary means of youthful culture. A pleasant surrounding country invited to daily excursions, either on foot, or in the saddle, or in carriages; and once a year, at least, more distant regions were visited; all the school being enabled to share in the frolic by the expedient of "ride and tie," or alternate tramp and cavalcade. Then, too, there was bathing in summer, skating and coasting in winter, and dancing at all seasons. You will not, I think, regard the foregoing as an exaggerated representation of what was done at Round Hill for the comfort, health, and amusement of the pupils of the school. As respects moral and mental culture, it may be summed up in a few words: it was the best and of the highest character that could be had. If this statement needed proof, you have it in the standing attained in after life by almost every one of the teachers of the school; as men of science, or men of letters, or men in public life, they have all taken high rank. Should any one say that this was all for nought, that the school is now among the things that were, and that the expense and pains bestowed upon building it up were lost upon those who received its benefits, — my dear friends, that we are here met together is a proof to the contrary. You did not invite us here (my colleagues and myself) merely to eat a good dinner, and drink a glass of choice wine; but it was to express to us, in most unequivocal language, that you had treasured up in your hearts, for more than thirty years, a feeling of deep gratitude for what we did for you at Round Hill. In my view, this feeling and this expression of it are worth an infinite deal more than it ever cost us to obtain it; and there is a large item to be added to the account, — the

cheerful diligence, and correct, manly deportment by which you manifested your gratitude when boys for our efforts to make you happy, and prepare you for the business of life. Your conduct then, and your characters now, are the grounds on which the associations with Round Hill have become so delightful to me.

My former relation to you must be my apology for here adding a few words in behalf of the teachers of your children, and of the vocation of instruction generally. If teachers are faithful, they are entitled to the respect, confidence, and coöperation of parents. The occupation at best is but a thankless one ; the culture of mind, and the formation of character, are, practically considered, of less importance to youth than the knowledge of the every-day business of life, and the art of growing rich. If a teacher is a mere hireling, he has as much social consideration as he is entitled to ; but one who has a full sense of his responsibility, and labors for the improvement of the child with parental affection, without a parent's blindness, is an invaluable friend both to parent and child. Of my varied occupations in life, I look upon none with so much satisfaction as that of my labors at Round Hill, endeavoring to train up ingenuous youth "to the love of learning and the admiration of virtue." You, my friends, are witnesses to the world that I did not labor in vain. I am confident of an affirmative response from all present, when I say that Round Hill is still a hallowed spot, — hallowed, I mean, in its recollections ; although, in its material character, it is profaned to ordinary purposes ; but its name remains, and that must bring back so many scenes and incidents of your joyous youth, it must ever be dear to you. Once more, dear boys, I give you all a most cordial and affectionate greeting ; we can look back upon our past without reproach or heart-burnings ; the rebellions in our little commonwealth have all long been forgotten ; and the instances of supposed injustice to the rebellious, I trust, long since forgiven. God bless you all and every one who bears the name of "Roundhiller," wherever he may be, even if among the rebels to our country !

APPENDIX D.

At a meeting of the Trustees of the Astor Library, on the 30th November, 1864, —

Present, Mr. William B. Astor, President, and Messrs. Daniel Lord, Samuel B. Ruggles, Major-general John A. Dix, Messrs. James Carson Brevoort, John Jacob Astor, Jr., Hamilton Fish, and Dr. Thomas M. Markoe.

A communication having been received by the President from Joseph G. Cogswell, LL. D., former Superintendent of the Library, resigning his office as Trustee, in consequence of his removal from the State of New York, the Committee appointed to consider and report the steps proper to be taken by the Board, submitted the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted : —

Resolved, That the Trustees of the Astor Library deem it due to their late associate, and to the history of letters in America, to testify not only their sincere regret to lose the benefit of his counsel and coöperation in the management of their trust, but their high appreciation of his valuable and long continued services to the institution from its origin, reaching back to his early intercourse with the late Mr. Astor, the honoured Founder of the Library, as his confidential friend and adviser.

Throughout this period, embracing nearly twenty years, Doctor Cogswell has faithfully devoted to the Library, the unremitting efforts of his well directed and spotless life, exhibiting a singular union of learning and ability, of efficiency and discretion, of modesty and taste, of energy, industry, and disinterestedness, — abundantly manifested in the Library itself, the fruit of his untiring labors, and a lasting evidence of the rare and varied qualifications he so happily combines.

Without attempting fully to recount or record the services which have enduringly connected his name with the Institution, the Trustees would particularly acknowledge his eminent ability and his varied bibliographical learning in preparing the Preliminary Index of Books needed for a Library of moderate extent, in its early stages, — a work which must materially facilitate the formation of other libraries throughout our country.

They would further attest their appreciation of his activity, economy, and business faculty, enabling him in repeated visits to Europe, to purchase books at rates so advantageous as to carry the Library, without exceeding the original endowment, far beyond the limits of the Preliminary Index. Especially would they acknowledge his arduous and self devoting labors, in preparing and perfecting the "Alphabetical Catalogue" of the existing Library, and his unwearied care in supervising its accurate publication, and above all, his important and highly valued services in arranging the "Analytical Catalogue" now approaching its completion.

To this brief and imperfect outline of the official labors of Doctor Cogswell, the Trustees would affectionately add the expression of the pleasure which all of them have uniformly experienced in the genial and kindly intercourse of so many years, with the associate and friend from whom they now part with so much reluctance, and of their heartfelt wishes for his continued health and happiness.

Resolved, That a copy of the preceding resolutions, duly authenticated, be transmitted to Dr. Cogswell.

A true copy from the minutes.

WM. B. ASTOR, *President*.

SAMUEL B. RUGGLES, *Secretary*.

APPENDIX E.

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Astor Library, held in the Library on the sixth of December, 1871, there were present, —

The President, Mr. William B. Astor, and Messrs. Samuel B. Ruggles, John A. Dix, James Carson Brevoort, John Jacob Astor, Doctor Thomas Markoe, M. D., and Messrs. William J. Hoppin, John Romeyn Brodhead, and Alexander Hamilton, Trustees.

The President announced to the Board the death of Doctor Joseph G. Cogswell, LL. D., the first Superintendent of the Astor Library, who died at Cambridge, Massachusetts, on Sunday, the 26th of November last; whereupon, on motion of Mr. Hoppin, it was

Resolved, That a Committee be appointed to prepare a proper

minute to be entered on the records of the Board, expressing their profound regret at the death of Doctor Cogswell, and their recognition of his extensive learning, the singular excellence of his private character, and his long continued devotion to the interests of the Institution.

The President thereupon appointed Messrs. Hoppin, Hamilton, and Ruggles as the Committee for the purpose.

At the next meeting of the Board, on the tenth day of January, 1872, the Committee reported the following minute, which was unanimously approved, and ordered to be entered on the records of the Board: —

The Committee appointed to prepare a minute in relation to the death of Doctor Cogswell, beg leave to report the following, to be placed on the records of the Trustees.

The Trustees of the Astor Library, on the resignation, on the 30th of November, 1864, by Joseph G. Cogswell, LL. D., the first Superintendent of the Library, — of his office of Trustee, had the grateful privilege of recording their acknowledgment of the constancy with which, for nearly twenty years, he had devoted to this Institution the unremitting efforts of his well directed and spotless life. They took occasion to indicate his great ability in composing the "Preliminary Index of Books" needed for a Library, his extraordinary judgment and economy in purchasing their own collection, and the diligence and extensive bibliographical knowledge he had displayed in preparing the "Alphabetical Catalogue." They added to this their sincere regret in losing the benefit of his counsel and coöperation in the management of their trust, and their heartfelt wishes for his continued health and happiness.

The Trustees have now, seven years after thus taking leave of Doctor Cogswell as an active colleague, heard of his decease at Cambridge, in the State of Massachusetts, on the 26th day of November last, and they desire to record anew, their affectionate admiration of his character and sorrow for his loss.

For the whole period between the removal of Doctor Cogswell from New York to the date of his lamented death, he continued to take a lively interest in the affairs of the Library. He was able to complete,

not long after his retirement, the "Analytical Catalogue" upon which he was engaged at that time. This book, if it had been produced by a mature and vigorous scholar, at the most robust period of his life, would have been a remarkable proof of knowledge and practical skill, but, as the work of an octogenarian, embarrassed by bodily infirmities, it may be considered a literary curiosity, as well as the most valuable American contribution to the department to which it belongs.

Doctor Cogswell did not confine himself to these more quiet labors in behalf of the Library, but frequently gave to the Trustees the benefit of his active help and his wise counsels, whenever they were solicited, and this, always, with great delicacy and disinterestedness.

There was something singularly touching in his devotion, at an age when such sentiments usually become feeble and silent, to an Institution remote from his residence, and with which he had scarcely any ties, except those of memory.

The Trustees will not attempt, in this brief entry in their minutes, to expatiate upon those numerous, excellent traits in the character of their former colleague, of which his biographer might find abundant proof and illustrations. They will only permit themselves to mention his simple and unaffected kindliness of manner, the gracious urbanity with which he discharged all his official duties, his loyalty as a friend, his fresh and genial impulses which overcame all the sluggishness of age, his fidelity and affectionate considerateness as a teacher, his absolute freedom from literary and personal ambition, and his unstained integrity and purity of life.

The recollection of these excellences will make his memory forever dear to all who had the privilege of knowing him, and particularly to those who had been associated with him in the care of an Institution which was the centre of his hopes and the dearest object of his labors.

WILLIAM J. HOPPIN,	}	<i>Committee.</i>
ALEXANDER HAMILTON,		
SAMUEL B. RUGGLES.		

On motion of General Dix it was

Resolved, That a copy of the preceding minute on the records of

the Astor Library, duly authenticated by the President and the Secretary, be transmitted to the family of Doctor Cogswell at Cambridge.
A true copy from the minutes.

WM. B. ASTOR, *President.*

ASTOR LIBRARY,
NEW YORK, *November 10, 1872.*
SAMUEL B. RUGGLES,
Trustee and Secretary.

APPENDIX F.

FROM THE "BOSTON EVENING TRANSCRIPT."

IN MEMORIAM.

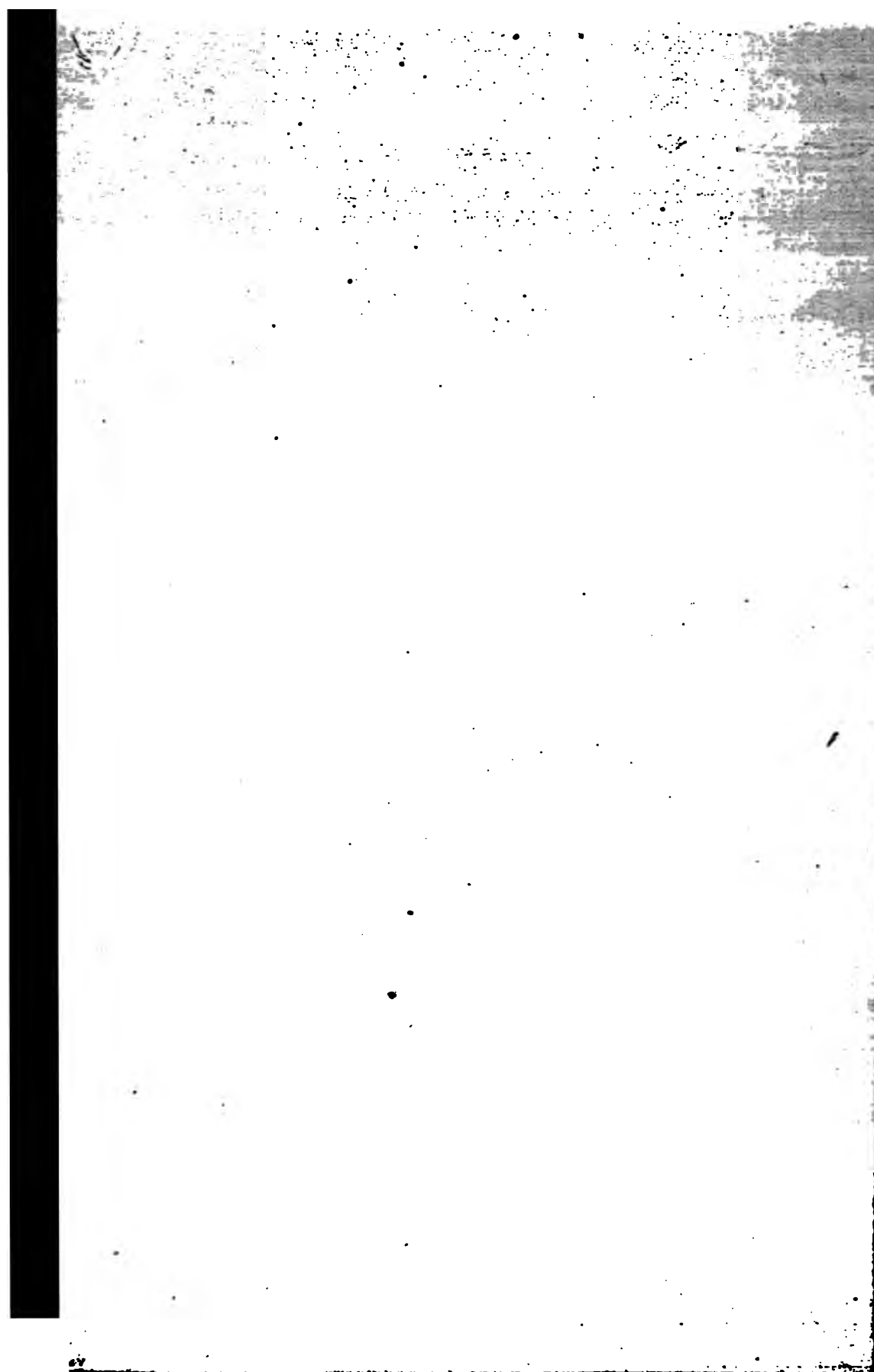
J. G. C.

Another beautiful life has come to its earthly close ;
Another earthly light is fixed as a star in the sky ;
Another patient toiler goes home to his long repose ;
Another lowly disciple goes up to his seat on high.

The teacher, eager to learn, the master modest and mild,
Has gone with his thirsty soul to the well-spring of perfect truth ;
The old man, in whom to the last was seen the warm heart of a
child,
Now drinks, with the sons of God, from the fount of immortal
youth.

Farewell ! O teacher revered, wise-hearted companion and friend,
Hail newly chosen of God to be one of the shining band
Who summon us by their lives to be faithful unto the end,
Whose exodus bids us arise and seek the immortal land.

C. T. B.



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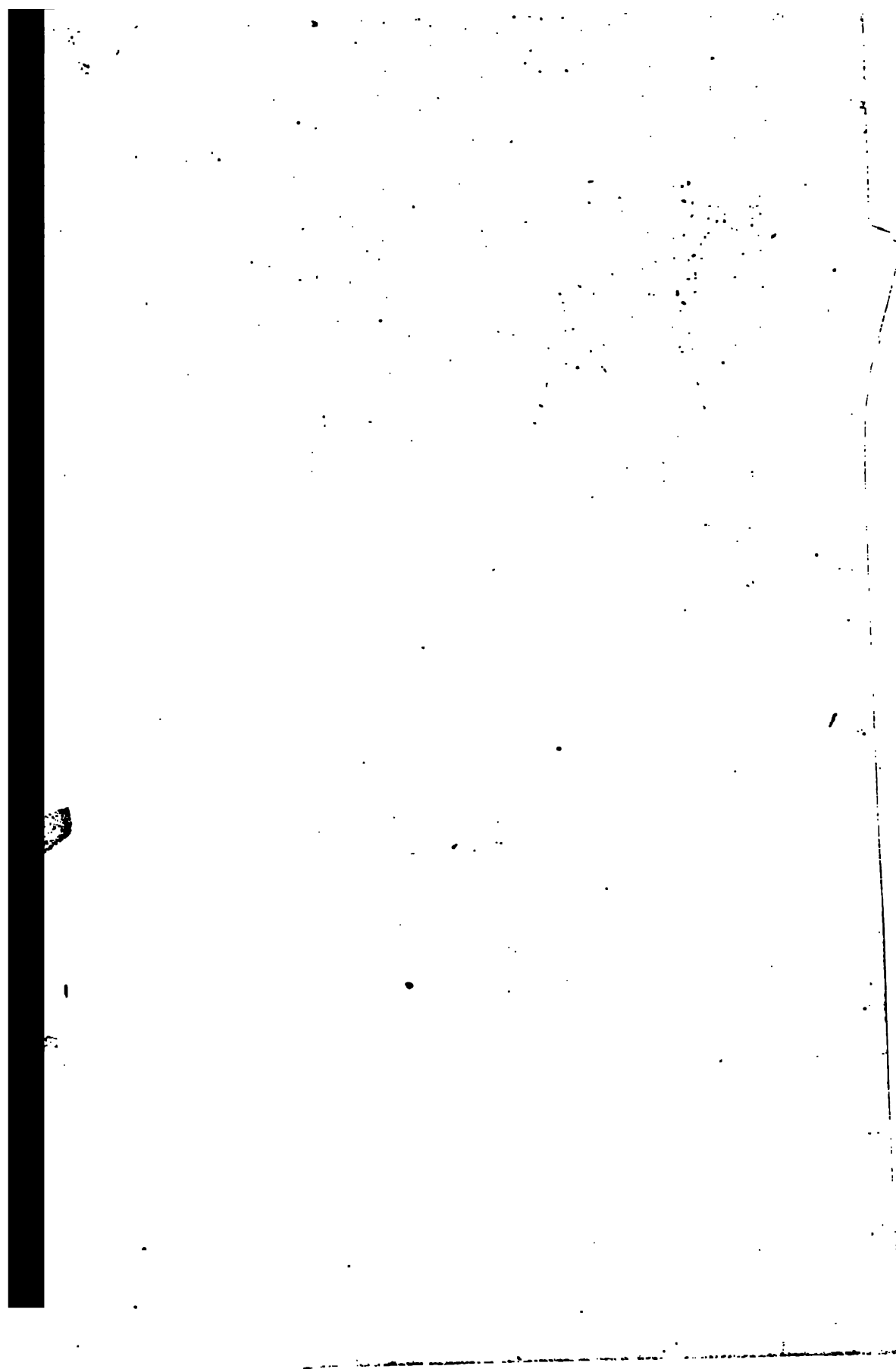
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